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Chambers's Educational Course

NATIONAL READING-BOOK

VI

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE

CHAMBERS'S

NATIONAL

READING-BOOKS

BOOK VI.

EDITED BY

A. F. MURISON, M.A.

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
1877

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

PREFACE.

THE present volume, completing the series of *National Readers*, is intended primarily for the highest class in Elementary Schools. For some time to come, it will also be found serviceable in Secondary Schools.

The previous volumes were composed of miscellaneous passages from all departments of Literature, for the most part the productions of modern and recent authors. No. VI. aims at exhibiting, in chronological order, representative specimens of representative authors throughout the whole course of English Literature, from *Beowulf* down to the present day.

Three large DIVISIONS have been made. The First, extending down to the end of the fifteenth century, is meant, not for general class reading, but chiefly for the use of the more advanced and enterprising scholars. If they get occasional help from the teacher, and will only believe that their main difficulty, at all events with the later half of the passages, lies in their self-distrust and groundless shyness at the ancient spelling, they will soon make good way in an interesting and useful study. For it is well that the pupils should early be led to observe the ever-varying forms of their own language within the historic age; so that they may gradually come to understand how Language, in common with all other

phenomena, human and natural, is subject to the universal law of change or evolution. The smaller type enables us to make room for an unusual number of specimens of this early period. The Second and the Third Divisions take very nearly equal shares of the last four centuries. Both these divisions are for general class reading: and it will be advisable, in the first instance, either to begin with the more recent authors alone, or to take them in alternation with the authors of the Second Division; the final reading should follow the historical arrangement. The breaks at Dunbar and Dryden, if open to the charge of being more or less arbitrary, are probably as justifiable as any others that would offer the same practical advantage.

The account of each author's LIFE AND LITERARY ACTIVITY should be studied in connection with the Introductory Sketch of the Language and Literature.

The EXTRACTS, while necessarily incomplete representatives, are intended to shew as large a number as possible of the qualities characteristic of the several authors and of their times.

The NOTES deal with a wide range of points: allusions, history, geography, mythology, meanings, derivations and general philological relations, grammar, rhetoric, composition, &c. While these do for the pupils what many or most of them might not be able to do for themselves, care has been taken to suggest inquiries and exercises that will give scope to all their knowledge and energies. The exercises or suggestions following the Notes proper should be boldly attempted, and the teacher will not be over-exacting at first. It is too often forgotten that such points of Rhetoric and Composition as we have directed attention to, are very much easier for the young pupil than the commonest matters of grammar.

Generally, endeavours have been anxiously made, both in the selection and in the treatment of extracts, not only to furnish passages for reading, to remove difficulties, and to communicate information, but also to point out fruitful lines of inquiry, and to create or to stimulate desire on the part of pupils to pursue the further study of English literature in the only excellent way—namely, by making acquaintance with the authors in complete works read in historical connection.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER..... 29

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.....112

JOHN MILTON.....170

ROBERT BURNS.....304

WALTER SCOTT.....340

LORD BYRON.....365

THOMAS CARLYLE.....388

ALFRED TENNYSON.....392

CONTENTS.

OLD ENGLISH.

THE EARLIER CENTURIES.

PAGE

BEOWULF:
Where the Monsters dwell....2

CADMON:
The Flood....4

KING ALFRED:
Description of Babylon....6

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE:
The Coming of the English....8
The Fight of Brunanburh....10
William the Conqueror....12

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

LAYAMON:
King Arthur's Last Battle....15

ORMIN:
Origin of the *Ormulum*....19
How to Spell....21
The Author of the *Ormulum*....22

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE:
The Author, his Travels, and his Book....22

WILLIAM LANGLEY (or LANGLAND):
The Deadly Sin of Gluttony....24
How the Poor dined Five Centuries ago....28

PAGE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER:
The Knight....30
The Squire....30
The Monk....31
Emily on a May Morning....33
The Cock, Chanticleer....34
The Cock and the Fox....35

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE:
Of Absolute and Limited Monarchy....40

NEW ENGLISH.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

WILLIAM DUNBAR:
The Golden Targe....44
SIR THOMAS MORE:
King Richard the Third....53
Utopian Contempt of Gold....57
BISHOP HUGH LATIMER:
The Preacher and the Ploughman....62
Better Days for the Humbler Classes....64
ROGER ASCHAM:
The Right Man for the Right Place....69
Schoolmasters and Horse-Trainers....73
JOHN LYLY (or LILLY):
A Cooling Card for Fond Lovers....75
The Commonwealth of Bees....76
Cupid and Campaspe....80
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY:
Description of Arcadia....81
Verse not essential to Poetry....83
ROBERT GREENE:
The Description of Silvestro's Lady....85
The Shepherd's Wife's Song....86
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE:
Tamburlaine....88

PAGE
Tamburlaine at Zenocrate's Death-bed....89
Death-scene of Edward II....91
Hero....94
EDMUND SPENSER:
The Knight of the Redcross....97
Combat (The Redcross Knight and a Saracen)....98
Una among the Satyrs....100
Spenser's Bride....105
The Sunshine of a Smile....107
RICHARD HOOKER:
Church Music....108

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE:
Hotspur and his Prisoners....113
A Double Robbery Planned....121
A Double Robbery Executed....123
Falstaff's Valour....127
Murder Relenting....132
The End of All....137
Ingratitude....138
Immortality in the Poet's Verse....139
FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST ALBANS:
Moral Advantages of Learning....140
Of the Character of Henry VII....143
Of Studies....145
Of Adversity....147
BEN JONSON:
Captain Bobadill's Valour....150
A Meeting of Conspirators....155
Song to Celia....160
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke....161
Jottings from Ben's Note-book....161
On Shakspeare....161
On Lord Bacon....163
BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR:
Terrors of the Judgment....165
JOHN MILTON:
Epitaph on Shakspeare....171
The Humiliations of Licensing....172
Sonnet to the Lord-General Cromwell....182

PAGE
Satan....184
Pandemonium....189
A Battle Scene....192
A Foul Night....194
A Fair Morning....196
ABRAHAM COWLEY:
Lot's Wife....197
The Grasshopper....198
Two Views of Oliver Cromwell....199
EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON:
Admiral Robert Blake....210
Encounter with Van Tromp....211
Capture of the Spanish West India Fleet....213
The Crowning Victory....215
Death, Burial, and Character....217

THE NEWER ENGLISH.

JOHN DRYDEN:
Antony and Ventidius....221
Zimri: Duke of Buckingham....231
On Translation (I.)....232
On Translation (II.)....240

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

JOSEPH ADDISON:
In Westminster Abbey....244
General Respect for Sir Roger....249
ALEXANDER POPE:
The Rape of the Lock....256
Belinda at the Toilet....256
Belinda on the Thames....257
The Lock Severed....259
Address to Bolingbroke....262
Satirical Character of Addison....264
JONATHAN SWIFT:
In Gulliver's Pockets....266
HENRY ST JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE:
The True Use of History....272

PAGE

JAMES THOMSON :
Showers in Spring....277
The Land of Indolence....278
The Castle Porter....280
WILLIAM COLLINS :
Ode to Evening....281
THOMAS GRAY :
Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard....284
The Progress of Poesy....289
OLIVER GOLDSMITH :
Little Great Men....292
France and the French....295
England and the English....297
SAMUEL JOHNSON :
The Metaphysical Poets....299
ROBERT BURNS :
To a Mouse....305
Tam o' Shanter....307
EDMUND BURKE :
The Independent Member....314
France before the Revolution....317
WILLIAM COWPER :
Liberty and Fraternity....320
Evening....322
A Fine Noon in Winter....323
EDWARD GIBBON :
Boethius....325

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH :
Lines (Tintern Revisited)....331
Sonnet (Westminster Bridge)....336
Forlorn....336
THOMAS CAMPBELL :
The Battle of the Baltic....338
SIR WALTER SCOTT :
The Battle of Flodden....341
The Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst....347
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY :
Sleeping Beauty and the Fairy Queen....359
Arethusa....362

PAGE

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON:
The Eve of Quatre Bras....366
On the Rhine....368
To the Ocean....370
Death of Haidee....371
THOMAS DE QUINCEY:
Opium Dreams....374
THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY:
England in the Thirteenth Century....379
SIR ARTHUR HELPS:
Conformity....383
THOMAS CARLYLE:
Dismissal of the Rump....388
ALFRED TENNYSON:
The Passing of Arthur....392
'GEORGE ELIOT:'
Silas Marner and his Gold....394
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE:
Marlowe's Expression of Ideal Beauty....397

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INTRODUCTION.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY.

THE following historical sketch will enable the student to see the relation of the selected passages to the whole body of literature of which they are given as specimens.

BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST (449–1066).

The English people, when we first hear of them, were settled in the parts that now form Denmark and the north-western seaboard of modern Germany, their central seat being the district yet bearing the name Angeln, in Schleswig-Holstein, between Flensborg fiord and the river Eider. From this quarter, successive swarms of invaders, beginning about the middle of the fifth century of our era, crossed the sea to Britain and there settled; gradually extending their sway, until, at the beginning of the seventh century, nearly the whole island, as far north as the Firth of Forth, and as far west as the Severn, was subdued. The original inhabitants, a Celtic people called the Britons, were mostly exterminated, those that escaped being driven westward into the mountains of Wales. The invaders who thus took

possession of Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries formed the basis of the present English nation, and the language they brought with them the basis of the present English tongue. The admixtures subsequently made did not essentially change the character of either.

The conquerors of Britain belonged to the great group of peoples allied to one another by blood and language, which is known as the Teutonic family or stock, and whose descendants yet people Germany and Scandinavia. The various dialects or languages of this stock fall into two divisions: (1) the Scandinavian, consisting of Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and Icelandic; and (2) the Germanic, spoken over the German Fatherland (including the Netherlands). The new language imported into Britain belonged to the Germanic branch of the Teutonic stock; and to this day the language of England finds its nearest kindred in the Low German dialects of the north of Germany and the Netherlands.

Three Teutonic tribes are spoken of as taking part in the conquest of Britain—the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes. The accounts we have of their doings are very meagre. Although it became customary to speak of the amalgamated people and their language as Anglo-Saxon, they themselves seldom used that term: they always wrote of their common country as England (*Englaland*); they spoke of themselves all but uniformly as English (*Engle, Angelcyn*); and they always designated their language as English (*Englisc*). The Angles or English were the leading tribe, and their name was accepted as the common designation.

The English tongue of that day, however, had a very different aspect from modern English; we must learn it like a foreign language. But we must not allow this circumstance, nor yet the practice of calling it by the distinct name of Anglo-Saxon, to mislead us into the

notion that there was any break of continuity in the language of the English people. A living language is always changing; and the later stage of our language grew out of the earlier form by a natural process of transformation and development. Anglo-Saxon (so called) and modern English are only the upper and lower courses of one and the same stream of speech.

The Teutonic settlers in Britain were heathens, and illiterate; but they had versified legends handed down by memory; and one of these we possess nearly complete. It reflects the pagan life of our ancestors in their earlier seats on the continent, modified by the Christianity of the sixth century. The hero of the legend is a mythical personage of the name of *Beowulf*. The next surviving specimen of early English (or Anglo-Saxon) literature is a metrical paraphrase of portions of Scripture by *Cadmon*, a monk of Whitby (about 670). In many passages, as in the account of the creation and of the character of Satan, there is a striking resemblance to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Our oldest poetry, instead of rhyme, is marked by alliteration—that is, the frequent recurrence of the same letter, usually in the beginning of words.

Our earliest prose is by King Alfred (880–93, and 897—901), who translated various Latin works for the benefit of his people. In his reign, perhaps, was begun the *English* (or *Saxon*) *Chronicle*, which was afterwards continued to the year 1154. Ælfric, an ecclesiastic of the eleventh century, wrote homilies and other treatises in a simple style. Of the Venerable Bede (Bæda) and other writers in Latin we need not speak.

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO CHAUCER (1066–1400).

By the Norman Conquest in 1066, a marked change, already begun, was confirmed and developed in the

English language. The Normans belonged to the same stock as the English themselves. They were *Northmen*, Danish and Norwegian rovers, who had, in the beginning of the tenth century, obtained possession of a part of the north-west of France, which came to be called after them *Nor(th)mannia* or Normandy. Instead of exterminating the previous inhabitants, the Northmen amalgamated with them, adopting their religion and language, and in the course of a century and a half had become virtually Frenchmen. These Norman-French were now the ruling class in England; the native population were reduced to the condition of hewers of wood and drawers of water, and their language shared in their degradation. Norman-French was the language of the ruling class and of the law-courts. The only writers of books in those days were the clergy, who used the Latin tongue. English was thus left to the uneducated peasantry, and being no longer held fixed by writing, rapidly diverged into numerous provincial dialects. For a century and a half after the Conquest, nothing, we may say, was added to English literature.

At length the Norman yoke began to press less heavily on the necks of the English, and several books appeared in the native tongue. The chief are the legendary poem of the monk Layamon, and a religious poem called the *Ormulum*, from the name of the author, Ormin or Orm. The groundwork of Layamon's poem was the History of the Britons, written in Latin about 1150, by Geoffrey of Monmouth. It is chiefly a tissue of wild fables, and contains the stories of King Arthur, and other legends of the Britons, which have been copiously used in subsequent English literature. It was translated into Norman-French, with embellishments, by Wace (1155), under the title of *Le Brut d'Angleterre*. (The first king of the Britons is made to be a Trojan prince of the name of

Brutus.) The *Brut* of Layamon (about 1205) is a still farther expansion of these legends. The *Ormulum* (about 1215) is a series of homilies and lessons from the New Testament. The language of this period differs from the English of King Alfred's time, chiefly in peculiarities of dialect and in the loss of many of the inflections. For the earliest English was nearly as rich in distinct endings for case, gender, person, and the like, as Latin or Greek. The infiltration of Norman-French words into the vocabulary, which went to a great length afterwards, had not yet begun to any extent.

At length the two hostile nations that had been living together on the same soil began to coalesce. The descendants of the Norman conquerors, through long residence, began to imbibe English feelings, a process that was helped by the political hostility to France. But complete union could not be, so long as the two peoples were divided in speech. The native tongue had refused to be exterminated by oppression or neglect, and now it was again asserting itself in literature and life. About 1350, Latin began to be taught in the schools through the medium of English instead of French; and in 1362, parliament enacted that all pleadings in the law-courts should henceforth be conducted in English. The Normans had to adopt the language of the majority. In doing this, however, they still further broke down the inflections of English, and introduced a large infusion of French words. The result might be called a mixed language so far as the vocabulary was concerned; but the whole was cast in the mould of the native grammar, and thus the language of the united nation remained essentially English.

One of the earliest and most striking books written in this mixed vocabulary is Sir John Mandeville's account of his Eastern travels (1356). Somewhat later, Wicliffe began his translation of the Bible into English.

William Langley (or Langland) wrote and re-w (1362–77–90) a religious and didactic poem ca the *Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowm* full of earnestness and rough vigour, and reflecting opinions and feelings of the middle classes of soci at that period. But the writer who did most to m the composite language a graceful and efficient vehicle expression was the poet Chaucer. In his *Canterbu Tales* (about 1387), he has given us pictures of eve phase of English life, which for vividness, pathos, a power are unsurpassed. Contemporary with Chauc were a number of rhyming chroniclers and romancer and other writers in verse of considerable merit—Robe of Gloucester, Richard Rolle, Gower, and Barbour.

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING AND THE REFORMATION (1400–1558).

The century and a half that followed the age of Chaucer contributed but little to English literature. The poetry of King James I. of Scotland and the constitutional writings of Sir John Fortescue are the only notable works of our fifteenth century. William Dunbar, whose best activity was displayed about the beginning of the sixteenth century, was avowedly an admiring follower of Chaucer. But agencies were fast coming into operation which prepared the soil for a new and more vigorous outburst. Of primary importance was the introduction of the printing-press by William Caxton in 1476. Another agency was what has been called the 'Revival of Learning,' the 'Renaissance' or 'New Birth.' On the taking of Constantinople by the Turks (1453), numbers of Greek scholars sought refuge in Italy, where they taught the Greek language, then unknown in Western Europe, and awakened a passion for Greek literature and

philosophy. Some English scholars, having studied Greek at Florence, returned to Oxford, which thus became a centre of the 'New Learning,' as it was then called. The aspirations and hopes of human perfection thus engendered are embodied in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, or Land of Nowhere, in which he pictures his ideal of a commonwealth. It was written in Latin in 1516. The chief effect produced upon the English language by the Revival of Learning was the introduction of a great many words directly borrowed from the Latin and Greek languages, in addition to the large store of Latin words that had already come in through the Norman-French.

Contemporaneously with these intellectual movements, the arena of man's activity was virtually doubled by the discovery of America (1492), and of the way to India by the Cape of Good Hope (1497), and by the circumnavigation of the globe; events that could not fail to stimulate men's curiosity and widen their views.

The mental stir thus produced early took a religious direction, resulting in what is known as the Reformation. The most remarkable religious writings of this period are the sermons of Bishop Latimer, who died at the stake in 1555; and John Fox's *Book of Martyrs* (1563), which soon became familiar to every reader in the country.

ELIZABETHAN PERIOD (1558–1648).

Literature properly so called began its fresh career with the opening of the Elizabethan age. The language had now attained the form in which, with comparatively slight changes, it remains to this day. The course of love poetry may be traced from Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey, through and beyond the sonnets and other poems of the greatest poets of this period. In 1579, Spenser (1552 or 1553–99) at once took the poetic lead with his *Shepherd's Calendar;* and in the last decade of the cen-

tury immortalised his name by the *Faery Queen*, a great poem in which a set of allegorical personages are made to shadow forth historical characters and events of the time. Spenser is the most luxuriant and melodious of all descriptive poets; but he has never been extensively popular, except with his tuneful brethren. He has been called 'the poets' poet.'

To this period belong the rise and the culmination of the drama. In early times dramatic representation helped to instruct the common people in the facts of religious history. Miracle Plays, Mysteries, Moralities, and Interludes grew step by step into the regular drama. The first English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, was written before 1553; and the first English tragedy was acted in 1562. Then followed a great succession of dramatists. Prominent among the first names are Peele, Greene, and Marlowe. The marvellous advance made by Marlowe (1564–93), who introduced blank verse into the drama, may be regarded as almost a new creation. The unequalled genius of Shakspeare (1564–1616) raised the drama to the highest perfection it has ever reached, pruning the extravagances of earlier writers, and delineating every condition of human life with the masterly ease and accuracy of consummate art. His greatest later contemporary, Ben Jonson (1573–1637), succeeded to dramatic supremacy; a supremacy, however, not undisputed by Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Webster, Chapman, and others. The Elizabethan drama continued its green and vigorous decline till past the middle of the seventeenth century.

In Elizabethan prose, good service was done by Roger Ascham (1515–68). John Lyly or Lilly (1553?–1606) produced the famous *Euphŭēs* (1579–80), whose peculiar style, hence called 'Euphuism,' had immense influence on his contemporaries, and became for a time a fashionable

foible at court. Sir Philip Sidney (1554–86) disapproved of Lyly's extravagances, yet his writings are largely tinged with the current artificiality. Richard Hooker, remote from courts, and deeply serious, wrote his *Ecclesiastical Polity* (1594–1600) in grave and stately language. Lord Bacon's business life is everywhere reflected in the style and method of his writings.

The present authorised version of the Bible belongs to this period (1611). It is an excellent specimen of simple English, though slightly archaic for its time; and being universally read, it has contributed greatly to the stability and uniformity of the English tongue.

Among the smaller streams running parallel with the main currents were abundant translations of Greek and Roman literature, antiquarian chronicles and the beginnings of historical writing, romantic tales and stories of travel and adventure, and pamphlets on religious reform and on literary criticism. Towards the end of the century, history and geography and philosophy were attempted in the form of verse.

COMMONWEALTH, RESTORATION, AND REVOLUTION (1649–1700).

The connection between political events and the world of letters is very clearly seen in the history of English literature during the last half of the seventeenth century. At first, while the party strife was hot between the Cavaliers and the Puritans, there was produced a vast mass of merely controversial writing, which reflected in its bitterness the keenness of the struggle with material weapons. When the civil war was over, the stirring of men's hearts, and especially the religious seriousness and stern morality of the Puritans, exerted on literature a quickening and deepening influence. At the Restoration this influence was temporarily obscured. But it still lived

on in the pages of important writers, with a far-reaching influence for good.

The poetry of this period is a transition between the ease, naturalness, and lively imagination of the Elizabethan writers, and the cold artificial style of the eighteenth century. The greatest poet, the Puritan John Milton (1608–74), possesses in high degree the best qualities of both schools. His chief work, *Paradise Lost*, the finest epic in the English language, is a marvel of sublimity of thought and expression. It reflects the intense earnestness and high-mindedness of the author, deepened and confirmed by the troublous times through which he had lived. Abraham Cowley (1618–67), by his *Davidēis*, recalls the religious poems of Herbert, Quarles, and others; a series that reaches its highest form in Milton. His other original poems class him among the 'metaphysical' poets (pp. 299–303). But the frigid puzzling conceits of this school were soon despised by greater minds. John Dryden (1631–1700) is the type and introducer of a new school of poetry, owing much to French influence. This dates from the Restoration. Its distinguishing marks are more artificial accuracy of workmanship, and the choice of subjects, in which the intellect, rather than the feelings, is interested. Dryden is characterised by his power of terse and brilliant reasoning in harmonious verse, and wins his chief triumphs in the domain of satire. Earlier satirists are completely outstripped: Bishop Hall and Dr Donne, and Samuel Butler (1612–80), the author of *Hudibras* (1663), a masterpiece of witty satire, directed against the Puritans. The license and frivolity of the Court of the Restoration were reflected but too clearly in the writings of the period, especially in the drama. Comedy was cultivated with greater success than tragedy, but though distinguished by light and sparkling wit, was never free

from the grossness of the times. William Wycherley (1640–1715) was the chief writer of comedies. Among other poets may be noticed Edmund Waller (1605–87), a most polished versifier; Andrew Marvell (1620–78), John Milton's secretary, a satirist and writer of charming pastorals; Sir John Denham (1615–68), author of *Cooper's Hill* (1643), one of the best of our descriptive poems; and Robert Herrick (1591–1674), who wrote lyrics.

The prose form is marked by great variety. At first there are long and loose sentences, sonorous and rhetorical, but, with a little attention, not difficult to follow; as in Jeremy Taylor and Milton. Taylor, though his life and activity belong to this period (1613–67), is characterised by many Elizabethan marks; and he has been designated 'The Shakspeare of English prose.' Milton, a Puritan in religion, and a republican in statecraft, wrote prose possessing equally Elizabethan majesty, strength, and splendour. Cowley, especially in the *Vision*, is not untinged with the same great spirit; while he also shews a marked advance towards modern form. Sir William Temple (1628–99), a trained diplomatist and statesman, introduced superior orderliness and clearness. Dryden, with all his hurry, has left on his prose the distinctive marks of his powerful mind; it is 'familiar, clear, vigorous, and full of epigrammatic point.'

The chief prose subjects are religion, government, and literary criticism. After Jeremy Taylor, the most eminent theologians are Baxter (1615–91), the Puritan author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest;* Barrow (1630–77), South (1633–1716), Tillotson (1630–94). *The Pilgrim's Progress* (1678–84), by John Bunyan (1628–1688), is one of the most popular of English books. It ranks with the Bible in extreme simplicity of style. Milton's religious and political position has been already marked. Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679), the favourite secretary of

Bacon, in his *Leviathan* (1561), held that all originates with the people, and must be used fo good; but that, when once delegated to a ruler, it be recalled. John Locke (1632–1704), one o greatest of English philosophers, author of the fa *Essay on the Human Understanding* (1690), also on *Civil Government*. He adopted the above viev Hobbes, with the important modifications, that ruler is responsible to the people, and may be depr of his power, and that the voice of the people as re sented by parliament is supreme. History begins assume better form in the works of Lord Clarend (1608–74) and Bishop Burnet (1643–1715); Thon Fuller (1608–61) is one of our first noteworthy biog phers. Literary criticism was not only revived an improved, but almost new-created by Dryden. Th Royal Society was founded in 1662, and science no begins to claim a place in literature. The *Principia* o Sir Isaac Newton appeared in 1687.

QUEEN ANNE AND GEORGE I. (1702–1727).

From a supposed resemblance, in the wealth of its intellectual products, to the reign of the Roman emperor Augustus, the reign of Queen Anne was, during last century, called the Augustan era of English literature. Later ages, however, have refused to endorse this opinion. The writers of the time were refined and critical, rather than original or inventive. The extension of this refinement to the moral sphere, and the consequent improvement on the moral tone of the Restoration, deserve nothing but praise. To the liberal patronage extended by statesmen to men of letters, in recognition of the value of literary talent in the arena of politics, is owing the party nature of so many of the writings of the period.

In poetry, the critical school introduced at the Restora-

tion reaches a higher finish. The subjects are mainly didactic, and the muse is more concerned with the artificial life of the town than with the delights of nature. Of imagination or depth of feeling there is little. Alexander Pope (1688–1744) now stands at the head of the school, with remarkable powers of delicate expression, epigrammatic terseness often bordering on obscurity, and charming smoothness and melody of versification. His contemporaries are all far inferior to him. In the drama, we have the forgotten tragedies of Addison and Rowe, and the witty comedies of Congreve and Farquhar.

The prose of this period is full of good sense and correct taste, but it is not profound. In style it is neat, clear, and easy. The most remarkable feature is the rise of the periodical essay, dealing in a lively and discursive way with the social events and manners of the day. The names indissolubly connected with it are Sir Richard Steele (1671–1729) and Joseph Addison (1672–1719). The essays of the latter are marked by chaste and delicate humour, purity of moral sentiment, and elegant simplicity of style. The most earnest writing of the time is shewn in satire. In this department, Jonathan Swift (1667–1745) is unapproached. *A Tale of a Tub* (1704), and *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), display extraordinary satirical power, applied to religious, political, and social questions. Another political writer, Daniel Defoe (1661–1731), is unequalled for his skill in imparting an air of reality to fictitious narrative. *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) has never been ousted from its position as first favourite in the library of boyhood. Pre-eminent among philosophical writers is Bishop Berkeley (1684–1753), author of the famous *Theory of Vision* (1709) and the *Principles of Human Knowledge* (1710). Lord Bolingbroke (1678–1751) wrote some of the best prose that had yet appeared.

LAST THREE QUARTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

There now began to appear symptoms of reaction against the artificial spirit of the immediately preceding literature. Both in prose and in poetry there is less of conventionality and more of nature. The taste for polished versification still continues; but there is a steadily advancing tendency among poets to find in nature, and in man as man, apart from the artificial distinctions of society, the true theme of their writings. One cause of this reaction is to be found in the decreasing dependence of authors upon patrons or party, and their looking to the general public instead. And, further, English society was shaken out of its hollow unreality to more earnest life by the great movement headed by John Wesley.

Allan Ramsay's charming pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd*, had appeared in 1725. James Thomson (1700–48), however, was the first writer to manifest with powerful influence the returning love of external nature, in *The Seasons* (1726–30). The exquisite lyrics of William Collins (1720–59) and Thomas Gray (1716–71) embody the feeling for nature in thoroughly classical form, with all the simple and refined beauty of their ancient models. Oliver Goldsmith (1728–74) advanced the pure love of nature in both his descriptive poems, while in one of them, *The Traveller* (1764), he extended his sympathies to other peoples. Robert Burns (1759–96), the greatest poet of Scotland, sang passionately of love, and of the independence and universal brotherhood of men, breathed tender regard for the inferior animals, his 'earth-born companions and fellow-mortals,' and anticipated Wordsworth in being moved even by 'the meanest flower.' Still more influentially than Burns, William Cowper (1731–1800) expressed the free and full love of nature and of mankind. The joys and especially the sorrows of

the poor were minutely depicted in the verse (1783–1819) of George Crabbe. The drama is principally represented by the sprightly comedies (1768–78) of Goldsmith and Sheridan.

The rise of the novel is one of the most striking features of the period. Fictitious tales there had been before, but now for the first time do we find the true foundation of the modern novel of life and manners. This was begun by Samuel Richardson (1689–1761) in 1740; and Richardson was immediately followed by Henry Fielding (1707–54) and Tobias Smollett (1721–71). In the delightful *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), Goldsmith gave us the first of the novels of simple country life.

Early in this period lies the beginning of magazines; the *Gentleman's Magazine* was founded by Edward Cave in 1731. One of the writers for this magazine, Samuel Johnson (1709–84), was the most prominent literary man of his time. He was the first to stand clearly apart from patronage. Notwithstanding pompous and antithetical diction, his writings shew the possession of vigorous common sense and elevated morality, and his style has a sonorous eloquence of its own. Besides compiling the famous *English Dictionary* (1755), he revived the periodical essay and wrote critical biography. Many of Goldsmith's most charming writings were contributed to magazines.

History is ably represented by David Hume (1711–76), Edward Gibbon (1737–94), and William Robertson (1721–93). Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Boswell's *Life of Dr Johnson* (1791) has been reckoned the finest of biographies.

Philosophy and theology have worthy representatives in Joseph Butler (1692–1752), Thomas Reid (1710–96), William Paley (1743–1805), Adam Smith (1723–90),

and David Hume. Edmund Burke (1729?–97) discussed philosophy and politics in some of the finest prose of the century.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The great material prosperity of the country, its rapid moral and social progress, the immense improvements in the art of printing, and the increased freedom of the press, have all combined to make this period an epoch of vast literary activity. At the same time powerful waves of influence have made themselves felt from France and Germany. The first portion of the century was marked by great political excitement. The French Revolution had stirred the minds of men with hopes of a new era of regeneration for the world; and the fierce energy of the Revolution was followed by the stormy career of Napoleon, which involved the whole of Europe, and particularly England. William Wordsworth (1770–1850) was little more than out of his teens when he went to France and enthusiastically sympathised with the patriots for a time. His growing love of man as man received impulse from the political situation; it had first come to him from love of nature. His poetry treats mostly, and often rather prosaically, of the conditions and relations of common life. Robert Southey (1774–1843) and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834) also began their poetical life amidst the revolutionary fervour. Thomas Campbell (1777–1844) found the subject and inspiration of his magnificent war-songs in the troubles of the opening century. Meanwhile another influence had been at work: Bishop Percy's collection of *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (1765) revived interest in the romantic adventures of wilder, ruder times; and this power, both directly and indirectly (through German literature), affected Sir Walter Scott. Scott excelled

in narrative and in vivid description of natural scenery. The wider influence of the new creation of German literature by Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller gradually spread. By none was it more strongly felt than by Coleridge and Thomas Carlyle (born 1795). In point of intellectual force, Lord Byron (1788–1824) is the greatest poet of the century. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) stands at the head of our lyrical poets. Both Byron and Shelley proclaimed open revolt against the conventionalities of the world about them; and both continued in various forms the love of mankind and of nature. Associated with these is John Keats (1795–1821), who drew his subjects from Greek and mediæval life. There was now needed a new impulse to stir the poetical spirit. This came with the stormy times of the Reform agitation of 1831–2, and may be said to have lasted for a generation. While retaining some earlier characteristics, this period of poetry deals freely with all questions of practical or speculative interest. Alfred Tennyson is pre-eminent; and near him are Robert Browning and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest English poetess, and Matthew Arnold. Within the last ten or twelve years, our poets, partly under earlier influences of the century, partly through revived interest in ancient life and tradition, 'have gone back to Greek and mediæval and old Norse life for their subjects;' 'but they continue the love poetry, and the poetry of natural description.' The greatest of the newer names are William Morris and Algernon Charles Swinburne.

There is no more remarkable feature in this century's literature than the enormous expansion of the novel. Novel-writing has engaged a more than equal proportion of the greatest minds of the time; and has furnished a great field of literary industry to women. Every subject of human interest is handled from the most

diverse points of view. Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), in the last twenty years of his life, sent forth nearly thirty novels, mostly historical, which have raised him to one of the very highest places among the literary men of the world. Lord Lytton (1806–73), William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–63), and Charles Dickens (1812–70), next rise head and shoulders above the crowd of even great writers. And now the first living novelist is a lady, who writes under the name of 'George Eliot.'

Another striking characteristic of the period is strongly shewn in the works of the last-named writer. This is the presence of the spirit of keen philosophical inquiry in all departments of literature. In poetry and in fiction, as well as in graver works, we are brought face to face with searching analysis of the motives and ends of man, and every problem of human life. This scrutinising spirit appears among historians in their careful research and industrious sifting of diligently accumulated materials, so that historical writing has become progressively critical, impartial, and accurate. Henry Hallam (1777–1859) has usually been characterised as exhaustive and judicial, Lord Macaulay (1800–59) as brilliant. Bishop Thirlwall (1797–1875) and George Grote (1794–1871) have elaborately examined the story of ancient Greece, while George Finlay (1802?–75) has brought the narrative down to the present day. Dr Arnold of Rugby (1795–1842) and George Long have treated the history of Rome. Sir Arthur Helps (1817–75) has taken for his subject Spanish America. Edward A. Freeman and James A. Froude have re-examined important periods of English history; John Hill Burton has written the history of Scotland; and Professor William Stubbs of Oxford is the unrivalled historian of our constitutional progress. But the greatest living English historian is Thomas Carlyle, who has illustrated

important epochs in the history of England, of France, and of Germany. The foremost biographers of the century are Southey, Lockhart (1794–1854), and John Forster (1812–76).

The great pulpit orators of this period were Robert Hall (1764–1831) and Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847). In philosophy, the leading names are Jeremy Bentham (1748–1832), the founder of the science of Jurisprudence, Dugald Stewart (1753–1828), Coleridge, James Mill (1773–1836), and his son John Stuart Mill (1806–73), Sir William Hamilton (1788–1856), Alexander Bain, and Herbert Spencer. Sir Arthur Helps has written thoughtful essays. The immense advances in all branches of science have naturally found fitting expression by the pens of many able writers; such as Sir Charles Lyell, Charles Darwin, Thomas Henry Huxley, and John Tyndall.

The miscellaneous literature of this century has very largely been committed in the first instance to the pages of periodical publications. The reading public, seventy or eighty years ago, had become a term almost synonymous with the nation, and provision had to be made for the wide thirst for knowledge or at least for novelty. Newspapers had begun to assume a distinct position in the world of letters, increasing very rapidly in number, size, and quality. Allied to the newspapers were the larger magazines and reviews, furnishing at stated intervals articles of interest and power, often from the pens of the most eminent authors; and the publication of the *Edinburgh Review* (1802) had special significance as marking the establishment of a literary centre apart from London. Through the medium of magazines, Macaulay, Sydney Smith (1771–1845), Jeffrey (1773–1850), Charles Lamb (1775–1834), De Quincey (1785–1859), Carlyle, and countless others, have addressed the people on the most varied matters and in the most varied style.

Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864) is distinguished by independence and vigour. More recently Matthew Arnold has displayed infinite grace and humour. John Ruskin (born 1819) and A. C. Swinburne have written some of the most striking prose in the language: the first, with remarkable simplicity of diction; the second, with cumulation of phraseology, almost Miltonic; both with the full voluptuous swell of Jeremy Taylor or of De Quincey.

SIXTH NATIONAL READER.

OLD ENGLISH.

BEOWULF.—BEFORE 600 A.D.

BEOWULF, the oldest of Teutonic heroic poems, contains more than six thousand lines, and is an invaluable monument of manners as well as of language. It was probably composed on the mainland, somewhere in the south of Sweden, and brought to England during the Danish rule. Its present form would seem to be due to a Christian Englishman, who re-wrote it, and endeavoured to impress a Christian character upon it. The editor's Northumbrian version, however, is no longer extant; what we have is a much later copy in the West Saxon dialect.

The story is that Hrothgar, a king in Jutland, has built a splendid residence called Heorot, which presently is visited by a fiendish monster named Grendel, who nightly destroys some of the king's thanes, or carries them off to devour them. On hearing of this, Beowulf, a nephew of the king of West Gothland, determines to slay the monster, and accordingly repairs to Hrothgar's court. Here he encounters Grendel, and wounds him fatally; and Grendel's mother, who comes to takes vengeance for her son, shares her son's fate. Beowulf now returns home, and becomes king. After ruling fifty years, he encounters and kills an enormous dragon or fire-drake, fifty feet long, which has been infesting his land; but he dies presently thereafter, poisoned by the venom of the monster. The poem ends with the cremation of Beowulf, amid the lamentations of his people.

The earliest English VERSE is nearly all *alliterative*. The short lines are taken in couples. Usually, two chief words in the first line and one chief word in the second line begin with the same consonant (*Beowulf*, 2720-1, 2722-3, &c.); and if any of the chief words have an unemphatic prefix, the prefix is not counted, and the root shews the repeated consonant (*Beowulf*, 2724-5, 2744-5, &c.) On the other hand, when the chief words begin with vowels, these are all different. The first accented syllable in the second line determines the others. This is the general rule.

Very often the two lines coupled in alliteration belong to different sentences (*Beowulf*, 2718-9, 2726-7, 2736-7, &c.), and even to different paragraphs (*Beowulf*, 2718-9, 2756-7; Cadmon's *Paraphrase*, Book I., Canto xxi., 81-2,

89-90, &c.) Modern parallels might be cited. Compare, for instance, the paragraphs in Keats's *Endymion* throughout: Book I., lines 33-4, 121-2, 231-2, &c.; Book II., 64-5, 215-6, 219-20, and so on.

We base on Thorpe and Grein.

WHERE THE MONSTERS DWELL.

(From *Beowulf*, Canto XX.)

Hie dygel lond
warigeath, wulf-hleôthu,
windige næssas,
frecne fen-gelâd,
thær fyrgen-streâm
under næssa genipu
nither gewîteth,
flôd under foldan.
Nis thæt feor heonon,
mil gemearces,
thæt se mere standeth.
Ofer thæm hongiath
hrinde-bearwas;
wudu wyrtum fæst
wæter oferhelmath.
Thær mæg nihta gehwæm
nîth-wundor seôn,
fyr on flôde.
Nô thæs frôd leofath
gumena bearna
thæt thone grund wite.
Theâh the hæth-stapa,
hundum geswenced,
heorot hornum trum,
holt-wudu sêce,
feorran geflymed,
ær he feorh seleth,
aldor on ofre,
ær he thær in wille
hafelan [hydan].
Nis thæt heoru stôw.
Thonon yth-geblond
up-astîgeth
won to wolcnum,

They a lone land
dwell in, wolf lurking-places,
windy nesses,[1]
fearful fen-paths,
where the fell[2]-stream
neath the nesses' mists
down descendeth,
flood under feld.[3]
Not is it far hence,
by mile-measure,
that the mere[4] standeth.
Over it hang
rindy groves;
a wood fast of roots[5]
the water overcanopies.
There may (one) every night
a dread wonder see,
fire in the flood.
None so sage liveth
of men's bairns
that (he) the bottom wots.[6]
Though the heath-stalker,
by the hounds swinked,[7]
the hart strong of horns,
the holt[8]-wood seek,
from afar driven in flight,
(ere) first he life yieldeth,
his breath on the bank,
ere he there in will
his head [to hide].
Not is that a gentle[9] place.
Thence the billow-blending
upward boundeth
wan to the welkin,

[1] Headlands, promontories. [2] Bare hill, mountain. [3] Field, earth. [4] Lake. [5] Firmly rooted. [6] Knows. [7] Wearied. [8] Trees closely planted. [9] Scot. *canny*.

thonne wind styreth		when the wind stirreth
lâth-gewidru,		loathed tempests
oththæt lyft drysmath,	2755	until the lift[10] lours,[11]
roderas reôtath.		the heavens rain tears.

[10] Sky. [11] Grows gloomy.

NOTES.

2719. **Lond**, another form of 'land.' Cf. hongiath (2730), won (2752), mon, man; long, lang; hond, hand; &c.

2722. **Gelâd**, collective noun, for 'lada' (pl. of 'ladu'). Cf. *ge*nipu (2724), *ge*widru (2754); and Ger. *ge*büsch, geflügel, gefolge.

2727. **Ns** = ne is. Cf. nan (none) = ne an (one); ne . . . . æfre (*Fight of Brunanburh*, 129, 131) = næfre (*Eng. Chron.*, 1087 A.D.); næfde (*Eng. Chron.*, 1087 A.D.) = ne hæfde, the *h* falling out; nyllan = ne willan, the *w* falling out—as in Shakspeare's 'Will you, *nill* you, I will marry you' (*Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1).

2730-1 and 2732-3. The same fact is given twice, in different words. Similar examples are common in our early poetry.

2731. **Hrinde** has dropped *h*. Cf. hrathe (quickly, soon) whose compar. is our 'rather;' hrincg (Cadm. *Par.*, I. xxi. 133); hlaford, lord; hrof, roof; hrycg, ridge, Ger. *rücken*.

2732. **Wyrtum**, with *worts* or roots. Cf. Ger. *wurz(et)*. Now only in compounds: cole*wort*, liver*wort*, &c. In the twelfth century, '*ort*geard' (*ort*-yard) was softened into 'orchard.'

2733. **Oferhelmath**, crowns, covers, encircles, as a *helm(et)* does the head. 'Helm' is from 'helan,' to conceal, cover, protect; cf. Dunbar, *The Golden Targe*, 93: 'I lay oure *helit* with levis ronk.

2734. **Mæg**, may; *g* gets softened. Cf. dæg, day; windig (2721), windy; fæge (Cadm. *Par.*, I. xxi. 111), Scotch *fey;* fugol, Ger. *vogel*, fowl; folgian, follow; bricg, bridge; gear (*Eng. Chron.*, 1087 A.D.), year; geoguth (Cadm. *Par.*, I. xxi. 87). In 'fæger, fair,' &c., it disappears.

2738. **Gumena**, gen. pl. of 'guma' (man). 'Bride*groom*' is the old 'bryd-*guma*' corrupted.

2748. **Hafelan.** 'Hafela' is poetic for 'heafod' (head). Cf. Ger. *haupt*.

2752. **Wolcaum**, dat. pl. (contracted) of 'wolcen' (cloud).

CADMON.—ABOUT 670 A.D.

CADMON in his later years became a brother in the monastery at Whitby, then presided over by the famous Abbess Hilda, who had founded it in 658 A.D. He was well advanced in life before he found his gift of poetry.

As the *Beowulf* is a great secular poem, setting forth the active life of our forefathers, so Cadmon's *Paraphrase of Scripture* is a great religious poem, bringing us in contact with their contemplative or spiritual life. Cadmon, as the Venerable Bede tells us, 'sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the history of Genesis; the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt, and their entering into the land of promise, with many other histories from holy writ; the incarnation, passion, and resurrection of our Lord, and his ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the preaching of

the apostles; also the terror of future judgment, the horror of the pains of hell, and the delights of heaven; besides much more of the divine benefits and judgments; by all which he endeavoured to turn men from the love of vice, and to excite in them the love and practice of good actions' (Cassell's *Library of English Literature*, by Professor H. Morley; vol. ii., p. 4). There have been indicated some remarkable points of resemblance between Cadmon's *Paraphrase* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The poem remains in a West Saxon copy of the original Northumbrian version now lost. We follow Thorpe and Grein.

THE FLOOD.

(From *The Paraphrase of Scripture*, Book I., Canto xxi.)

Noe hæfde,
sunu Lameches,
syx hund wintra,
tha he mid bearnum
under bord gestah,
gleaw mid geogothe,
be Godes hæse,
dugethum dyrum.
Drihten sende
regn from roderum,
and eac rume let
wille-burnan
on woruld thringan
of ædra gehwære,
egor-streamas
swearte swogan:
sæs up stigon
ofer stæth-weallas.
Strang wæs and rethe
sethe wætrum weold,
wreah and theahte
man-fæhthu bearn
middan-geardes
wonnan wæge,
wera ethel-land,
hof hergode.
Hyge teonan wræc
metod on monnum:
mere swithe grap
on fæge folc.

Noah had,
son of Lamech,
six hundred winters,
when he with his bairns
under boards entered,
the sage with the youth,
by God's behest,
with the people dear.
The Lord sent
rain from the heavens,
and eke pouring let
well-(springs) burns[1]
on the world throng
from every vein,
the ocean streams
swart[2] sounding burst forth:
the seas up rose
over the shore-walls.
Strong was and fierce
he that the waters swayed,
covered and overwhelmed
the sinful bairns
of mid earth
with the wan wave,
men's native lands,
their houses, harried.[3]
Their thought's wrongs wreaked[4]
the Measurer[5] on men:
the mere[6] strongly griped
on the fated folk.

[1] Brooks. [2] Darkly. [3] Laid waste. [4] Avenged. [5] Or Creator [6] Sea.

Feowertig daga,
nihta other swilc,
nith wæs rethe,
wæll-grim werum:
wuldor-cyninges
ytha wræcon
arleasra feorh
of flæsc-homan.
Flod ealle wreah
hreoh under heofonum,
hea-beorgas
geond sidne grund,
and on sund ahof
earce from eorthan,
and tha æthelo mid
tha segnade
selfa Drihten,
scyppend usser,
tha he thæt scip beleac.
Siththan wide rad,
wolcnum under,
ofer holmes hrincg,
hof seleste,
for mid fearme.
Fære ne moston
wæg-lithendum
wætres brogan
hæste hrinon;
ac hie halig God
ferede and nerede.
Fiftena stod
deop ofer dunum
sæ-drence flod
monnes elna.

Forty days,
nights other such,[7]
the punishment was fierce,
fatally grim to men:
the king of glory's
waves drove
the wicked ones' lives
out of their flesh-coverings.
Flood all covered,
rough under the heavens,
the high bergs[8]
over the wide ground,
and a-swimming upheaved
the ark from the earth,
and the noble company with it
that[9] blessed
the Lord himself,
the shaper of us,
when he the ship shut up.
Then wide rode,
the welkin under,
over ocean's ring,
the dwelling most excellent,
fared[10] with its freight.
Gushing must not
the wave-wandering[11]
the water's terrors
hastily touch;
but them the holy God
piloted and preserved.
Fifteen stood
deep over the downs
the sea-drenching flood
man's ells.

[7] As many. [8] Hills, mountains. [9] *Object* to 'blessed,' which is pred. to 'Lord.' [10] Went, travelled. [11] *Object* to 'touch.'

NOTES.

84. **Syx hund wintra.** Note the measurement of time by *winters*. Compare *Engl. Chron.*, 449 A.D.: 'rixadon vii. *winter*.' Shorter periods were reckoned by 'nights' as well as by days. Hence 'sennight' (seven nights) and 'fortnight' (fourteen nights).

89. **Dugethum.** 'Duguth (-oth, -eth),' good, virtue; hence nobility, chiefs; men, people. From 'dugan,' to be good or fit for, to avail. 'How do you *do*?' is 'How do you *avail, prevail, get on*?'

90. **Drihten** (from 'driht,' company, household), chief and director, lord. Compare 'theoden' (chief, lord), from 'theod' (people, nation).

98. **Stigon,** 3d plur. of stah (compare 86), past tense of 'stigan,' to rise, mount.

101. **Weold,** *wielded,* past tense of 'wealdan,' to rule, command. Hence 'wealdend' (ruler), and 'Alwalda' (Almighty).

102. **Thehte,** past tense of 'theccan,' to cover, *thatch,* Scotch *theek.* Cf. Ger. *decken.*

107. **Hergode,** past tense of 'hergian,' to *harry.* 'Hergian' is from 'here,' army, host (Goth. *harjis,* Ger. *heer*); hence to act like an army, plunder, ravage.

108. **Teonan.** 'Teona' (injury, wrong) appears much later as 'teen' (hurt, vexation).

118. **Arleasra,** gen. pl. of 'arleas,' honourless, piety-less, base. The suffix 'leas' (less) is quite different from 'less,' the compar. of 'little.'

127. **Segnade.** Cf. Ger. *segnen,* to bless, and Scotch *sane* (*sain*). Dunbar, *Tydingis fra the Sessioun,* 41: 'Sum *sanis* the sait, and sum thame curses;' that is, 'Some *sane* (or *sain,* bless) the seat ("the Lords of the Seat" or of Session), and some them curse.' The word is still used for 'bless,' and also ironically for 'curse.'

128. **Selfa Drihten.** 'The Lord self' would be quite in accordance with old usage. 'Self' was an adj. = 'same.' Later it began to be taken for a noun: hence 'the Lord's self,' and the corruptions '*myself*,' '*thyself*,' &c.

131. **Siththan** = *sith-than, after that,* since, then. 'Sith' (conj.) is not very long obsolete.

137. **Lithendum,** dat. pl. of 'lithende,' part. of 'lithan' (to go or be conveyed). Hence ladu, gelad: see *Beowulf,* 2722.

142. **Fiftena** agrees with 'elna' (145). 'Fifteen ells deep stood the flood.'

ALFRED.—849–901 A.D.

In the short intervals of peace between the persistent inroads of the Danes, KING ALFRED laboured indefatigably in the cause of religion and learning. He fostered schools, and besides this he wrote diligently with his own hand.

Alfred translated into English several books: Boëthius's *Consolation of Philosophy,* and Pope Gregory the Great's *Pastoral Rule;* Bæda's *History of England,* and the *History* of Orosius, the Latin text-book of the monastery schools in universal history. With his translations he frequently incorporated matter of his own.

We follow Thorpe's text.

DESCRIPTION OF BABYLON.

(From the Translation of Orosius.)

Nembrath se ent ongan ærest[1] timbrian[2] Babilonia, and Ninus se cyning æfter him, and Sa-

Nimrod the giant began first to build Babylon, and Ninus the king after him, and Se-

[1] Ear(li)est. [2] To timber, construct of timber.

mæramis his cwen hi geendade æfter him, on middewerdum hyre rice. Seo burh wæs getimbrad on fildum lande, and on swithe emnum, and heo wæs swithe fæger on to locianne, and heo is swithe rihte feowerscyte:[3] and thæs wealles mycelnyss[4] and fæstnyss[5] is ungelyfedlic to secgenne; thæt is, thæt he is L. elna brad, and II. hund elna heah, and his ymbgang[6] is hund-seofantig mila and seofethan dæl anre mile; and he is geworht[7] of tigelan,[8] and of eorth-tyrewan;[9] and ymbutan thone weall is se mæsta dic, on tham is yrnende se ungefotlicosta[10] stream; and withutan tham dice is geworht twegra elna heah weall; and bufan tham maran wealle, ofer eallne thone ymbgong, he is mid stænenum wig-husum[11] beworht.

miramis his queen it ended after him, in the midst of her reign. The city was built on open land, and on very level (land), and it was very fair to look on, and it is quite square: and the wall's greatness and strength is unbelievable to say; that is, that it is 50 ells broad, and 200 ells high, and its circuit is 70 miles and the seventh part of a mile; and it is constructed of bricks and of bitumen; and about the wall is the greatest ditch, in which is running the most impassable stream; and without the ditch is constructed a two ells high wall; and above the greater wall, over all the circuit, it is with stone towers encompassed.

[3] Very rightly (exactly) four-angled. [4] Mickleness. [5] Fastness. [6] About-going. [7] Wrought. [8] Tiles. [9] Earth-tar. [10] Unfootablest. [11] War-houses.

NOTES.

Cyning. The shortened form 'cyng' is seen in *Engl. Chron.*, 1087 A.D.: 'se *cyng* Willelm.' In many paragraphs of the *Chron.*, the two forms occur side by side. The derivation of 'king' (cyng, cyning) from '*can*-ning,' as the man that *can* do such and such (great) things, is utterly wrong; for at this period the participle ended, not in *-ing*, but in *-ende* (cf. Cadm. *Par.*, I. xxi. 137—'lith*end*um'). Max Müller would trace it back to a form signifying 'father.'

Cwen, lit. mother, woman; hence the foremost woman in the nation, 'queen.'

To locianne, dat. infin., or gerund, of 'locian' (look, see). Cf. (below) 'to secgenne' from 'secgan' (say).

Feowerscyte, four-angled. Cf. *Revelation*, xxi. 16: 'the city lieth *four-square*.'

Stænenum, abl. pl. neut. of adj. 'stænen' (made of stone). We have no adj. for this meaning now: we use the noun 'stone' as an adj.—a common condensation.

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE.

THE 10TH, 11TH, AND 12TH CENTURIES.

The ANGLO-SAXON or ENGLISH CHRONICLE records events, year by year, from Cæsar's invasion of Britain down to the accession of Henry II. on the death of Stephen, in 1154 A.D.

Some critics would like to ascribe the origin of it to Alfred; others tell us that he was the writer that 'edited it from various sources, added largely to it from Bæda, and raised it to the dignity of a national history' (S. Brooke): at anyrate, about Alfred's time it begins to narrate events in much greater detail. For two centuries and a half onwards, the annals of the country are set down by contemporary monks, chiefly of Winchester, Peterborough, and Canterbury. On a few occasions, the Chronicler bursts into song; more frequently he mixes comments and reflections with his facts. Towards the end of the record, there are not wanting many marks of carelessness or ignorance on the part of the writers.

We follow generally Thorpe's edition for the Rolls series.

THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH.

An. CCCC.XLIX.—Her Martianus and Ualentinus onfengon rice, and rixadon VII. winter. And on heora dagum gelathode Wyrtgeorn Angelcin hider, and hi tha comon on thrim ceolum hider to Brytene, on tham stede Heopwines fleot. Se cyning Wyrtgeorn gef heom land on suthan eastan thissum lande, with than the hi sceoldon feohton with Pyhtas. Heo tha fuhton with Pyhtas, and heofdon sige swa hwer swa heo comon. Hy tha sendon to Angle, heton sendon mara fultum, and heton heom secgan Brytwalana nahtscipe and thes landes cysta. Hy tha sona sendon hider mare weored tham othrum to fultume. Tha comon tha men of thrim megthum Germanie: of

449 A.D.—In this year Martianus and Valentinus undertook the government, and governed seven winters. And in their days invited Wyrtgeorn the Angle race hither, and they then came in three keels hither to Britain, at the place Heopwines-fleet. The king Wyrtgeorn gave them land in the south-east of this land, on condition that they should fight against the Picts. They then fought against the Picts, and had victory wheresoever they came. They then sent to Angel, bade send greater help, and bade to them say the Brito-Welsh's nothingness and the land's excellencies. They then soon sent hither a greater host to the others for help. Then came men from three tribes of Germany: from the

Ald Seaxum, of Anglum, of Iotum. Of Iotum comon Cantwara and Wihtwara, thæt is seo megth the nu eardath on Wiht, and thæt cyn on West Sexum the man nu git hæt Iutna cynn. Of Eald Seaxum coman East Seaxa, and Suth Sexa, and West Sexa. Of Angle comon — se â sythðan stod westig betwix Iutum and Seaxum — East Engla, Middel Angla, Mearca, and ealla Northhymbra. Heora heretogan wæron twegen gebrothra, Hengest and Horsa. Thæt wæron Wihtgilses suna; Wihtgils wæs Witting, Witta Wecting, Wecta Wodning. Fram than Wodne awoc eall ure cynecynn, and Suthanhymbra eac.

Old Saxons, from the Angles, from the Jutes. From the Jutes came the Kent people and the Wight people, that is the tribe that now dwelleth in Wight, and that race among the West Saxons that one now yet calls the Jutes' race. From the Old Saxons came the East Saxons, and the South Saxons, and the West Saxons. From Angel—which ever since has stood waste betwixt the Jutes and the Saxons—came the East Angles, the Middle Angles, the Mercians, and all the Northumbrians. Their leaders were two brothers, Hengest and Horsa. They were Wihtgils' sons; Wihtgils was Witta's son, Witta Wecta's son, Wecta Woden's son. From (that) Woden sprang all our kingly kin, and the Southumbrians' eke.

NOTES.

An., for 'anno,' 'in the year.'

Her, *here*, now; adv. of place used as adv. of time. Cf. '*her*-æfter,' *here*-after, after now. The *Chronicle* also often has 'on thissum (thisum, or this) geare;' and not unfrequently both expressions together: 'her on thissum geare.'

Martianus was emperor of the east division of the Roman world, 450—457 A.D. He began life as a common soldier.

Valentinian III. was emperor of the west, 425—455.

Wyrtgeorn, or Vortigern, was the most powerful British (= Welsh) king of those days.

Heopwines fleot, or Ypwines fleot, is Ebbsfleet in the isle of Thanet, N.E. corner of Kent.

Pyhtas, the Picts or Caledonians, occupying the country N. of the Forth.

Seegan: *cg* is for *gg*; pronounce as 'seggan.'

Brytwalans, of the Brito-Welsh, or of the British strangers. The English called the people of Britain *Welsh*, meaning *Strangers*. (So the Germans call the Italians *die Wälschen* —that is, the strangers, foreigners.) The British called themselves, collectively, not Welsh, but *Kymry*.

Of Ald Seaxum. The Old Saxons, the Saxons of the continent, dwelt between the lower course of the Elbe and the Ems.

Of Angium. The Angles or English occupied the south of modern Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein.

Of Iotum. The Jutes or Goths held the north—nearly the whole—of the mainland of modern Denmark, as well as a considerable part of the south of Sweden.

Cantwara . . . . Iutna cynn. The Jutes settled in Kent (east and west kingdoms), the Isle of Wight, and the coast of Hampshire (449—....A.D.). Their chief town was the capital of East Kent, *Cant-wara-byrig, Kentmen's-borough*, now *Canterbury*.

Wu (eardath on Wiht). 'Now' means 'in the time of Bæda;' for this part of the *Engl. Chron.* is based on the Church History of Bæda ('the Venerable Bede'), who lived in the last quarter of the 7th and the first half of the 8th century.

East Seaxa. The Saxons that settled in Essex were called the East Saxons; their chief town was Colchester. A part of these, called the Middle Saxons, held Middlesex, with London for chief town.

Suth Seaxa. The South Saxons were those that landed under Ella and his son Cissa at the Roman town Regnum (English *Cissanceaster, Chichester*, camp or city of Cissa), and took possession of the country between the two Jute settlements (477—491 A.D.). Sussex keeps their name.

West Seaxa. The West Saxons landed at Portsmouth under Cerdic and his son Cynric, took Winchester, and established the kingdom of Wessex in Hampshire (495—519 A.D.). By dint of very hard fighting, they slowly extended their borders west and north; and at last Wessex grew into the kingdom of all England.

Angle, Angel. The district between Flensburg and Schleswig—the heart of the land of the Angles—is called Angeln to this day.

East Engla. The East Angles (or English) peopled East Anglia (or England), the modern Norfolk (the north folk) and Suffolk (the south folk).

Middel Angla, Mearca. The Middle Angles (or English) were settled to the west of East Anglia. Thus they became borderers on the Welsh, and were called Marchmen, *Mercians*. They gradually absorbed the middle of England, from the Humber to the Thames, and from East Anglia to beyond the Severn.

Northhymbra. The land of the Northumbrians (547—....A.D.) stretched N. of the Humber as far as the Forth, and half across the island. Edinburgh is the burgh founded by and named after Edwin, the great Northumbrian king. The chief town was York (*Eoforwic*, Lat. *Eboracum*).

Heretoga, leader, general, duke. Cf. Ger. *herzog*. From 'here' (army, host), and 'teðn' (pres. indic. 'teðge,' to *tug*, draw, lead).

Hengest, Hersa. Both names mean 'horse.' 'The horse is now the badge of Kent, as you may see to this day on any sack of Kentish hops' (Freeman).

Thæt. Cf. one of the uses of 'it.'

Witting, Wocting, Wodning. 'Son of' is expressed by the suffix '-ing.'

THE FIGHT OF BRUNANBURH.

This ode is the earliest and the greatest of the poetic outbursts in the *Chronicle*. Brunanburh was somewhere in the north of England. Here Æthelstan and Edmund (see Notes) gained a splendid victory over Constantine, king of the Scots, and Anlaf, a Danish king from Ireland. Five Danish kings, seven earls (or jarls), and Constantine's son, with 'countless fighting men, fleetmen, and Scots,' were among the slain.

AN. DCCCC.XXXVII. 937 A.D.

. . . Feld dennade
secga swate,
siththan sunne ûp,
on morgen tîd,
mære tungol,
glad ofer grundas,
Godes candel beorht,
eces Drihtnes,
oth seo æthele gesceaft
sah to setle . . . .

. . . The field streamed
with warriors' sweat,[1]
since the sun up,
at morning tide,[2]
glorious star,
glided over grounds,
God's candle bright,
the eternal Lord's,
till the noble creature
sank to (her)[3] settle. . . .

. . . . Tha gebrothor,
begen ætsomne,
cyning and ætheling,
cyththe sohton,
West-seaxna land,
wiges hremige.
Leton him behindan,
hrâ brittigan,
salowig padan
thone sweartan hræfn,
hyrned nebban,
and thone hasupadan
earn æftan hwit,
æses brucan,
grædigne guthhafoc,
and thæt græge deor,
wulf on wealde.
Ne wearth wæl mare
on thys iglande
æfre gyta
folces gefylled
beforan thyssum
sweordes ecgum, ...
siththan eastan hider
Engle and Seaxe
ûp becomon. . . .

. . . . The brothers,
both together,
king and prince,
(their) kith sought,
the West-Saxons' land,
in the war exulting.
Left they behind them,
corpses to share,
the sable-coated
the swart raven,
horny-nibbed,
and the ash (-coloured)-coated
erne[4] aft[5] white,
carrion to eat,
the greedy war-hawk,
and that gray deer,[6]
the wolf of the weald.[7]
Not was slaughter more
in this island
ever yet
of folk felled
before this
with sword's edges, ...
since from the east hither
Angles and Saxons
up came. . . .

[1] Blood. [2] Time. [3] The sun (*sunne*) is *fem.* in Old English; now it is personified as *masc.* [4] Eagle. [5] Behind. [6] Beast (generally). [7] *Wold*, forest.

NOTES.

115. **King.** Æthelstan, son of Edward the Elder, and grandson of Alfred, reigned 925—940 A.D.

Æthelıng, prince: 'son of the (pre-eminently) *æthele* or noble man' (cf. 'Witt*ing*,' &c., last note to preceding extract). This is the old name for 'Prince,' 'Crown Prince,' or 'Heir-Apparent.' Robert of Gloucester (about 1300 A.D.) explains that 'whoso were next king by birth, people call him *Athelyng*.'

116. **Cyththa,** *kith*, country, home, the place (more particularly) *known* (*cuth*, from 'cunnan,' to know).

126. **Brucan,** to eat, enjoy; later, to bear, endure, *brook*.

128. **Deor,** deer, animal generally. Cf. Shak., *K. Lear*, iii. 4: 'mice and rats, and such small *deer*' (animals). So, the regular word for 'animal' in German is *thier;* in Danish, *dyr*.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

MILLESIMO . LXXXVII.—. . . Se cyng Willelm the we embe specath wæs swithe wis man, and swithe rice, and wurthfulre and strengere thonne ænig his foregengga[1] wære. He wæs milde tham godum mannum the God lufedon, and ofer eall gemett stearc[2] tham mannum the with-cwædon his willan. . . . . Eac he wæs swythe wurthful: thriwa he bær his cynehelm[3] ælce geare, swa oft swa he wæs on Englelande. On Eastron he hine bær on Winceastre, on Pentecosten on Westmynstre, on Midewintre on Gleaweceastre. . . . . Swilce he wæs eac swythe stearc man and ræthe, swa thæt man ne dorste nan thing ongean his willan dôn. He hæfde eorlas on his bendum, the dydan ongean his willan; biscopas he sætte of heora biscoprice, and abbodas of heora abbodrice, and thægnas

1087. A.D.—. . . . The King William that we speak about was a very wise man, and very powerful, and more dignified and stronger than any of his predecessors were. He was mild to the good men that loved God, and over all measure severe to the men that gainsaid his will. . . . . Also he was very dignified: thrice he bare his crown each year, as oft as he was in England. At Easter he bare it in Winchester, at Pentecost in Westminster, at Midwinter in Gloucester. . . . . So he was also a very stark man and fierce, so that nobody durst do one thing against his will. He had earls in his bonds, that did against his will; bishops he cast from their bishoprics, and abbots from their abbacies, and thanes

[1] Foregoers. [2] Stark. [3] Royal helm.

on cweartern; and æt nextan he ne sparode his agene brothor Odo hêt.[4] . . . . Betwyx othrum thingum nis na to forgytane thæt gode frith the he macode on thisan lande; swa thæt ân man the himsylf aht wære[5] mihte faran ofer his rice mid his bosum full goldes ungederad. And nan man ne dorste slean otherne man, næfde he næfre swa mycel yfel gedôn with thone otherne. . . . . Witodlice on his timan hæfdon men mycel geswinc and swithe manige teonan. Castelas he lêt wyrcean, and earme men swithe swencean. . . . . He wæs on gitsunge befeallan, and grædinæsse he lufode mid ealle. He sætte mycel deor frith, and he lægde laga thærwith, thæt swa hwa swa sloge heort oththe hinde, thæt hine man sceolde blendian. He forbead tha heortas, swylce eac tha baras: swa swithe he lufode tha headeôr, swilce he wære heora fæder. Eac he sætte be tham haran thæt hi mosten freo faran. His rice men hit mændon, and tha earme men hit becêorodan: ac he [wæs] swa stith thæt he ne rohte heora eallra nith, ac hi moston mid ealle thes cynges wille folgian, gif hi woldon libban, oththe land habban, oththe eahta, oththe wel his sehta. Wala wâ thæt ænig man sceolde modigan swa, hine sylf ûpp

into prison; and at last he spared not his own brother named Odo. . . . . Among other things is not to be forgotten the good peace that he made in this land; so that a man that had confidence in himself might fare over his realm with his bosom full of gold, unhurt. And no man durst slay another man, had he never so great evil done to the other. . . . . Certainly in his time had men great hardship and very many injuries. Castles he caused to be built, and poor men to be greatly oppressed. . . . . He was into covetousness fallen, and greediness he loved altogether. He set up a great deer preserve, and he laid down laws thereanent, that whosoever slew hart or hind (that) him one should blind. He forbade the harts, as also the boars [to be slain]: as greatly he loved the tall deer as if he were their father. Also he set down concerning the hares that they must fare free. His powerful men moaned at it, and the poor men murmured at it: but he [was] so obdurate that he recked not of the hatred of them all, but they must wholly follow the king's will, if they would live, or have land, or property, or even his peace. Alas! that any man should be so proud, himself

[4] *Hight.* [5] Lit., that to himself was aught.

ahebban, and ofer ealle men tellan. Se ælmihtiga God cythæ his saule mildheortnisse,[6] and do him his synna forgifenesse.	uplift, and over all men account. The Almighty God make known to his soul mercy, and grant him his sins' forgiveness.

[6] Mildheart(ed)ness.

NOTES.

Se cyng Willelm. William, Duke of the Normans, was born in 1027. In 1066 he invaded England, defeated King Harold in a desperate battle at Senlac, near Hastings (Oct. 14), and was crowned king of the English at Westminster (Christmas-day). He died in 1087.

On Eastron. 'Easter' is the festival commemorating the resurrection of Christ. Easter-day is the Sunday after Good Friday; and, according to the time of full moon, falls in the end of March or the beginning of April. In the East, the common name of the festival was the *Paschal Feast*, because it was kept at the same time as the *Pascha*, or Jewish Passover, and in some measure succeeded to that. In Scotland, it is known also as *Pace* (or *Pasche*) Sunday.

On Pentecosten. 'Pentecost' (from Greek *pentēcostē*, fiftieth), a festival of the Jews, celebrated on *the fiftieth day* after the Passover. The name was adopted by the Christians for their feast in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Spirit on the apostles at that season. *Whitsuntide* is the common name in this country. The Germans use *Pfingsten*, a curious corruption of *Pentecoste*.

On Westmynstre: the famous Abbey of West-Minster, as rebuilt by Edward the Confessor in honour of St Peter. It has been again rebuilt since then.

On Midewintre. Midwinter-day was Christmas-day.

Ongean modifies *on* to *a*, making '*agean.*' Later are found '*ongænes*,' '*agenes*;' then *t*, euphonic, was added to make a firmer ending—as, in '*amidst*,' '*amongst*,' '*alongst*,' &c. Thus we come to '*against*.' Cf. Germ. *entgegen*.

Biscopas. 'Biscop,' softened now to '*bishop*,' was changed from Lat. *episcopus*, Greek *episcopos* (from *epi*, over, and *scopein*, to look), lit. an overseer, superintendent.

Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, was William's half-brother. The king had given him several hundred manors in England, and on returning to Normandy soon after the coronation, had left the government to him and William Fitz-Osbern. Feeling himself very powerful, he began to intrigue with the baronage. William kept Odo in prison all his own life.

Mihte faran, &c. Compare Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. 65: 'Timour (or Tamerlane) might boast that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine; whilst under his prosperous monarchy, *a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the east to the west.*'

Nan man *ne* dorste . . . *nefde he nefre*, &c. Remark the emphatic accumulation of negatives.

Mycel deor frith. The New Forest, in the south of Hampshire, at easy distance from the royal residence at Winchester.

Laga, pl. of '*lagu*;' which in course of time modifies *g* and becomes *law*. '*Law*' is *allied* to Lat. *lex*, but must not be *derived* from it.

Þæt kinc man scolde blendian. This construction with indef. 'man' (*one*) as subject, is now very much limited in English, though it flourishes in German and French. We should now say: 'that he should be blinded,' using the passive verb.

LAYAMON.—About 1205.

Layamon, in the opening lines of his poem, the *Brut*, speaks of himself as a priest, dwelling 'at Ernley (Lower Arley, or Arley Regis, in Worcestershire), at a noble church, upon Severn's bank, near Redstone, where he read books' (probably the services of the church). Beyond this we have no information.

The *Brut*, or *Chronicle of Britain*, takes name from Brutus, a supposed great-grandson of Æneas. It opens with the destruction of Troy; follows Æneas to Italy, where Brutus accidentally kills his father Silvius (son of Ascanius, son of Æneas) with an arrow intended for a deer, and is banished by his kinsmen; relates how Brutus by-and-by is made duke of the Trojans, and at last arrives in Albion, which now becomes Britain; and details the history of Britain, fabulous or true, down to the death of King Cadwalader in 689 A.D. The poem is compiled chiefly from the Anglo-Norman metrical chronicle, the *Brut*, the work of a French clerk, Wace (1155 A.D.); which again was translated from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum*. Layamon has twice Wace's number of lines—more than 32,000.

There are two MSS.: the earlier belongs to the beginning of the 13th century; the other is say fifty years younger. We quote them side by side, and add a modern version below, inclosing in square brackets the parts special to the later MS. We follow Sir Frederic Madden.

KING ARTHUR'S LAST BATTLE.

(From the *Brut*.)

[Arthur, son of Uther and Ygærne, was a half-mythical king of the Britons (or Welsh), who made a determined stand in Somersetshire and the neighbouring counties against the West Saxons. When setting out upon a continental expedition, he left his kingdom in charge of Modred, his sister's son (*his suster sune, Brut*, 27,996), the 'wickedest of all men' (*for-cuthest alle monnen, Brut*, 27,901). Modred usurped the throne. On hearing of this treachery, the king returned and fought with Modred, driving him at last into Cornwall.

'There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the king.'

The decisive battle was the one now described.

'Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.']

Earlier Text.	*Later Text.*
And at Camelforde wes isomned:	And [at] Camelford were mid Arthur:
sixti thusend.	sixti thousend manne.
and ma thusend ther to:	and mo thousendes zite:
Modred wes heore ælder.	in Modred his syde.

Tha thiderward gon ride ꝥ
Arthur the riche.
mid unimete folke ꝥ
uæie thah hit weore.
Uppe there Tambre ꝥ
heo tuhte to-somne.
heuẽ here-marken ꝥ
halden to-gadere.
luken sweord longe ꝥ
leidẽ o the helmen.
fur ut sprengen ꝥ
speren brastlien.
sceldes gõnẽ scanen ꝥ
scaftes to-breken.
ther faht al to-somne ꝥ
folc vnimete.
Tambre wes on flode ꝥ
mid vnimete blode.
mon i than fihte non ther ne mihte ꝥ
ikeñe nenne kempe.
no wha dude wurse no wha bet ꝥ
swa that withe wes imenged.
for ælc slo adun riht ꝥ
weore he swein weore he cniht.
Ther wes Modred of-sla3e ꝥ
and idon of lif-da3e.

in than fihte.
Ther weoren of-sla3e ꝥ
alle tha snelle.
Arthures hered-men ꝥ
he3e
and tha Bruttes alle ꝥ
of Arthures borde.
and alle his fosterlīges ꝥ
of feole kineriches.
And Arthur forwunded
mid wal-spere brade.
fiftene he hafde ꝥ
feondliche wunden.

28,541

28,550

28,560

28,571

Tho thiderward gan ride ꝥ
Arthur the riche.
mid onimete folke ꝥ
of cnihtes wel bolde.
Vppen thar Tambre ꝥ
hii smite to-gadere.

drowen sweorde longe ꝥ
and smiten on the healmes.
that the fur ut sprong ꝥ
the swippes were bitere.

Tambre was on flode ꝥ
mid onimete blode.
ne mihte man in than fihte ꝥ
icnowe nanne kempe.
wo dude wors ne wo dude bet ꝥ
so that weder was imenged.
for ech sloh adun riht ꝥ
were he sweyn were he cniht.
Thar was Modred of-sla3e ꝥ
and idon of lifda3e.
and alle his cnihtes ꝥ
isla3e in than fihte.
Thar weren of-sla3e ꝥ
alle the snelle.
Arthures hired-men ꝥ
heb3e and lowe.
and the Bruttes alle ꝥ
of Arthur his borde.
and alle hi . fosterlin . . s ꝥ
of . . . ne riche.
And . . . him seolf for-w . . .
mid one spere brode.
. . . tene he hadde ꝥ
feond . . che wond . . .

mon mihte i thare lasten:	man mihte in than leaste:
twa glouen ithraste. 28,581	two gloues threaste.
Tha nas ther na mare:	Tho nas thar na more:
i than fehte to laue.	ileued in than fihte.
of twa hundred thusend monnen:	of two hundred thousend manne:
tha ther leien to-hauwē.	that thar lay to-hewe.
buten Arthur the king ane:	bote Arthur the king:
and of his cnihtes tweien.	and twei of his cnihtes.

And at Camelford was assembled [were with Arthur] sixty thousand [men], and more thousands thereto; Modred was their chief [yet, on Modred his side]. Then thitherward gan ride Arthur the mighty, with innumerable folk; fated though it (the folk) were [of knights well bold]. Upon the Tambre they encountered [smote] together; raised the standards; advanced together; drew the long swords, [and] laid [smote] on the helms; [that the] fires out spring [sprang]; spears resound (splinter) [the strokes (*sweeps*) were bitter]; shields gan shiver; shafts brake in pieces. There fought all together folk innumerable. Tambre was in flood with unmeasured blood. There might no [not] man in the fight know no (any) warrior, nor who did worse nor who [did] better; so the conflict [storm, *weather*] was mingled; for each slew downright, were he swain, were he knight. There was Modred slain and done (out) of life-day, [and all his knights slain] in the fight. There were slain all the brave (*snell*), Arthur's warriors, high [and low], and the Britons all of Arthur's [Arthur his] board, and all his foster-children (dependants) from many kingdoms [a kingdom]. And Arthur [himself] (was) wounded with [a] broad slaughter-spear; fifteen he had terrible wounds; one might in the least two gloves thrust. Then was there no more in the fight as leavings [left in the fight], of two hundred thousand men that there lay hewed in pieces, but Arthur the king one (alone), and two of his knights.

[Arthur, mortally hurt, is presently carried away in a little boat by two women, wondrously fair, to Avalun ('Isle of Apples,' *Glastonbury*), where he is to be cured of his wounds. In the poet's time, the Britons yet believed that Arthur would return and rule them.]

NOTES.

28,536. **Camelford**, a town in the north of Cornwall.

28,538. **Ma, mo**, contracted forms of 'mara,' compar. of 'micel' (much). Later writers (Shak., &c.) often have it as 'moe' (adj. and adv.).

28,539. **Modred his syde** (later text), for 'Modredes syde.' Cf. 28,573: 'Arthures' (first text), 'Arthur *his*' (second text). The substitution of 'his' for the poss. inflection occurs chiefly in the second text, and more usually with proper nouns than with common nouns. It was in use down to Queen Anne's time, when the '*s* was firmly believed to be a contraction of *his*.

28,540. **Gon** (gan) **ride**, *did* ride. *Gon*, *gan* acts simply as an auxiliary to give the past tense. This usage continues for more than three centuries longer.

28,543. **Vnto** = *fore*, fay: **fated**, doomed, destined to die. A second meaning, also in Layamon, is 'slain,' 'dead.'

28,544. **Tambre**, now called the Camel (from the ancient British name, Camlan), in the north-west of Cornwall. It rises about two miles north of Camelford, and falls into the sea below Padstow.

28,546. **Heuē** = heuen, 3d pl. of 'hæf,' past tense of 'hæhuen,' to *heave*, raise. From 'hæh' (high).—**Here-marken**, army (*here*)-marks, ensigns.

28,549. **Leidē** = leiden, 3d pl. past indic. of 'legge(n),' to *lay*, put.

28,552—3. **Scaldes, seaftes.** Cf. *sh*ields, *sh*afts; where the *c* is softened. '*Sch*elden' (dat. pl.) also occurs in Layamon. In line 6, we have *ehirecheæ*, and this is what the old '*cirice*' has come to under French influence. In Layamon, '*cild*' is regularly modified to '*ch*ild.' Cf. also *sc*(e)al (*sh*all), *sc*(e)olde, *sch*olde, *sh*ould; mi*cel*, mu*ch*el, mo*ch*el, mu*ch*; below, '28,562, æ*lc* (in first text) corresponds with e*ch* (in second text); and there are others in the present extract. On the whole, however, Layamon is not fond of the new softened form; and for *sc* of the first text we mostly find *s* alone in the second text.

28,558. **Non**, later form of '**nan**,' which is made up of 'ne + an' (not + one). Observe the repetition of 'ne' before the verb, and another negative, 'nenne (nanne),' in next line, and yet another in the line following, '**ne—no.**'

28,560. **Ne—no**, neither—nor; for the older 'ne—ne.'—**Wurse, wors.** The *-se* is an older form of the compar. ending *-rs*(*er*). Cf. Dan. *værre*, which, in the form 'war,' was used later by good writers, and is still heard in Scotland. 'The *Wrse* (the *Worse*),' line 1140, is used for 'the devil.'—**Bet** has dropped the compar. ending. The superl. 'best' is for 'betst.'

28,562-3. Compare Scott, *Marmion*, vi. 34:

> 'Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
> As fearlessly and well.'

Also Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. 41: 'Each plebeian [under Belisarius, at Rome] conceived himself to be a hero.'

28,570. **Hired** (**here**)-**men**, men of the host, or of the retinue (*hired*).

28,573. **Borde**, the *Table* Round.

28,574. **Fosterlīges**, *-linges*, chiefly the knights of the Round Table.

28,586. **Buten, bote**, *but*, except.—**Ane**, *one*, hence '*alone*.'

28,587. **Two** knights. Malory mentions by name Sir Lucan and Sir Bedwere (Bedivere).

ORMIN.—About 1215.

Regarding Ormin (or shortly Orm), we have no information beyond what is contained in his work, the *Ormulum*. He was a canon regular of the order of St Augustine; and, from his language, we may fix his abode in or near the county of Nottingham.

The *Ormulum*—

'Thiss boc iss nemmnedd Orrmulum
Forrthi thatt Orrm itt wrohhte'—

may be dated at 1215, the year of the Great Charter. It is a metrical version of the Gospels, or portions of the New Testament, that were read in church in the service of each day, together with doctrinal and practical explanations, also in verse. Though containing 20,000 lines, it yet reaches no further than the 32d daily service, which is but the merest fragment. The aim of the book was to spread religious knowledge among the people. In his homilies, or expositions, Ormin borrows largely from other writers. His spelling, which is elaborately careful, is a remarkable feature of his writings.

ORIGIN OF THE *ORMULUM*.

(From the *Ormulum*.)

Nu, brotherr Wallterr, brotherr min
Affterr the flæshess kinde;
And brotherr min i Crisstenndom
Thurrh fulluhht and thurrh trowwthe;
And brotherr min i Godess hus,
Ȝet o the thride wise,
Thurrh thatt witt hafenn takenn ba
An reȝhellboc to follȝhenn,
Underr kannunnkess had and lif,
Swa summ Sannt Awwstin sette;
Icc hafe don swa summ thu badd,
And forthedd te thin wille,
Icc hafe wennd inntill Englissh
Goddspelless hallȝhe lare,

Now, brother Walter, brother mine
After the flesh's kind;
And brother mine in Christianity
Through baptism and through truth;[1]
And brother mine in God's house,
Yet on the third wise,
Through that we-two have taken both
A rule-book to follow,
Under canon's rank and life,
So as Saint Austin set;[2]
I have done so as thou badest,
And performed to thee thy will,
I have turned into English
The Gospel's holy lore,

[1] Faith. [2] Appointed.

Affterr thatt little witt tatt me
Min Drihhtin hafeththlenedd.
Thu thohhtest tatt itt mihhte wel
Till mikell frame turrnenn,
3iff Ennglissh follk, forr lufe off Crist,
Itt wollde 3erne lernenn,
And foll3hen itt, and fillenn itt
Withth thohht, withth word, withth dede.
And forrthi 3errndesst tu thatt icc
Thiss werrc the shollde wirrkenn;
And icc itt hafe forthedd te,
Acc all thurrh Cristess hellpe;
And unnc birrth bathe thannkenn Crist
That itt iss brohht till ende.

After that little wit[3] that me
My Lord hath lent.
Thou thoughtest that it might well
To mickle profit turn,
If English folk, for love of Christ,
It would earnestly learn,
And follow it, and fulfil[4] it
With thought, with word, with deed.
And for that yearnedst thou that I
This work to thee should work;
And I it have performed to thee,
But all through Christ's help;
And us-two it becometh both to thank Christ
That it is brought to end.

[3] Understanding. [4] Practise.

NOTES.

3. **Cristenndom** (like Ger. *Christenthum*) is the condition or position of Christians as such; the faith and profession of Christians; Christianity. The modern meaning is different: the area or extent of country where Christianity is professed; Christian lands, collectively.

4. **trowwthe**, *truth*, is *trowing* or believing; belief, faith.

7. **witt**, or *wit*, we two, a dual form for the 1st pers. pron. The gen. was 'uncer;' dat. 'unc;' acc. 'unc (unnc)' occurs below (27). There was also a dual for the 2d pers. pron.; nom. 'git (3itt),' gen. 'incer (3unnker),' dat. and acc. 'inc (3unnc).' These dual forms did not outlive the 13th century.

8. **Re3hell**, older English and Germ. *regel*; Lat. *regula*: *rule*.

10. **Sannt Awwstin**, Aurelius Augustinus, usually called St Augustine, the greatest of the Latin fathers. He was born in Numidia, 354 A.D., was ordained Bishop of Hippo in 395, and died at Hippo Regius (near modern Bona), on the coast of Numidia, in 430.

12. **Te**, for *the*. It is one of Ormin's spelling notions to change initial *th* into *t* after words (in the same line) ending in *d*, *dd*, *t*, or *tt*. There are occasional exceptions; as *thurrh*, line 4.

13. **Wennd**, turned, translated; past part. of 'wendenn,' to *wend*, go, turn, change.

14. **Goddspell**, *god-spell*, good speech, good tidings. 'Spellenn' is 'to declare' or 'preach.'——**Lare**, *lore*, learning, teaching, instruction.

15. **Tatt**, for *thatt*, after 'witt.' See note to 12.
23. **3errndesst**. From '3eorn-e,' '3ern-e' (older 'georn-e'), willing-ly, earnest-ly. Cf. Germ. *gern* (willingly).
27. **Birrth**, becomes, concerns, ought: the older 'gebyrath' ('him *gebyrath*,' 'it becomes him, it is his duty, he ought'). The *ge* is dropped. Ormin drops the *ge* even of the past part., except in the single word '3ehatenn' (called, named).
28. **Till**. Cf. 13, inn*till*. This is one of the many marks of Northern influence in the *Ormulum;* the avoidance of *ge* in past part. is another. When Alfred re-wrote in his Southern dialect a famous fragment of Cadmon's, he wrote 'to' for 'till.'

HOW TO SPELL.

(From the *Ormulum*.)

And whase wilenn shall thiss boc
Efft otherr sithe writenn,
Himm bidde icc that het write rihht,
Swa summ thiss boc himm tæchethth,
All thwerrt ut affterr thatt itt iss
Uppo thiss firrste bisne,
Withth all swillc rime alls her iss sett,
Withth all se fele wordess;
And tatt he loke wel thatt he
An bocstaff write twi33ess,
E33whær thær itt uppo thiss boc
Iss writenn o thatt wise.
Loke he well thatt het write swa,
Forr he ne ma33 nohht elless
Onn Ennglissh writenn rihht te word,
Thatt wite he wel to sothe.

And whoso shall will this book
Aft(erwards) another time to write,
Him bid I that he it write right,
So as this book him teacheth,
All throughout after that it is
Upon this first pattern,
With all such rime as here is set,
With all so many words;
And that he look well that he
A letter write twice,
Everywhere where it upon this book
Is written on that wise.
Look he well that he it write so,
For he may not else
In English write right the word,
That know he well for sooth.

NOTES.

96. **Otherr**, *other*, was anciently used also where we now use 'second.'
97. **Het** = he itt.
104. **Bocstaff**, letter of the alphabet. Cf. Germ. *buchstabe*.——**Twi33ess**, *twice*. Cf. 'aness,' 'thri3ess' (once, thrice). 'The adverbs *once*, *twice*, *thrice*, are in fact genitival forms

under a Frenchified orthography.'—(*Earle.*)

108. **Ma33.** Ormin is the first writer to use the softened 33 at the end of a word after a vowel.——**Nohht** by-and-by becomes 'not.'——**Elless,** *else,* lit. 'of other,' a genitive form.

THE AUTHOR OF THE *ORMULUM.*

(From the *Ormulum.*)

Icc thatt tiss Ennglissh hafe sett 321	I that this English have set
Ennglisshe menn to lare,	English men to lore,
Icc wass thær thær I crisstnedd wass	I was there where I christened was
Orrmin bi name nemmnedd.	Ormin by name named.

NOTE.

322. **Ennglisshe menn,** is dat.: '*to* English men.'——**To lare,** not the infinitive, but prep. and noun; lit. 'to lore,' that is, 'for or as instruction.' More freely, 'for the instruction of English people.'

JOHN MANDEVILLE.—1300–1371.

Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE was born at St Albans in 1300. After studying medicine for some time, he went abroad in 1322, and passed thirty-four years travelling in the East. He died at Liège in 1371.

On his return to England in 1356, he wrote an account of his travels. The facts that he saw with his own eyes are intermixed with very wild fictions that he heard related.

THE AUTHOR, HIS TRAVELS, AND HIS BOOK.

(From the Prologue to the *Voiage and Travaile.*)

And for als moche as it is longe tyme passed that ther was no generalle passage ne[1] vyage over the see; and many men desiren for to here speke of the Holy Lond, and han therof gret solace and comfort; I John Maundevylle, knyght, alle be it I be not worthi, that was born in Englond, in the town of Seynt Albones, passede the see, in the 3eer of our Lord Jhesu Crist MCCCXXII., in the day of Seynt Michelle; and hidre to[2] have been longe tyme over the see, and have seyn[3] and gon thorghe manye dyverse londes, and many provynces and kingdomes and iles; and have passed thorghout Turkye, Tartarye, Percye,[4] Surrye,[5]

[1] Nor. [2] Hitherto. [3] Seen. [4] Persia. [5] Syria.

Arabye, Egypt the highe and the lowe, Ermonye[6] the litylle and the grete; thorgh Lybye, Caldee, and a gret partie of Ethiope; thorgh Amazoyne,[7] Inde the lasse and the more,[8] a gret partie; and thorghout many othere iles, that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many dyverse folkes, and of dyverse maneres and lawes, and of dyverse schappes[9] of men. Of whiche londes and iles, I schalle speke more pleynly hereaftre. And I schal devise[10] you sum partie of thinges that there ben, whan time schalle ben, aftre it may best come to my mynde; and specyally for hem that wille and are in purpos for to visit the holy citee of Jerusalem, and the holy places that are thereaboute. And I schalle telle the weye that thei schulle holden thidre. For I have often tymes passed and ryden the way, with gode companye of many lordes: God be thonked.

And ȝee schulle undirstonde that I have put this boke out of Latyn into Frensch, and translated it aȝen out of Frensche into Englyssch, that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it.

But lordes and knyghtes and othere noble and worthi men, that conne[11] Latyn but litylle, and han ben beȝonde the see, knowen and undirstonden, ȝif I seye trouthe or no, and ȝif I erre in devisynge, for forȝetynge, or elles;[12] that thei mowe[13] redresse it and amende it. For thinges passed out of longe tyme from a mannes mynde or from his syght, turnen sone into forȝetynge; because that mynde of man ne may not ben comprehended ne withholden, for the freeltee[14] of mankynde.

[6] Armenia. [7] Amazonia. [8] India the less and the greater. [9] Shapes. [10] Describe, relate. [11] Know. [12] Otherwise. [13] May, can. [14] Frailty.

NOTES.

It is longe tyme passed, &c. Nearly three-quarters of a century earlier, the Crusades had ended with the fall of Acre in 1291.

Desiren and other verbs in this passage shew the 3d plur. pres. indic. in *en* (Midland dialect).

Alle be it, *albeit*, although.

The day of Seynt Michelle. Michaelmas Day, properly named the Day of St Michael and All Angels, is Sept. 29.

Iles, isles. Usually derived from O. Fr. *isle* (Mod. Fr. *île*), from Lat. *insula*; yet the Old High Germ. has *insila*. 'Island' perhaps gets the *s* from 'isle:' the old form is '*ea*-land,' later, '*ei*lond' (water-land); cf. Ger. *eiland*. 'Ile,' without the *s*, is found for more than a century later: see extract from Fortescue.

Amazoyne, the country of the Amazons, on the south coast of the Black Sea, about the modern Trebizond.

Citee, on the way to become 'city.' The classical Lat. *cīvĭtātem* became, in vulgar speech, *citatem*, whence Fr. *cité*.

Amende, Fr. *amender*, from Lat. *emendare* (from *e*, *ex*, out of, and *menda*, fault, blemish), to free from faults, correct.

WILLIAM LANGLEY (OR LANGLAND). ABOUT 1332–1399.

WILLIAM LANGLEY OR LANGLAND—for his name is not absolutely certain—was born probably at Cleobury Mortimer, and was educated for the church, not improbably in one of the priories at Malvern. When about thirty years old, he removed to London, where he lived in Cornhill with his wife and daughter till about the end of the 14th century.

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman is a vigorous poem in alliterative verse, 'describing a series of dreams, in some of which the author beheld a person whom he calls Piers the Plowman.' 'It was the great work of his life, and may have occupied him, though not continuously, during nearly thirty years.' 'It is certain that he altered, added to, and re-wrote the poem, not once only, but twice' (Skeat). The earliest text, from which we quote, was composed about the year 1362; the second, which is three times as large, appeared about 1377; and the third, which is still longer, was gradually formed up till about 1390. The *Vision* is an 'allegorical exposition of the corruptions of the state, of the church, and of social life' (Marsh).

We follow Mr Skeat's Vernon- or A-text closely.

THE DEADLY SIN OF GLUTTONY.

(From *Piers the Plowman*, Passus V.)

A NEW LEAF: GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Nou ginneth the Gloton · for to go to schrifte,
And carieth him to chircheward · his shrift forte[1] telle.
Thenne Betun the Breustere[2] · bad him gode morwe,[3]
And seththen[4] heo[5] asked of him · 'Whoder that he wolde?'[6]
'To holi chirche,' quod[7] he · 'for to here Masse,
And seththen I-chule[8] ben I-schriven · and synne no more.'
'Ichave[9] good ale, gossib,'[10] quod heo · 'gloten, woltou[11] assaye?'[12]
'Hastou[13] ouȝt I thi pors,' quod he · 'eny hote spices?'
'Ȝe, glotun, gossip,' quod heo · 'god wot, ful goode;
I have peper and piane[14] · and a pound of garlek,
A Ferthing-worth of Fenel-seed · for this Fastyng dayes.'

THE OLD LEAF: IN THE ALE-HOUSE.

Thene geth Gloton in · and grete othus[15] after;
Sesse the souters wyf · sat on the Benche,
Watte the warinar[16] · and his wyf bothe,

[1] For to. [2] Brewster. [3] Good-morrow. [4] Then. [5] She. [6] Whither (that) he would? [7] Quoth, said. [8] *I(ch) schulle*, I shall. [9] I have. [10] Gossip, friend. [11] Wilt thou. [12] Assay, try (it). [13] Hast thou? [14] Peony seed. [15] Oaths. [16] Warrener.

Tomkyn the Tinkere · and tweyne of his knaves,
Hikke the hakeney mon · and hogge the neldere,[1]
Clarisse of Cokkes lone · and the Clerk of the churche,
Sir Pers of pridye · and peruel of Flaundres,
Dauwe the dykere[2] · and a doseyn othere.
A Ribibor,[3] a Ratoner[4] · a Rakere[5] of chepe,[6]
A Ropere,[7] a Redyng-kyng[8] · and Rose the disschere,[9]
Godfrei of Garlesschire · and Griffin the walsche,[10]
And of up-holders[11] an hep · erly bi the morwe
Ȝive the gloton with good wille · good ale to honsel.
Thenne Clement the Cobelere · caste of his cloke,
And atte newe Feire[12] · he leyde hire to sulle;[13]
And Hikke the Ostiler · hutte[14] his hod[15] aftur,
And bad bette the Bocher[16] · ben on his syde.
Ther weore chapmen[17] I-chose[18] · the chaffare[19] to preise;[20]
Hose[21] hedde the hod · shulde have Amendes.
Thei Risen up Raply[22] · and Rouneden[23] to-gedere,
And preiseden the peniworthus · and parteden[24] bi hemselven;
Ther weoren othes an[25] hep · hose that hit herde.
Thei couthe[26] not bi heore concience · a-corde to-gedere,
Til Robyn the Ropere · weore Rad[27] forte a-ryse,
And nempned for a noumpere[28] · that no de-bat neore,[29]
For he schulde preise the penyworthes · as hym good thouȝt.[30]
Thenne Hikke the Ostiler · hedde the cloke,
In Covenaunt that Clement · schulde the Cuppe fulle,
And habbe hikkes hod the ostiler · and holde him wel I-servet;
And he that repenteth Rathest[31] · schulde arysen aftur,
And greten Sir gloten · with a galun of ale.
Ther was lauȝwhing[32] and lotering[33] · and 'let go the cuppe;'[34]
Bargeyns and Beverages · bi-gonne to aryse,
And seeten[35] so til Evensong · and songen sum while,
Til Gloten hedde I-gloupet[36] · A Galoun and a gille.

[1] Needler, needle-dealer. [2] Dyker, or ditcher. [3] Ribibe- or rebeck-player. [4] Rat-catcher. [5] Raker, scavenger. [6] Cheapside, or West Cheap. [7] Rope-maker. [8] Mounted vassal. [9] Dish-seller. [10] Welshman. [11] Upholsterers, dealers in second-hand clothes and furniture. [12] At the new fair. [13] Sell. [14] Hit, threw down. [15] Hood. [16] Bette the butcher. [17] Tradesmen, hucksters. [18] Chosen. [19] Merchandise. [20] Appraise, value. [21] Whoso. [22] In haste. [23] Whispered. [24] Stood apart. [25] On. [26] Could. [27] Bidden. [28] An umpire. [29] *Ne weore.* [30] As (to) him good seemed. [31] Soonest. [32] Laughing. [33] Chaffing. [34] 'Let the cup go (round)!' [35] [They] sat. [36] Gulped down.

[Then follow the natural consequences. He can 'neither step nor stand' till he get his staff; then he sets out in zigzag fashion, 'some time aside, and some time arear.' At the door his eyes turn dim, and he stumbles, Clement the cobbler catching him by the middle. And 'with all the wo of this world,' he is got home to bed.]

THE NEW LEAF AGAIN: MORE GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

And after al this surfet · an Accesse[1] he hedde,
That he slepte Seturday and Sonénday · til sonne wente to reste.
Thenne he wakede of his wynk · and wypede his eiȝen;
The furste word that he spac was · 'Wher is the Cuppe?'
His wyf warnede him tho[2] · of wikkednesse and of sinne.
Thenne was he a-schomed, that schrewe,[3] and schraped[4] his eren,
And gon[5] to grede[6] grimliche · and gret deol to make
For his wikkede lyf · that he I-lived hedde.
'For hungur other[7] for thurst · I make myn A-vou,
Schal never fysch on Fridai · defyen[8] in my mawe,[9]
Er Abstinence myn Aunte · have I-ȝive me leve;
And ȝit Ichave I-hated hire · al my lyf tyme.

[1] Attack (of illness), seizure, fit. [2] Then. [3] (So) that he cursed. [4] Scraped, scratched. [5] Gan, began. [6] Cry (aloud). [7] Or. [8] Be digested. [9] Maw, stomach.

NOTES.

146. **Gloton**, Glutton; gluttony personified. He appears in Dunbar's *Dance of the Seven Deidly Sins* as

'The foul monster, Gluttony,
Of wame* insatiable and greedy.'

149. **Asked** (Northern dialect). The second form of the poem (1377 A.D.) reads 'axed' (Southern dialect): *sk* transposed becomes *ks*, which is *x*.

152. **Gossib**, *godsib*, *sib* or related in *God*, a sponsor in baptism; generally, a friend, or familiar acquaintance. ——**Hee.** The second text has the modern form 'she.'——**Assaye**, assay, essay: from Lat. *exagium* (a proof, weighing), from *exigere* (*ex* and *agere*—drive out, weigh, examine).

155. **Garlek**, garlic: the old 'gar-leac,' spear-leek.

156. **Ferthing**, farthing—i. e., fourthing, fourth part; hence a quarter of any coin, and commonly a quarter of a penny.——**This Fastyng dayes.** The time of the scene is a Friday: see line 211.

157. **Goth Gloton in.** Mr Skeat would fain identify this alehouse with the immortal *Boar's Head* in Eastcheap (Mrs Quickly), not unfamiliar to Sir John Falstaff (Shak., *Hen. IV.*)—— **Othus.** The plur. in *-us* is not common; and the second or B-text (1377) has 'othes.' Cf. lines 177, 178, 182, 272.

158. **Besse the souters wyf.** B-text has 'Cisse the souteresse.' 'Cis,' familiar for 'Cecilia.'

159. **Warinar**, warrener, warren-keeper.

* Stomach, belly.

'Warren' is O. Fr. *warene, garene*, from *garer* (to keep). Cf. warrant, guarantee, garrison.

160. **Twoyne**, twain, two: the old masc. 'twegen.' 'Twa' was fem. and neut.——**Knaves**, boys, lads; the B-text has 'prentis' (apprentices). 'Knave' is the older 'cnapa,' a boy: cf. Germ. *knabe*. 'A *knave*-child' is anciently used for 'a *male* child.'

161. **Hakeney men**, hackney-man, one that lets out horses (or hacks) for hire.——**Hogge the nedelere** appears in B-text as 'hughe the nedeler,' or needle-seller. Here is transposition of letters again. Cf. ask, axe (149).

162. **Cokkes lone**, Cock's Lane, Smithfield: a disreputable quarter.——**Clerk**, a learned man, student preparing for holy orders, then a man in holy orders.——**The churche** seems to have been near. Mr Skeat thinks it may have been St Michael's, whose name survives in St Michael's Lane, and whose burial-ground was overlooked by the *Boar's Head* tavern. As a possible alternative, he gives St Peter's in Cornhill.

163. B-text transposes this line and the next, and reads 'Piers of Pridie and Peronelle.'

164. **Dawe**, Davie, David. Cf. Dawson, Dawkins, &c.

165. **Ribibor**, 'player on the *ribibe* or *rebeck*, a kind of fiddle; from the Arab. *rubabah* or *rebeb*. It is said to have had three strings, to have been played with a bow, and to have been introduced into Spain by the Moors' (Skeat).

166. **Rodyng-kyng**, 'one of a class of feudal retainers, who held their land by serving their lord on horseback. They were also called **Rodknight**. Anglo-Saxon *rídend*, one who rides, a chevalier; *rád-cniht*, a riding youth, soldier' (Skeat).

169. **Honsel**, hansel, handsel. 'To honsel,' for or as handsel, as a treat that is meant for earnest of something better to come.

171. **The new Fair**, later called an 'Evechepynge,' a buying and selling carried on at taverns.

172. **Ostiler**, hostler (in the older, higher sense), innkeeper, 'mine host.' From O. Fr. *hostelier* (hostel-keeper), from *hostel* (*hôtel*, an inn), from Lat. *hospitale*, from *hospes* (host or guest, entertainer or entertained). B-text, like line 161, has 'hakeney mon.' Yet it has 'hostellere' in 183, 185.

174. **Chapmen**, traders, hucksters: from the old *ceap* (purchase, barter) and 'man.' Cf. *cheap, Cheapside, chaffer;* Ger. *kaufen* (to buy); *kaufmann* (merchant).——**Chaffare**, *chaffare*, chaffer, merchandise, what is to buy or sell.——**Preise**, ap-*praise*, put a *price* upon. From Fr. *priser* (to value), from *prix* (price, value), from Lat. *pretium*.

176. **Rouneden**, whispered: old *runian* is from *run*, a *rune*, a secret mark, mystery. Dunbar, *The Dance*, has '*rownaris* of false lesings (*whisperers* of false lies).' Shakspeare, *K. John*, II., end: '*rounded* in the ear.'

180. **Red**, p. part. of 'rede,' to advise, instruct, bid. The old form is *rædan*. Cf. Burns, *Capt. Grose's Peregrinations thro' Scotland*, 3, 4:

> 'If there's a hole in a' your coats,
> I *rede* you tent (*look to*) it.'

And *Death and Doctor Hornbook*, 53: 'I *red* ye weel, tak care o' skaith (*hurt*).'

181. **Noumpere**. O. Fr. *nomper*, Lat. *non-par*, without equal: an *umpire*, one to whose sole decision a question is referred by parties that cannot agree between themselves. Dr Morris derives from Lat. *impar*, the *n* being transferred from the article.

184. **Covenaunt**, bargain, engagement: from Fr. *convenant*, from Lat. *conventum*, from *con-venio*, come together, agree.

185. **Hikkes hod the ostiler**, 'Hick's hood the hostler.' So in Passus VI.: 'for *the Lordes* love *of heaven*' is

'for *the Lord of heaven's* love, for love of the Lord of heaven.' This construction was the common one down to the 16th century. We say now: 'Hick the hostler's hood.' Dr Morris quotes: 'It is *Othello's* pleasure, *our noble and valiant general*' (Shak.); and 'For *the Queen's* sake, *his sister*' (Byron). See also (below) Sir T. More, first extract and notes.

188. **Lotering.** 'From Fr. *losterie*, badinage' (Skeat).

189. **Beverages,** drinks, draughts. Fr. *bevvrage*. Ital. *beveraggio*, from *bevere*, Lat. *bibere* (to drink). Cf. Fr. *boire*, O. Fr. *boivre* (to drink).

210. **Surfet,** or *surfait*, surfeit. From Fr. *surfaire* (from Lat. *super-facere*), to *overdo*, go to excess.

216. **Deol,** or **doel,** dole, lamentation. O. Fr. *doel, duil,* Fr. *deuil,* Lat. *dolor.* Cf. Scot. *dool.*

219. **Defyen,** to be digested. 'O. Fr. *deffier,* 'to distrust, Lat. *fides.* Hence O. E. *defy,* to reject, renounce; also to withstand, digest' (Skeat).

HOW THE POOR DINED FIVE CENTURIES AGO.

(From *Piers the Plowman*, Passus VII.)

'I have no peny,' quod Pers, 'Poletes[1] to bugge,[2]
Nouther[3] gees ne grys[4] · bote[5] twey grene cheeses,
And a fewe Cruddes[6] and Craym · and a therf[7] Cake,
And a lof of Benes & Bren[8] · I-Bake for my Children.
And I sigge,[9] bi my soule · I have no salt Bacon,
Ne no Cokeneyes,[10] bi Crist · Colopus[11] to maken.
Bot I have porettes[12] and percyl[13] · and moni Colplontes;[14]
And eke a Cou, and a Calf · and a Cart-Mare
To drawe a-feld my donge · Whil the drouthe[15] lasteth.
Bi this liflode I mot[16] lyven · til lammasse[17] tyme;
Bi that, Ich hope forte have · hervest in my Croft;
Thenne may I dihte[18] thi dyner · as the deore lyketh.'[19]
Al the pore peple · pese-coddes fetten,[20]
Bake[21] Benes in Bred · thei brouhten in heor lappes,
Chibolles,[22] cheef mete · and ripe cherries monye,
And proferde pers[23] this present · to plese with hungur.
Honger eet[24] this in haste · and asked aftur more.

[1] Pullets. [2] Buy. [3] Neither. [4] Grice, young pigs. [5] But. [6] Curds. [7] Unleavened. [8] Loaf of beans and bran. [9] Say. [10] Young cocks. [11] Collops. [12] Leeks. [13] Parsley. [14] Cabbages. [15] Drought. [16] Must. [17] Lammas (August 1). [18] Prepare, set forth. [19] As thee dearly (it) liketh (or pleaseth); as thou likest dearly (or best). [20] Fetched. [21] Baked. [22] Onions. [23] Piers (the Plowman). [24] Eat (past tense), later 'ate.'

NOTES.

269. **Therf,** unleavened. B-text has 'haver,' oat-, oaten: cf. Ger. *hafer* (oats).

270. **A lof.** B-text gives him 'two loves.'——**Children.** B-text gives 'fauntis,' a contraction of 'infants.'

273. **Porettes,** sort of leeks.——**Percyl,** parsley: Fr. *persil,* Gr. *petro-*

Geoffrey Chaucer.

selinon (rock-parsley). —— **Colplontes**, or *koleplantes:* coleworts, cauliflowers, cabbages, &c. Lat. *caulis* (stem, stalk, esp. cabbage-stalk, cabbage); Ger. *kohl* (cabbage). Cf. also *kale, kail.*

276. **Lammasse**, Lammas, August 1. 'Lammas' is 'Hlaf-mass' (Loaf-mass). The festival on this day celebrated the ingathering of the fruits of the earth, and especially the grain harvest. It was one of the great Pagan festivals; and on the introduction of Christianity, it was continued, a loaf being the usual offering at church. Hence the name of the service, which was extended to the day. (See Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii., p. 154, August 1.)

279. **Pese-coddes**, peascods, pea-pods, 'pea-shells, with the peas in them (peas were often boiled in the shells)' (Skeat). 'Pea:' older forms 'pees' and 'pise,' with plurals, 'pesen,' 'peses,' and 'piosan.' Fr. *pois*, Lat. *pisum*. 'Coddes:' older 'codd' means 'a bag.'

281. **Chibolles**, small onions or leeks. Fr. *ciboule*, Lat. *cæpulla*, dimin. from *cæpe* (an onion). Cf. Scot. *cibo* (*seibow, sebow*).

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.—1340 ?–1400.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was the son of a London vintner or wine-merchant. He became early attached to the Court, probably as a page in Prince Lionel's household, and remained more or less 'a court-man all his life.' In 1359, he accompanied Edward III.'s army to France, was taken prisoner in the following year, and ransomed by the king. In 1367 he received a life-pension. About the same time, or a little earlier, he married Philippa, one of the ladies in waiting on Queen Philippa. He was next employed on many diplomatic missions to continental courts—to Genoa, Flanders, France, Lombardy, &c. Meantime he had been appointed, in 1374, Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Wools, Skins, and Tanned Hides in the Port of London, and he had received a pension for life from the Duke of Lancaster. In 1382, he was made Comptroller of the Petty Customs, with the privilege of appointing a deputy. In 1386, he sat in parliament as a knight of the shire (or M.P.) for Kent. But now his fortunes began to decline with the fortunes of his friend John of Gaunt. His comptrollerships were taken from him; and he was so far reduced as to raise money on his annuities. Again, in 1389, the prospect brightened a little, and for a short time he held the post of Clerk of the King's Works. In 1394, he received from Richard II. an annuity of £20; and his low condition may be inferred from his occasionally soliciting portions of this in advance. In later years, royal acts of kindness were done to him in other forms. And in the last year of his life, Henry Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, came to the throne, and within four days doubled Chaucer's pension of twenty marks, while continuing to him the £20 annuity granted by Richard II. At Christmas 1399, the poet retired to a house in the garden of the Chapel of St Mary, Westminster, where he died, probably on October 25, 1400.

Chaucer's great work is *The Canterbury Tales*, which dates not earlier than 1386. The general plan, with a description of the characters, is given in the *Prologue*. One May morning, as Chaucer lay at the *Tabard*, a famous public-house in High Street, Southwark, there arrived nine-and-twenty pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St Thomas at Canterbury. Chaucer joined them, and 'mine host' presided over the company on the road. It was agreed that each pilgrim should tell two tales on the journey to Canterbury, and two tales more on

the return journey. But there are only twenty-four tales in all; an incompleteness that may be explained on various suppositions. Chaucer may have felt the undertaking to be too cumbrous, or he may have died in the midst of his work.

We follow closely Dr Morris's text (*Clarendon Press Series*).

THE KNIGHT.

(From the *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales.*)

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy[1] man,
That from the tymë that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honoûr, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthi was he in his lordës werrë,[2]
And thereto hadde he riden, no man ferrë,[3]
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse. . . .

And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port[4] as meke as is a mayde.
He nevere ȝit no vilonye[5] ne sayde
In al his lyf unto no maner wight.[6]
He was a verray[7] perfiȝt[8] gentil[9] knight.

[1] Distinguished, brave. [2] War. [3] Farther. [4] Carriage, bearing, behaviour. [5] Nothing unbecoming a gentleman. [6] No manner of person. [7] True. [8] Perfect. [9] Noble.

NOTES.

45. **He** is inserted along with the relative pron. 'that' (44): 'that he' being used for 'that' or 'who' alone. So, 'that his' for 'whose,' 'that him' for 'that' (objective) or 'whom.'——**Chyvalrye**, chivalry; the manners, exercises, and exploits of a knight. Fr. *chevalerie*, from *chevalier* (horseman, knight), from *cheval*, Lat. *caballus*, a horse.

46. **Honour.** The accent on the last syllable shews the influence of the French form *honneur*, Lat. *honōrem.*

48. **Ferre**, compar: of *fer*, far.

49. **Cristendom . . . hethenesse**: Christian, heathen lands. See Ormin, 3, note.

70. **Vilanye**, villainy; speech or action proper to *villanus*, Lat. *villani*, peasants attached to *villa* (farms). Hence the word now means a very bad moral condition generally.—Observe the three negatives for one denial.

72. **Verray**, true: Fr. *vrai*, Lat. *verācem.*

THE SQUIRE.

(From the *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales.*)

With him[1] ther was his sone, a ȝong SQUYER,
A lovyere, and a lusty[2] bacheler,
With lokkës crulle[3] as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty ȝeer of age he was I gesse.

[1] The Knight. [2] Pleasant, jolly. [3] Curled.

Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere,[1] and gret of strengthe. . . .

Embrowded[2] was he, as it were a mede
All ful of fresshe flowres, white and reede.
Syngynge he was, or floytynge,[3] al the day;
He was as fresh as is the moneth of May.

[1] Active, agile. [2] Embroidered. [3] Fluting.

NOTES.

79. **Squyer**, squire, esquire, *shield-bearer;* attendant on a knight, bearing his lance and shield. Fr. *escuyer, écuyer*, from Lat. *scutarius*, from Lat. *scutum* (shield), from Gr. *skutos* (hide: several layers of which, fixed on some strong framework, formed the shield of an ancient warrior). A coat of arms blazoned on a shield is an 'escutcheon,' 'scutcheon,' Fr. *escusson, écusson*. For another offshoot from the same root, see Fortescue, note on **Scute**.

82. **I gesse**, I suppose or judge, I should say. Not yet an Americanism. Cf. *The Knight's Tale*, 192.

84. **Delyvere**, active, nimble. Fr. *délivrer*, Lat. *deliberare*, from *de* (down, away), and *liber* (free). The root-idea is *freedom* of action.

92. **As fresh as . . . May.** May, the delight of the poets, and especially of Chaucer, furnishes the highest possible comparison. Cf. *The Knight's Tale*, 179. See also Dunbar, *The Golden Targe*.

THE MONK.

(From the *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales.*)

A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrie,[1]
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;[2]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Full many a deyntë[3] hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rood, men mighte his bridel heere
Gynglen in a whistlyng wynd as cleere,
And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.
Ther as[4] this lord was kepere of the selle,[5]
The reule[6] of Seynt Maure[7] or of Seint Beneyt,[8]
Bycause that it was old and somdel[9] streyt,[10]
This ilkë[11] monk leet oldë thingës pace,
And held after the newë world the space.
He 3af[12] nat of that text a pulled[13] hen

[1] Mastery, superiority. [2] Hunting. [3] Dainty, choice. [4] Ther as = where. [5] Cell, house. [6] Rule. [7] St Maur. [8] St Benet, or Benedict. [9] *Some deal*, somewhat. [10] Strait, strict. [11] Same. [12] Gave. [13] *Pilled*, moulting.

That seith that hunters been noon holy men;
Ne that[1]a monk, whan he is reccheles,[1]
Is likned to a fissch that is waterles; 180
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke[2] text held he not worth an oystre.
And I seide his opinioun was good.
What[3] schulde he studie, and make himselven wood,[4]
Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre;[5] 185
Or swynkë[6] with his handës and laboûre,
As Austyn byt?[7] How schal the world be served?
Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
Therfore he was a pricasour[8] aright;
Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel[9] in flight; 190
Of prikyng[10] and of huntyng for the hare
Was al his lust,[11] for no cost wolde he spare.[12]
I saugh[13] his slevës purfiled[14] atte[15] honde
With grys,[16] and that the fyneste of a londe.
And for to festne his hood under his chynne 195
He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pynne:
A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was.
His heed was balled, and schon as eny glas,
And eek his face as he hadde ben anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt; 200
His eyen steepe,[17] and rollyng in his heede,
That stemede[18] as a forneys[19] of a leede;[20]
His bootës souple,[21] his hors in gret estate.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelâte;
He was not pale as a for-pynèd[22] goost.[23] 205
A fat swan lovede he best of eny roost.
His palfray was as broun as is a berye.

[1] Reckless. [2] *The like*, that. [3] Why. [4] Mad. [5] Pore. [6] Work, toil. [7] Bids. [8] Hard rider. [9] Bird. [10] Spurring, riding (fast). [11] Pleasure. [12] Refrain, abstain. [13] Saw. [14] Trimmed, fringed. [15] At the. [16] Fur. [17] Bright. [18] Shone. [19] Furnace. [20] Cauldron. [21] Supple, pliant. [22] Wasted away (with *pine*, torment). [23] Ghost.

NOTES.

165. **A fair**, a fair (monk): good, excellent—in mind as well as in person.——**For the maistrie** is the French *pour la maistrie*, 'which in old medical books is applied to such medicines as we usually call soverreign, excellent above all others. (Tyrwhitt.)'. (Morris.)

167. **To ben** &c., able to be an abbot.

173. **St Maur**, disciple of St Benet.——**St Benet**, or Benedict (about 480-543 A.D.), was born in Umbria, and

went to Rome to study. At fifteen, however, being disgusted with the vices he saw there, he retired to the solitude of a mountain cavern. In 529 he became Abbot of Monte Cassino, in the kingdom of Naples, and founded several other religious houses. He inculcated absolute obedience as the basis of a very rigid (*somdel streyt*) system of living. In the 10th century, Dunstan did much for the progress of the Benedictine order in England.

178. **Hunters**, &c. St Benet forbade the use of animal food.

179. **Recchelés**, reckless, careless; when he goes abroad and leaves the cares of the cloister behind him for a little (181).

185. **Upon a book . . . powre.** The Benedictines were enjoined to spend two hours every day in pious reading.

186. **Swynke**, &c. St Benet also devoted seven hours a day to manual labour.

187. **St Austin**, or Augustine. See Ormin, 10, note.

192. **For no cost** &c.: cost what the sport might, he would not abstain.

200. **In good point**, or condition. Fr. *embonpoint*: stout, corpulent.

EMILY ON A MAY MORNING.

(From *The Knight's Tale.*)

This passeth 3eer by 3eer, and day by day,
Til it fel oonës[1] in a morwe[2] of May
That Emelie, that fairer was to seene
Than is the lilie on hire stalkë grene,
And fresscher than the May with flourës newe—
For with the rose colour strof hire hewe,[3]
I not[4] which was the fayrere of hem[5] two—
Er it were day, as was hire wone[6] to do,
She was arisen, and al redy dight;[7]
For May wole han no sloggardye[8] anight.
The sesoun priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his sleepë sterte,
And seith, 'Arys, and do thin ôbservance.'[9]
This makede Emelye han rémembrance
To don honoûr to May, and for to ryse.
I-clothèd was sche fresshe for to devyse.[10]
Hire 3elwe heer was browded in a tresse,[11]
Behynde hire bak, a 3erde long I gesse.
And in the gardyn at the sonne upriste[12]
Sche walketh up and down, and as hire liste[13]

[1] Once. [2] Morrow, morning. [3] Strove (vied) her hue (complexion). [4] *Ne wot*, know not. [5] Them. [6] Wont, custom. [7] Dressed. [8] Will have (brook) no sloth. [9] Shew thy respect. [10] To relate, describe, tell. [11] Her yellow hair was braided in a tress (plait). [12] The sun's uprising. [13] As her (it) pleases.

Sche gadereth flourës, party[1] whyte and reede,
To make a sotil[2] garland for hire heede,
And as an aungel hevenly sche song.

[1] Partly. [2] *Subtle*, lit. finely woven.

NOTES.

179. **Fresscher than the May.** Cf. the description of the Squire, *Prol.* 92 (above).

184. **May wole han &c.** Cf. Dunbar, *The Thrissil* (*Thistle*) *and the Rois* (*Rose*), lines 25 and 22:

'Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed up stude. . . .
"Sluggird," scho said, "awalk annone for schame."'

189. **And saith, &c.** Cf. again Dunbar, *The Thrissil and the Rois*, 36–7:

'With that, this Lady [May] sobirly did smyle,
And said "Upryse, and do thy observance."'

THE COCK, CHANTICLEER.

(From *The Nun's Priest's Tale.*)

A 5erd sche[1] hadde, enclosèd al aboute
With stikkës, and a dryë dich withoute,
In which she hadde a cok, highte[2] Chauntecleere,
In al the lond of[3] crowyng nas[4] his peere.[5]
His vois was merier than the mery[6] orgon,[7]
On massë dayes that in the chirche goon;
Wel sikerer[8] was his crowyng in his logge[9]
Than is a clok, or an abbay orologge.[10]
By nature knew he ech ascensioun
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan degreës fiftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that[11] it mighte not ben amended.
His comb was redder than the fyn corál,
And batayld,[12] as it were a castel wal.
His bile[13] was blak, and as the geet[14] it schon;
Lik asure[15] were his leggës, and his ton;[16]
His naylës whitter than the lily flour,
And lik the burnischt gold was his colour.

[1] A poor widow. [2] Called. [3] For. [4] *Ne was*, was not. [5] Equal. [6] Pleasant. [7] Organs. [8] Surer, more to be relied on. [9] Lodge. [10] An abbey horologe (clock). [11] (So well) that. [12] Battled, embattled. [13] Bill, neb. [14] Jet. [15] Azure. [16] Toes.

NOTES.

29. **Chauntecleere,** Chanticleer, the bird that *chants* (sings) with loud and *clear* notes. As if from Fr. *chanter*, Lat. *cantare* (to sing), and Fr. *cler*, *clair*, Lat. *clarus*, Eng. 'clear.' Perhaps really a corruption of Lat.

canticularius (singer). Cf. Shak., *Hamlet*, I. i. 150–2:

'The cock, that is *the trumpet* to the morn,
Doth with his *lofty and shrill-sounding* throat
Awake the god of day.'

34. **Orologe**, horologe, time-teller, clock. Gr. *horæ* (time) and *logos* (saying, from *legō*, say, tell).

35. **Ascendoun**, ascension, going up (of the sun). Lat. *ascendo* (mount up), from *ad* (to), and *scando* (climb).

36. **Of**, from, or above.——**Equinoxial**, equinoctial (circle), the apparent path of the sun round the earth when day and night are equal. Lat. *æquus* (equal), and *noct-* (night).

40. **Batayld** refers to the notched, indented, or tooth-like edge, as in battlements.

42. **Toos**, or *toon* (486), toes. The old plur. in *en*. In 510 we find 'toos.'

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

(From *The Nun's Priest's Tale.*)

THE FOX FLATTERS THE COCK, DISASTROUSLY.

This Chaunteclere, whan he gan[1] him aspye,
He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
Saide, 'Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ȝe goon?
Be ȝe affrayd of me that am ȝoure freend?
Now certes, I were worsë than a feend,
If I to ȝow wolde[2] harm or vileynye.
I am nouȝt come ȝoure counsaïl for tespye.[3]
But trewely the cause of my comynge
Was oonly for to herkne how that ȝe singe.
For trewely ȝe have als mery a steven[4]
As eny aungel hath that is in heven;
Therwith ȝe han in music more felynge[5]
Than hadde Boëce, or eny that can synge.
My lord ȝoure fader (God his soulë blesse)
And eek ȝoure moder of hire gentilesse[6]
Han in myn hous ibeen,[7] to my gret ese;[8]
And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I ȝow plese.
But for men speke of syngyng, I wol saye
So mot I brouke[9] wel myn eyen twaye,
Save ȝou, I herdë nevere man so synge
As dede ȝoure fader in the morwenynge.[10]
Certes it was of herte[11] al that he song.
And for to make his vois the morë strong,

[1] Did. [2] Willed, would (do). [3] To espye (or aspye), to spy. [4] Voice. [5] Feeling. [6] Gentleness. [7] Been. [8] Pleasure, entertainment. [9] Enjoy. [10] Morning. [11] From (his) heart.

He wolde so peyne[1] him, that with bothe his eyen
He mostë wynke, so lowde he woldë crien,
And stonden on his typtoon[2] therwithal,
And strecchë forth his neckë long and smal . . . .
Now syngeth, sire, for seintë Charité,
Let se, konne ȝe ȝoure fader countrefete?'[3]
This Chaunteclere his wyngës gan to bete,
As man that couthe[4] his tresoun nought espye,
So was he ravyssht with his flaterie . . . .
This Chaunteclere stood heighe upon his toos,
Strecching his necke, and held his eyghen cloos,
And gan to crowë lowdë for the noones;[5]
And daun[6] Russel the fox sterte[7] up at oones,[8]
And by the garget[9] hentë[10] Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the woode him beer.
For ȝit was ther no man that hadde him sewed.[11]
O destiny, that maist[12] not ben eschiewed!
Allas, that Chaunteclere fleigh[13] fro the bemes!
Allas, his wife ne roughte[14] nouȝt of dremes! . . .

LAMENTATION IN THE HEN-YARD.

Certes such cry ne lamentacioun
Was nevere of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streitë[15] swerd,
When he hadde hent kyng Priam by the berd,
And slain him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
As maden alle the hennës in the clos,[16]
When they hadde seyn[17] of Chaunteclere the sighte. . .

HUE AND CRY: A FOX-HUNT.

This sely[18] wydwe,[19] and eek hire doughtres tuo,
Herden these hennës crie and maken wo,
And out at dorës starten thay anoon,[20]
And seyen[21] the fox toward the grovë goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away;
They criden, 'Out! harrow and wayleway!
Ha, ha, the fox!' and after him thay ran,
And eek with stavës many another man;

[1] Pain. [2] Tip-toes. [3] Counterfeit, sing like (as if it were) your father. [4] Could. [5] Nonce, (one) occasion. [6] Dan, Lord, Maister. [7] Started. [8] At once. [9] Gorge, throat. [10] Seized. [11] Pursued. [12] Mayst. [13] Flew. [14] Recked, cared. [15] Drawn. [16] Inclosure, yard. [17] Seen. [18] Simple. [19] Widow. [20] Anon. [21] Saw.

Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Garlond,
And Malkyn, with a distaf in hire hond;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges
So were they fered[1] for[2] berkyng of the dogges
And schowting of the men and wymmen eke,
Thay rounë[3] so hem thoughte here hertë breke.[4]
They ȝelleden as feendës doon[5] in helle;
The dokes[6] criden as men[7] wolde hem quelle;[8]
The gees for ferë[9] flowen[10] over[11] the trees;
Out of the hyvës cam the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noyse, a *benedicite!*
Certes he Jakkë Straw, and his meyné,[12]
Ne maden never schoutës half so schrille,
Whan that thay wolden eny Flemyng kille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broughten beemës,[13] and of box,
Of horn, of boon,[14] in which thay blewe and powpede
And therwithal thay schrykede and thay howpede;[15]
It semede as that heven schuldë falle.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Now, goodë men, I praye ȝou herkneth alle;
Lo, how fortunë torneth sodeinly
The hope and pride eek of hire enemy!
This cok that lay upon this foxës bak,
In al his drede, unto the fox he spak,
And saide: 'Sire, if that I were as ȝe,
Ȝet schulde I sayn (as wis[16] God helpë me),
Turneth aȝein, ȝe proudë cherles[17] alle!
A verray pestilens upon ȝow falle!
Now I am come unto this woodës syde,
Maugre[18] ȝoure heed, the cok schal heer abyde;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anoon.'
The fox answerde, 'In faith, it schal be doon.'
And as he spak that word, al sodeinly
This cok brak from his mouth delyverly,[19]
And heigh upon a tree he fleigh anoon.
And whan the fox seigh[20] that he was i-goon,[21]

[1] *Feared*, frightened. [2] By, because of. [3] Ran. [4] So (that) *them thought* (to them seemed) their heart to break. [5] Do. [6] Ducks. [7] *Man*, one, people. [8] *Quell*, kill. [9] Fear. [10] Flew. [11] Pronounce *o'er*. [12] *Many*, multitude, followers. [13] Trumpets. [14] Bone. [15] Whooped. [16] Truly. [17] Churls, fellows. [18] In spite of. [19] Quickly. [20] Saw. [21] Gone.

'Allas!' quod he, 'O Chaunteclere, allas!
I have to ȝow,' quod he, 'y-don[1] trespás,
In-as-moche as I makede ȝow aferd,[2]
Whan I ȝow hente, and brouȝte out of the ȝerd;[3]
But, sire, I dede[4] it in no wikke entente;[5]
Com doun, and I schal telle ȝow what I mente.
I schal ȝou seyĕ soth,[6] God help me so.'
'Nay than,' quod he, 'I schrewe[7] us bothe two,
And first I schrewe myself, bothe blood and boones,
If thou bigile me any ofter than oones.
Thou schalt no morĕ, thurgh thy flaterye,
Do[8] me to synge and wynkĕ with myn eye.
For he that wynketh, whan he scholde see,
Al wilfully, God let him never the![9]
'Nay,' quod the fox, 'but God ȝive him meschaunce,
That is so undiscret of governaunce,
That jangleth[10] whan he scholdĕ holde his pees.'

Lo, such it is for to be recheles,[11]
And negligent, and truste on flaterie.

[1] Done. [2] *Afeard*, afraid. [3] Yard, inclosure. [4] Did. [5] With no wicked intent. [6] (To) you say sooth (truth). [7] Be*hrew*, curse. [8] Cause, induce. [9] Thrive. [10] Prateth, talks. [11] Reckless, heedless.

NOTES.

462. **Anon**, or **anoon**, anon: lit. *in one* (instant).

473. **Boece**, Boethius (470–524 A.D.), a famous Roman statesman and author. See Gibbon (below). He enjoyed great fame as a philosopher down to the 14th century. His celebrated work *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* was turned into English by King Alfred, and also by Chaucer. Chaucer's poetry shews that his mind was saturated with it, and, when near death, he thanked 'our Lord Jesus Christ, and his mother, and all the saints in heaven,' for his translation of it. It is in alternate *verse* and prose. Boethius also wrote on Music.

502. **Treson**, treason. O. Fr. *traïson* (mod. Fr. *trahison*), Lat. *traditionem*, from *trado* (deliver up).

512. **For the noones**, for the *nonce*, for the *one* (particular occasion). The *n* beginning 'noones,' 'nonce,' belongs to the def. article; the proper form would be 'for then oones,' 'for the(n) once.' Older English gives 'for than (or then) anes,' which shews the genitive inflection, now obscured in 'nonce.' Older still is the dat. form, 'for tham anum.' The *n* was transferred from the article by the end of the 12th century. Cf. *noumpere* (= an umpire), Langley, *Piers the Plowman*, Passus V., 181, note; also *newt* (= an ewt), and *nuncle* (Shak., *K. Lear*).

513. **Daun**, Dan, Lord, Master: a title prefixed to names of persons, especially of monks and poets. Lat. *Dominus*. Cf. Span. *Don*.—**Russel**. The fox is so called from his russet or reddish-brown colour.

516. **Sewed**, followed, pursued. The simple verb 'sue' is now of less general application; cf. *suit*, *suite*. O. Fr. *sewir*, Lat. *sequi* (follow).

519. The night before, Chanticleer dreamed a very ugly dream, and in the morning he was somewhat downhearted about it: he 'gan gronen in his throte.' His wife, 'Madame Pertelote' (Dame Partlet), rated him soundly for his cowardice, and expressed herself very contemptuously about the prophetic character of dreams (lines 88 . . . 98-102):

> '"Away!" quod sche, "fy on 3ow, herteles! . . . .
> How dorste 3e sayn for schame unto your love,
> That any thing mighte make 3ow aferd?
> Han 3e no mannes herte, and han a berd?
> Allas! and konne 3e ben agast of swevenys (dreams)?
> Nothing, God wot, but vanité, in sweven is."'

And she went on confidently to assign a purely physical explanation.

534-5. **Gay . . . lamentacioun . . . of ladies.** See Vergil, *Æneid*, ii. 486-8.

535. **Ilioun**, Ilion, Ilium, Troy; a town of Asia Minor, taken by the Greeks (through the stratagem of the Wooden Horse), after a famous siege of ten years. This Trojan war supplies the incidents of Homer's *Iliad*.

536. **Pirrus**, Pyrrhus or Neoptolemus. He was the son of Achilles, the bravest of the Greeks before Troy, and the chief hero of the *Iliad*. See Verg. *Æn.* ii. 491, and following.

——**Streite**, drawn; Lat. *strictus*. For the modification, compare Lat. *factum*, Fr. *fait*, Eng. *feat*; Lat. *biscoctus*, Fr. and Eng. *biscuit*; Lat. *fructus*, Fr. and Eng. *fruit*.

537. **Hent kyng Priam**, &c. See Verg. *Æn.* ii. 552-3. Priam was king of Ilium or Troy.

559. **Harrow! Waylaway!** Cries of distress.

573. **Jack Straw**, a priest, led the insurgents of Essex in the peasant revolt headed by Wat Tyler in 1381.

575. **Flemyng.** The insurgents killed many Flemings, who were settled in London and dealt in cloth.

591. **Maugre**, Fr. *malgré*, against the will of, in spite of: from *mal* (ill) and *gré* (will, pleasure); Lat. *malum*, *gratum*.

599. **Trespas**, trespass, wrong: from O. Fr. *trespasser* (go beyond due bounds), from Lat. *trans* (beyond) and *passus* (step).

612. **Meschaunce**, mischance. From O. Fr. negative prefix *mes* (from Lat. *minus*), and O. Fr. *chéance*, Fr. *chance*, from Lat. *cadentia*, from *cado* (fall): lit. what falls out ill. 'Mes' is now assimilated in form to the native prefix 'mis,' but they must not be confounded. So *mis*adventure, *mis*chief, *mis*creant, *mis*nomer, *mis*prision, &c.

JOHN FORTESCUE.—1395-1485.

Sir **John Fortescue** was Chief Justice of the King's Bench under Henry VI. (1442—1461). After the battle of Towton (1461), he went into exile with Henry, who appointed him tutor to the Prince of Wales, and made him (nominally) Lord Chancellor. He was taken prisoner at Tewkesbury (1471), and pardoned by Edward IV., whose praises he sings in his book on '**Monarchy**' (Chap. XIX.).

He wrote a Latin treatise *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ* (On the Excellencies of the Laws of England) in the reign of Henry VI.; and a work in English, *The Difference between an Absolute and a Limited Monarchy, as it more*

particularly regards the English Constitution, in the reign of Edward IV. In matter, the two books are often very like each other. Fortescue delights to glorify the English law and the English people, and he makes the French figure very wretchedly in contrast.

OF ABSOLUTE AND LIMITED MONARCHY.

CHAP. III.

Hereafter be schewyd, the Frutes of Jus Regale,[1] *and the Frutes of* Jus Politicum & Regale.[2]

And hou so be it, that the French Kyng reynith upon his People *Dominio Regali*;[3] Yet Saynt Lewes sumtyme Kyng ther, ne any of his Progenytors set never Talys[4] or other Impositions, upon the People of that Lond, without the Assent of the three Astatts,[5] which whan thay be assemblid ar like to the Court of Parlement in *Englond*. And this order kept many of his Successours until late days, that Englishmen made such a War in Fraunce, that the three Estats durst not come to geders.[6] And than for that Cause and for grete Necessite which the French Kyng had of goods, for the defence of that Lond, he took upon hym to set Talys and other Impositions upon the Commons, without the Assent of the three Estats; but yet he would not set any such chargs, nor hath set upon the Nobles, for feare of rebellion. And because the Commons, though they have grutchid,[7] have not rebellid or be hardy to rebell, the French Kyngs have yearly sythen,[8] sett such chargs upon them, and so augmented the same chargis, as the same Commons be so impoverishid and distroyyd, that they may unneth[9] lyve. Thay drynke Water, thay eate Apples, with Bred right brown made of Rye. Thay eate no Flesche, but if[10] it be selden,[11] a litill Larde, or of the Entrails, or Heds of Bests sclayne[12] for the Nobles, and Merchaunts of the Lond. They weryn no Wollyn,[13] but if it be a pore Cote[14] under their uttermost Garment, made of grete[15] Canvas, and cal it a Frok. Their Hosyn be of like Canvas, and passen not their Knee; wherfor they be gartrid and their Thyghs bare. Their Wifs and Children gone bare fote; they may in non otherwyse lyve. For sum of them, that was wonte to pay to his Lord for his Tenement, which he hyrith by the Yere, a Scute,[16]

[1] Law Royal. [2] Law Politic and Royal. [3] *By Lordship royal.* [4] *Tailles*, tallage, taxes. [5] Estates. [6] Together. [7] Grumbled, grudged. [8] Since. [9] Scarcely. [10] But if = except, unless. [11] Seldom. [12] Slain. [13] Woollen (noun). [14] Poor coat. [15] Great, coarse. [16] Crown.

payyth now to the Kyng, over[1] that Scute, fyve Skuts. Wher thrugh[2] they be artyd[3] by necessite, so to watch, labour, and grub in the Ground, for their Sustenaunce, that their nature is much wastid, and the Kynd of them brought to nowght. They gone crokyd,[4] and ar feble, not able to fyght, nor to defend the Realme; nor they have wepon, nor monye to buy them wepon withal; but verely thay lyvyn in the most extreme Povertie and Myserye, and yet thay dwellyn, in one, the most fertile Realme of the World: wher thrugh the French Kyng hath not Men of his owne Realme, able to defend it, except his Nobles, which beryn non such Impositions; and therfor thay ar ryght likely of their Bodys, by which cause the said Kyng is compellid to make his Armys, and Retennys for the defence of his Land, of Straungars, as *Scotts, Spaniards, Arragonars*, Men of *Almayn*,[5] and of other Nacions, els al his Ennymys might overrenne[6] hym. For he hath no Diffence of his own, excepte his Castells, and Fortrasis. Loo this the frute of hys *Jus Regale*. Yf the Realme of *Englond*, which is an Ile, and therefor may not lightly get Socoures[7] of[8] other Londs, were rulid under such a Lawe, and under such a Prince, it would be than a Pray to all other Nacions that would conquere, robbe, and devouer yt; which was well prouvyd[9] in the tyme of the *Brytons*, whan the *Scotts* and the *Pyctes*, so bette and oppressyd this Lond, that the People thereof sought helpe of the Romayns, to whom they had byn Trybutorye. And whan thay could not be defendyd by them, they sought helpe of the Duke of *Brytayne*, than callid *Litil Brytayne*, and grauntyd therfor, to make his Brother *Constantine* their Kyng. And so he was made Kyng heere, and raynyd many Yers, and his Children after hym, off which grete Arthure, was one of their Yssue. But blessid be God, this Lond ys rulid under a better Lawe, and therfor the People therof be not in such penurye, nor therby hurt in their Persons, but thay be wealthye and have al thyngs necessarye, to the sustenaunce of Nature. Wherfor thay be myghty, and able to resyste[10] the Adversariis of the Realme, and to bett other Realmes, that do or will do them wrong. Loo this is the Frute of *Jus Politicum & Regale*, under which we lyve. Sumwhat now I have schewyd you of the Frutys of both Lawys, *Ut ex fructibus eorum cognoscatis eos, &c.*[11]

[1] Besides, in addition to. [2] Wherethrough, whereby. [3] Pressed, forced. [4] Go crooked, walk bent. [5] Germany. [6] Overrun. [7] Succours. [8] From. [9] Proved. [10] Resist. [11] *So that by their fruits ye may know them, &c.*

NOTES.

Be. Fortescue uses also 'beth' (the old 'beoth'). 'Are' is Scandinavian.

Schewyd, shewed. For 'ed,' the ending 'yd' or 'id' used. Many similar capricious spellings will be noticed.

Jus Regale. Under this, the prince 'may rule his people by such laws as he maketh himself' (Chap. I.)—an absolute monarchy.

Jus Politicum et Regale. Under this, the prince 'may not rule his people by other laws than such as they assent unto' (Chap. I.)—a limited monarchy. 'Law *Politic*' is Law enacted by the will of *the people* or *citizens* (Gr. *polítēs*, a citizen, inhabitant of a *polis*, 'city,' or state).

Seynt Lowes. Lewis IX. of France, who reigned 1226-70, was called *St Lewis;* 'and most rightly so called, for he was perhaps the best king that ever reigned, unless it were our own Alfred' (Freeman). He led the seventh crusade, and was engaged in the eighth at his death.

Ne . . . never. We have already seen examples of denial by two, three, and even four negatives.

Talys, *tailles*, tallies, tallage, taxes. Originally, similar pieces of wood with reckonings scored or notched upon them, kept by debtor and creditor; hence, kept by vassal and lord in the case of *taxes* or tribute. From Lat. *talea* (a green stick, a shoot newly cut), through Fr. *taille* (lit. a cutting, section).

Astatis, Estates, conditions, orders, classes; 'that is, representatives of the different classes of freemen in the nation. These, in most countries, were counted as three—*Nobles*, *Clergy*, and *Commons*—the Commons 'generally being only the citizens of the towns' (Freeman). Here *the three Estates* must be taken somewhat loosely; the commons in general were the dependents of the nobles, and the town deputies were not raised to a really equal voice with the nobles till later, by a bold innovation of St Lewis's grandson, Philip the Fair (1285—1314).

'Estate' is from Old Fr. *estat* (mod. Fr. *état*), from Lat. *statum* (condition, position, state), from *stare* (to stand). The prefixed *e* is a modification of *i*, which the vulgar Latin put before *sc*, *sm*, *sp*, *st*, in the fifth and sixth centuries, to make the pronunciation easier.

Parlement, the French form of 'Parliament;' from Fr. *parler* (to speak): the fact of talking about or discussing things; and hence, specially, the fact of considering the affairs of the nation. Whence = the place, and the assembly. Milton wrote 'Parlament.'

A War in Fraunce: the Hundred Years' War. This began in 1338, and went on intermittently till the middle of next century.

To goders, together. From old *gaderian*, to gather.

Than, another form of 'then;' now used only as adv. of degree (comparison): 'greater *than*,' 'less *than*,' &c.

Necessi-te is the transition form from Fr. *nécessi-té* (from Lat. *necessitatem*) to 'necessi-ty.'

He would not set . . . upon the Nobles, &c. Cf.: 'The Kyng ther (in the Realme of Fraunce) askyth never Subsyde of (subsidy from) his Nobles, for drede that if he chargyd them so, thay would confedre (confederate) with the Comons, and peraventure putt hym downe' (Chap. XII.)

Have not rebellid or &c. Cf.: 'Which (to rebel) the Comons of Fraunce do not, nor may (can) do; for thay have no Wepon, nor Armor, nor Good to bye (buy) it withall' (Chap. XII.);

and below—'nor they have wepon,' &c.

Be hardy, bold, spirited, courageous. *Cf.*: 'Povertie onely is not the Cause, why the Comons of Fraunce rise not ageyn (against) their Soveryng Lord: . . . . it is Cowardise and lack of Hartes and Corage, that kepith the Frenchmen from rysyng, and not Povertie' [alone]. (Chap. XIII.)

Them. One of the MSS. reads *hem*, the older form.

So augmented . . . as. We should now say 'so . . . *that*;' and this form occurs below.

May (unneth lyve). 'May' here means 'can.' One of the MSS. reads 'mowe,' here and throughout; cf. the extract from Mandeville, where both forms occur.

Unneth is the old *un-eath-e*, 'uneasi-ly:' hence hardly, scarcely.

Weryn, wear. In 3d plur. indic., Fortescue sometimes uses the ending 'yn,' sometimes 'en' (cf. 'pass*en*' in next sentence, and 'gone' in the next).

Grete (canvas), great, gross, coarse. Compare More's *Utopia*, Book II. (Robinson's transl., Arber's reprint, p. 88): 'As for the *smalnesse* or *fynenesse* of the threde, that is no thinge passed for' (regarded as of no consequence).

Hosyn, hos*en*, hose. Our only plural noun in *-en* still remaining in good use is 'ox*en*.'

Som (singular), some one, one; an indef. selection of a representative person.

Tenement, Fr. *ténément*, Lat. *tenementum*, from *tenère*, to hold, occupy: anything (lands, houses, &c.) *holden*, held, or occupied; a *holding*.

Scute, a crown, a French gold coin worth 3*s.* 4*d.* O. Fr. *escu* (orig. *escut*; mod. Fr. *écu*), a shield, coat of arms, crown; from Lat. *scutum* (shield).

Artyd, from Lat. *ar(c)tus*, squeezed, pressed, forced.

Most extreme. 'Extreme' is already superlative, though not in the usual English form. Lat. *extremus*, superl. of *exter* or *exterus* (from *ex*, out of).

One, the most fertile Realme is about the same as 'one of the most fertile realms.' The apposition form has now given way to the partitive form. Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, I. iii. 37: 'He is *one the truest* knight alive.' Shakspeare has examples; such as '*one the wisest* prince' (*Henry VIII.*, ii. 4).

Straungars. O. Fr. *estranger* (mod. Fr. *étranger*), from *estrange*, from Lat. *extraneus* (from *extra*), an *outsider*, foreigner, *stranger*.

Almayn, Germany. Fr. *Allemagne*, Lat. *Allemannia*.

Castells, castles. Lat. *castellum*, a fortified place, fort.

Fortrasis, fortresses, strongholds. Fr. *forteresse*, from Lat. *fortis* (strong).

Socoures, succours. From Lat. *succurro* (from *sub*, *curro*), run under, so as to hold up or aid.

The **Scotts**, who came from Ireland about the end of the third century A.D., and the **Pyctes** (Picts), or Caledonians (called *Peohtas* in the *Chronicle*), held the country north of the Forth. Both were Keltic peoples.

Trybutorye. Britain was held by the Romans, 43—410 A.D.

Litil Brytayne or Bretagne, *Britannia Minor*, Brittany, the north-west corner of France.

Off which . . . Issue. Rectify syntax.

Grete Arthure, says this mythical history, was son of Uther Pendragon, one of Constantine's three sons.

The whole chapter may be re-written, with special attention to improved construction of Sentence and Paragraph.

NEW ENGLISH.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.—1460?–1520?

WILLIAM DUNBAR is the greatest name in English poetry between Chaucer and Spenser; indeed, Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as 'the excellent poet, unrivalled by any which Scotland has produced.' He was a native of Lothian, studied in St Salvator's College, St Andrews (B.A. 1477, and M.A. 1479), begged for a while in the garb of a Franciscan friar, and thereafter spent much time at the Scottish court in vain hopes of a fat benefice. In 1500, James IV. gave him a pension of £10 Scots (about £3 English), which was doubled in 1507, and raised to £80 in 1510.

Dunbar's extant pieces are all short. One of the greatest, and certainly the most elaborate, is *The Goldyn Targe*, 1508, a fine allegorical description of the gradual succumbing of Reason to the persistent attacks of Love. With it may be ranked *The Thistle and the Rose*, 1503, an allegorical poem on the nuptials of James IV. and Margaret Tudor, and *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*.

THE GOLDEN TARGE.*

Bright as the star of day began to shine,
When gone to bed were Vesper and Lucine,
I raise,[1] and by a rosere[2] did me rest;
Up sprang the golden candle matutine,[3]
With clear depurit[4] beamës crystalline,
Gladding the merry fowlis in their nest,
Ere Phœbus was in purple cape revest;[5]
Up rose the lark, the heavens' minstrel fine,
In May, in till[6] a morrow mirthfullest.

[1] Rose. [2] Arbour of roses. [3] Of the morning. [4] Purified. [5] Dressed, attired. [6] In-to, upon.

* The spelling is largely modernised in this extract; and it will be modernised, where necessary, in all extracts following.

Full angel-like these[1] birdis sang their hours[2]
Within their curtains green, in to[3] their bowers,
Apparellit white and red with bloomës sweet;
Enamellit was the field with all colóurs;
The pearly droppis shook in silver showers,
While all in balm did branch and leavis fleet:[4]
To part from Phœbus did Aurora greet;[5]
Her crystal tears I saw hang on the flowers,
Which[6] he for love all drank up with his heat.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hops,
The birdis sang upon the tender crops,
With curious notes, as Venus' chapel clerks;
The roses young, new spreading of their knops,[7]
Were powderit bright with heavenly beryl drops,
Through beamës red, burning as ruby sparks;
The skyës rang for shouting of the larks;
The purple heaven, o'erscalit[8] in silver slops,[9]
O'ergilt the treeïs, branches, leaves, and barks.

Down through the ryce[10] a river ran with streams
So lustily again(st) those[11] lykand[12] leams,[13]
That all the lake as lamp did leam[14] of light
Which[6] shadowit all about with twinkling gleams;
That boughis bathit were in fecund beams
Through the reflex of Phœbus' visage bright.
On every side the hedges rose on height;
The bank was green, the brook was full of breams,[15]
The stanners[16] clear as stars in frosty night.

The crystal air, the sapphire firmament,
The ruby skyës of the orient,
Cast beryl beams on emerant[17] boughis green;
The rosy garth depaynt[18] and redolent,

[1] *Thir* (in original). [2] Orisons. [3] In, within. [4] Float. [5] Weep. [6] Orig. *quhilk*. [7] Buds. [8] Spilt, poured over, overflowing. [9] Or *slaps*, breaches (as in a wall). [10] Long branches (cf. Ger. *reis*, twig), hence trees or bushes. [11] Orig. *thai*. [12] Grateful, pleasing. [13] Gleams, sunbeams. [14] Gleam, shine. [15] Fishes. [16] Gravel, small stones in the bed of the river. [17] Emerald, verdant. [18] Painted.

With purple, azure, gold, and goulis[1] gent[2]
  Arrayed was by dame Flora the queen
  So nobilly[3] that joy was for to seme;[4]
The rock again(st)[5] the river resplendent
  As low[6] enluminit[7] all the leavës sheen.

What through the merry fowlis' harmony,
And through the river's sound that ran me by,
  On Flora's mantle I slepit as I lay;
Where soon in to my dreamës fantasy
I saw approach again(st) the orient sky
  A sail, as white as blossom upon spray,[8]
  With merse[9] of gold, bright as the star of day;
Which tendit to the land full lustily,
  As falcon swift desirous of her prey.

And hard on board[10] unto the bloomit meads,
Among the greenë rispis[11] and the reeds,
  Arrivit she, wherefrom anon there lands
An hundred ladies, lusty in to weeds,[12]
As fresh as floweris that in May up spreads,
  In kirtles[13] green, withoutyn kell[14] or bands:
  Their bright hairis hang glittering on the strands
In tresses clear, wyppit[15] with golden threads,
  With pappis white, and middles[16] small as wands.

Describe I would, but who could well endite,
How all the fieldis with those lilies white
  Depaynt were bright, which to the heaven did glete:[17]
Not thou, Homèr, as fair as thou could write,
For all thine ornate stylis so perfyte;[18]
  Nor yet thou, Tullius, whose lippis sweet
  Of rhetoric[19] did in till termës fleet:

[1] *Gules* (a term of heraldry), red. [2] Elegant, pretty. [3] Nobly. [4] See (*gerund*). [5] Opposite to, facing. [6] Flame. [7] Illuminated. [8] Sprig, small twig or branch. [9] Mast. [10] Close on shore. [11] Coarse marsh-grass. [12] Pleasant in clothes, delightfully dressed. [13] Short jackets, or petticoats. [14] Cowl, hood. [15] Bound, tied round. [16] Waists. [17] Glitter. [18] Perfect. [19] Oratory, the speaker's art.

Your aureate tongis[1] both bene[2] all too lyte[3]
For to compile that paradise complete.

[The next stanza, which we omit, names many personages that the poet saw: Nature, dame Venus queen, fresh Aurora, Lady Flora sheen, Juno, Diana, and other 'mighty queens.']

There saw I May, of mirthful monthis queen,
Betwixt Aprìl and June, her sister sheen,
Within the garden walking up and down,
Whom of the fowlis gladdit all be dene;[4]
She was full tender in her yearis green.
There saw I Nature prèsent her a gown
Rich to behold, and noble of renown,
Of every hue under the heaven that bene
Depaynt, and broad by good proportioun.

Full lustily these ladies all in fere[5]
Enterit within the park of most pleasére,[6]
Where that I lay o'er-helit[7] with leavis rank.[8]
The merry fowlis, blissfullest of chere,[9]
Salùst[10] Natùre, me thought, on their mannére,[11]
And every bloom on branch, and eke on bank,
Openyt and spread their balmy leavis dank,
Full low inclining to their Queen so clear,[12]
Whom of their noble nourishing[13] they thank.

Syne[14] to dame Flora, on the samyn wise,[15]
They sàlute, and they thank a thousand syse;[16]
And to dame Venus, lovis mighty queen,
They sang ballàds in love, as was the guise,[17]
With amorous notis lusty to devise,[18]
As they that had love in their heartis green;
Their honey throatis, openyt from the spleen,
With warbles sweet did pierce the heavenly skies,
While loud resownyt[19] the firmament serene.

[1] Tongues. [2] Are. [3] Little. [4] Quickly; at once. [5] Company. [6] Pleasure. [7] Covered over, concealed. [8] Close and high. [9] Countenance, manner. [10] Saluted. [11] In their (own) manner or way. [12] Bright and fair. [13] For nourishing them nobly. [14] Then. [15] In the same manner. [16] Times over (or repeated). [17] Fashion. [18] Pleasant to tell or relate. [19] *Resown't* (two syllables), resounded.

[The poet next sees another court, a court of gods: Cupid the king, Mars, Saturn, Mercurius, &c.]

And every one of these, in green arrayit,
On harp or lute full merrily they playit,
  And sang ballàds with mighty notis clear;
Ladies to dance full soberly essayit;
Along the lusty river so they mayit,[1]
  Their òbservance right heavenly was to hear;
  Then crept[2] I through the leavis and drew near,
Where that I was right suddenly affrayit,
  All through a look, which I have bought full dear.

[The Queen of Love espies him, and sends her 'archers keen' to arrest him. He is not very greatly alarmed, however, 'the party was so pleasing for to see.' 'Then came Reason, with *Shield of Gold*' (THE GOLDEN TARGE) 'in plate and mail, as Mars armipotent,' to defend him. The fair archers shower their arrows upon him in vain, till a picked company 'with all the choice of Venus' chivalry' come up: then 'the shower of arrows rappit* on as rain.']

Thick was the shot of grounden[3] dartis keen;
But Reason with the shield of gold so sheen
  Warily defendit[4] whosoever assayit;
The awful stour[5] he manly did sustene[6]
While[7] Presence[8] cast a powder[9] in his ene,[10]
  And then as drunken man he all forwayit:[11]
  When he was blind the fool with him they playit,
And banished him among the boughis green;
  That sorry sight me suddenly affrayit.

[The poet, as he had feared, is now wounded 'to the death well near,' and becomes 'a woeful prisoner to Lady Beauty.' Several of the fair archers smile or speak comfort to him; at last he is delivered 'unto Heaviness.' Presently 'the Lord of Winds, god Eolus,' blows his bugle 'with wodenes' (madness, fury), and all take to ship. As they sail off, they fire guns 'with powder violent,' causing the poet to spring to his feet.]

[1] Mayed, celebrated May. [2] Orig. *crap*. [3] Orig. *grundyn*, sharpened by grinding. [4] Warded off. [5] The 'thick shot' pouring on. [6] Sustain. [7] Till. [8] Beauty. [9] Orig. *pulder* (cf. note to 23). [10] Eyes (cf. old *eyen*). [11] Wandered, went hither and thither.

* Struck, knocked.

And as I did awake of my sueving[1]
The joyful birdis merrily did sing
For mirth of Phœbus' tender beamës sheen;
Sweet were the vapours, soft the morrowing,[2]
Wholesome[3] the vale, depaynt with floweris ying,[4]
The air attemperit, sober, and amene;[5]
In white and red was all the field beseen[6]
Through Nature's noble fresh enamelling,
In mirthful May, of every moneth Queen.

O reverend Chaucer, rose of rhetors all,
As in our tongue a flower imperial,
That raise[7] in Britain ever, who reads right,
Thou bears of Makers the triumph royal;
Thy fresh enamellit termës celicall[8]
This matter could illuminit have full bright:
Was thou not of our English all the light,
Surmounting every tongue terrestrial,
As far as Mayës morrow does midnight?

O moral Gower, and Lydgate laureate,
Your sugarit lips and tongis[9] aureate,
Bene to our earis cause of great delight;
Your angel mouthis most mellifluate
Our rude languáge has clear illuminate,
And fair o'er-gilt our speech, that imperfyte[10]
Stood ere[11] your golden pennis schupe[12] to write;
This Isle before was bare and desolate
Of rhetoric, or lusty fresh endite.[13]

Thou little Quair,[14] be ever obedient,
Humble, subjèct, and simple of entent,[15]
Before the face of every cunning[16] wight:
I know what thou of rhetoric has spent;
Of all her lusty roses redolent

[1] From my dreaming. [2] Morning. [3] Orig. *halesum*. [4] Young. [5] Pleasant, delightful (Lat. *amœnus*). [6] Covered, decked out. [7] Rose. [8] Celestial. [9] Tongues. [10] Imperfect. [11] Orig. *or*. [12] Shaped, prepared. [13] Writing (especially in verse). [14] Or *Quhair*, book. [15] Unpretending. [16] Orig. *connyng*, knowing, well-instructed.

Is none in to thy garland set on height:
Eschame[1] thereof, and draw thee out of sight!
Rude is thy weed,[2] disteynit,[3] bare, and rent,
Well ought thou be aférit[4] of the light.

NOTES.

1. **Star.** In original, 'starn:' cf. Ger. *stern*, and mod. Scotch *starn*.——**Began.** Orig. 'begouth;' 'begoude,' mod. Scotch, also occurs elsewhere in the poem.

2. **Vesper**, the evening star; **name** for Venus, when she appears after sunset. Lat. *vesper*, Gr. *hesperos* (evening).——**Lucina, Lucina**, goddess of light (Lat. *lux*, genit. *lucis*), the Moon.

4. **Candle.** Cf. *Fight of Brunanburh*, 30, 'Godes *candel* beorht,' for the bright sun.

6. **Fowlis**, called (10) 'birdis,' birds. Like *es* (as in 5, 'beames'), *is* is plur. ending.

7. **Ere**, orig. 'or,' the ancient *aer*. Cf. line 268. Cf. also Sir J. Fortescue, *Monarchy*, chap. v.: 'which (assignment) shall peraventure cost him right much *or* he can get his payment;' *Psalm* xc. 2: '*or* ever thou hadst formed the earth,' where the common metrical version has 'ere;' Shakspeare, *Macb.* iv. 3: 'Dying, *or* e'er they sicken.' Coleridge affects the archaic in *The Ancient Mariner* (244-7):

'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But *or* ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.'

——**Phœbus**, the sun. In Homer, an epithet of Apollo, the *bright*, *pure*, *radiant* one; probably from Gr. *phaos* (*phōs*), light. Later, Apollo is the sun-god, regarded as influencing man and nature; hence Phœbus = the sun.——**Cape**, loose frock or gown without sleeves, commonly worn by ecclesiastics.

10. **Hours**, matins, morning prayers; from the *Horæ* of the Rom. Cath. Missal. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, v. 7, 8:

'The shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough.'

9—12. Compare the precisely similar description in *The Thistle and the Rose*, lines 4—6:

'And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,
Had made the birdis to begin their hours
Amang the tender odours red and white.'

12. **Appetellit.** The ending *it* is equivalent to *ed*. It need not be a separate syllable any more than 'ed.'

16. **Aurora**, the goddess of dawn, of the red flush of morning.

17. **Hang**; orig. 'hing' gives better melody.

21. **Venus**, goddess of Love.——**Clerks**, priests. The songsters are represented as chanting in worship of the goddess.

23. **Powderit**, besprinkled as with powder or fine dust. From Fr. *poudre*, Old Fr. *pouldre*, Lat. *pulvĕrem*, dust.——**Beryl**, orig. 'beriall,' shining brilliantly as *beryl* stones. The beryl is a precious stone of deep rich green colour.

[1] Be ashamed. [2] Dress. [3] Stained. [4] Afeard, afraid.

26. **O'ersailit** &c. The silver colour begins to supplant the purple; and the poet disposes of the purple by pouring it in streams, through what seem to be breaches in the silver space, down upon the trees. There is a conception somewhat similar in the general outline in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* (322-6):

'The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.'

28—30. Notice the alliteration here, and find many other instances in the poem.

40. **Garth**, *yard, garden*, inclosure. Cf. Old English *geard*.

42. **Flora**, the queen of flowers.

46—48. Dunbar often employs the device of seeing things in dreams: he saw the Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins as he 'lay intill a trance.' This was the way also of the author of *Piers the Plowman*; as *Prol.* 5—11:

'On a May morning on Malvern hills
Me befell a ferly* of fairy, me thought;
I was weary forwandered,† and went me to rest
Under a broad bank by a burn's side,
And as I lay and leaned and looked in the waters,
I slumbered in a sleeping, it sweyned‡ so merry.
Then gan I to meten§ a marvellous swevene.'§

In *Passus* V., at the beginning, Langley falls asleep over his prayers, and sees the vision of the Seven Deadly Sins.

52. **Mersse**, mast. In those days ships were gorgeously adorned. 'Froissart, speaking of the French fleet in 1387, prepared for the invasion of England under Richard II., says the ships were painted with the arms of the commanders, and gilt, with banners, pennons, and standards of silk; and that the masts were painted from top to bottom, glittering with gold. . . . At his second expedition into France in 1417, King Henry V. was in a ship whose sails were of purple silk, most richly embroidered with gold' (Warton, quoted by D. Laing).

57. **Lands**: apparently singular form of verb with plur. subject, 'ladies.' So 'spreads' (59), 'has' (266). But really the form is a genuine plur. inflection (Northern dialect).

59. **As . . . as**: orig. '*als* . . . *as*.' So '*als* fair *as*' (67), '*alls* fer *as*' (261). In early Scotch (Northern English), the first 'as' is given in the fuller form. 'As' is for 'als,' 'alse,' shortened from older 'ealswa,' lit. *eal(l)-swa*, altogether (entirely, quite) so. 'Also' is the same word, better preserved, and turned to another use.

67. **Homer**, the great epic poet of Greece.

69. **Tullius**, Marcus Tullius Cicero (106—43 B.C.), the greatest of Roman orators.

85. **Whom of**, of whom. From, because of, on account of whom. The inversion of prep. and relative is common.——**Gladdit**, gladded, were glad, rejoiced; here intrans. In 6, 'gladding' is trans., = gladdening.

93. **Ourheljs**: see *Beowulf*, 2733, note. ——**Bank**, orig. '*ronk*.' So 'bonk,' 'donk,' 'thonk,' rhyming with it. See *Beowulf*, 2729, note.

101. **Syss**, or 'syis,' times; the O Eng. *sith*, journey, road, turn; hence *time*, in a succession; as ten

* Wonder. † Tired out with wandering. ‡ Sounded. § Dream.

times. 'Sith' appears as prep. in '*siththan*' (*after*-that); later forms of which are 'sithens,' 'sithence,' 'sith,' 'since,' 'syn (sin, sen),' 'syne' (100). The common phrase 'syn syne' (since then) shews different forms in different uses (prep., and adv. for noun).

103. **Guise** is the same word as 'wise' (100). When the O. Ger. *wise* was taken into French, Frenchmen could not pronounce it without putting a *g* before the *w* (which was eventually dropped in pronunciation), and so they made it *guise*. We have taken both forms. Cf. war, Fr. *guerre*; ward, guard; warrant, guarantee; wile, guile.

106. **From the splene.** Now we should say 'from the heart.'

132. **Observance,** playing, singing, &c., in celebration of May. Cf. Chaucer, *The Knight's Tale*, 187, and note (pp. 33, 34).

252. **Mirthful May, of every mon(e)th Queen.** The poet's enthusiasm for May is unbounded, as becomes a professed disciple of Chaucer. Comp. 82, 'May, of mirthful monthis queen;' and, generally, the whole stanza (82—90).

253. **Chaucer** was Dunbar's ever-admired master. Note the epithet 'reverend.'——**Rhetors,** poets; lit. (public) speakers, orators, hence composers in elevated language. Cf. 'rhetoric' (270). So Sir D. Lyndesay laments Bishop Gawain Douglas as 'in our English *rhetoric* the rose.'

254. **In our tongue.** Compare 'our English' (259), 'our rude language' (266), 'our speech' (267). Dunbar, though writing *in Scotland*, clearly affirms that his language is *English*. By 'Scottish,' in his day, was generally understood the language of the Scots, the Gaelic or Erse; the language of the Lowlands was English. Gawain Douglas (about 1474—1522) was perhaps the first native writer to apply the political term to the language, as if the language of the Scottish people (or people in Scotland) were Scottish; so that there is not a little of the irony of fate in his being commemorated by Sir David Lyndesay as '*in our English* rhetoric the rose.' (See Dr J. A. H. Murray's *Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, Introd., sect. 13, 14.)

256. **Thou bears,** 'beiris.' We say 'bearest'; but 'bears' (2d sing.) is good Northern English.——**Makers.** The *poet* (Gr. *poiētēs*, Lat. *poēta*, *a maker*, from *poiein*, to make) is very commonly called a *maker* by our older writers. The name expressively suggests originating or creative force. Sir Philip Sidney (*Apologie for Poetrie*, 1581) calls it a 'high and incomparable title.' Tennyson has: 'And she can *make*, and she can sing.'

259. **Was thou.** Cf. 256, note; also '*thou could* write' (67), and '*thou has* spent' (274). See (below) Burns.

262. **John Gower** (1340?—1408) and **John Lydgate** (1380—1450?) are usually joined with Chaucer, when the tuneful brethren in Scotland sing the praises of the great poets in the southern kingdom.——**Moral.** This epithet, first applied by Chaucer, has continued to stick to Gower. His stories, however *im*moral, were intended to point a moral.

271. **Quair,** *quire*, book. The most famous English poem of the 15th century is entitled 'The King's *Quhair*,' or Book. It was written (1424) by King James I.

THOMAS MORE.—1480–1535.

Sir THOMAS MORE was the son of a judge of the Court of King's Bench. From being a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, he became a student at Oxford, whence he proceeded to the bar, and soon rose to distinction. He sat in parliament in 1504; and by successfully opposing Henry VII.'s demand for a heavy subsidy, drew upon himself the resentment of the king. Under the smiles of Henry VIII., however, he advanced rapidly, becoming Chancellor on the fall of Wolsey in 1530. He was a staunch Roman Catholic, and would not follow Henry in breaking with Rome; and, as he refused to acknowledge the validity of the divorce of Catherine, and the king's remarriage with Anne Boleyn, he was beheaded in 1535.

More's chief work in English is a *Life and Reign of Edward V., and of his Brother, and of Richard III.*, which has been very much praised. It was written probably about 1509; and a Latin version, which breaks off at Richard's coronation, is represented as the hasty work of the author some four years later (1513). The *Utopia*, written in Latin (1516), is 'the typical book of the Revival' of learning in the beginning of the 16th century. It describes an ideal state of society, anticipating many schemes of political, social, and religious reform, since carried into effect, and many others that are yet among the aspirations of advanced thinkers. More was also an energetic writer of controversial tracts directed against the Reform doctrines, and particularly against Tyndale.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

(From *The History of King Richard the Third.*)

[Richard, youngest son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was born at Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire, 1452; was created Duke of Gloucester when his brother Edward became king, 1461; supplanted—tradition says murdered—his two nephews, and raised himself to the throne, 1483; and was killed at Bosworth in Leicestershire, in the last battle of the Roses, August 22, 1485, at the age of thirty-three. Bad as he must have been, his bad qualities, physical as well as moral, have certainly been much exaggerated, and his biographers, who wrote under his enemies the Tudors, would lead us to suppose that he had no good qualities at all. He was the last king of the House of York, and the last English sovereign of the line of the Plantagenets. He was one of our great soldier kings; and he is the only English sovereign since Harold that has fallen on the field of battle.]

Richard, the third son,[1] . . . was in wit and courage equall with either of them,[2] in body and prowess far under them both, little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favoured of visage, and such as is in states called warly,[3] in other men otherwise, he was malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward. It is for truth reported that . . . he came into the world with the feet forward, . . . and (as the fame runneth) also not untoothed, whether men of hatred report above the truth, or else that nature changed her course in his beginning, which in the course of his life many things unnaturally committed. None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and sometimes overthrows, but never in default as for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order, free was he called of dispence, and somewhat above his power liberal, with large gifts he got him unstedfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and got him stedfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill: dispitious and cruel, not for evil will alway, but ofter for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate. Friend and foe was much-what indifferent, where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew with his own hands King Henry the Sixth, being prisoner in the Tower, as men constantly say, and that without commandment or knowledge of the king, which would undoubtedly, if he had intended that

[1] Of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. [2] His two surviving brothers, Edward IV., and George, Duke of Clarence. [3] Warlike.

thing, have appointed that butcherly office to some other than his own born brother.

Some wise men also ween that his drift covertly conveyed lacked not in helping forth his brother of Clarence to his death: which he resisted openly, howbeit somewhat (as men deemed) more faintly than he that were heartily minded to his wealth. And they that thus deem think that he long time in king Edward's life forethought to be king in case that the king his brother (whose life he looked that evil diet should shorten) should happen to decease (as in deed he did) while his children were young. And they deem that for this intent he was glad of his brother's death the Duke of Clarence, whose life must needs have hindered him so intending, whether the same Duke of Clarence had kept him[1] true to his nephew, the young king, or enterprised to be king himself. But of all this point is there no certainty, and whoso divineth upon conjectures may as well shoot too far as too short. Howbeit this have I by credible information learned, that the self night in which king Edward died, one Mistlebrook long ere morning came in great haste[2] to the house of one Pottier dwelling in Redcross Street without Cripplegate: and when he was with hasty rapping quickly letten in, he showed unto Pottier that king Edward was departed.[3] 'By my truth, man,' quod[4] Pottier, 'then will my master the Duke of Gloucester be king.' What cause he had so to think, hard it is to say, whether he being toward him any thing knew that he such thing purposed, or otherwise had any inkling thereof: for he was not likely to speak it of nought.

[1] Himself, Clarence. [2] Lat. ed. *curriculo contendisse* (drove in haste). [3] Lat. ed. *eadem hora extinctum* (*that very hour* departed). [4] *Quoth.*

NOTES.

The third son. More means the *third surviving* son; not reckoning the second son, Edmund, Earl of Rutland, who was slain with his father at Wakefield in Yorkshire, Dec. 30, 1460.

Equal. The original text has 'egall,' which shews the influence of Fr. *égal* (Lat. *æquālis*).

Limbs. Orig. 'limmes.' The 'b' is an accretion in spelling: it is not even pronounced. Cf. thum*b*. Similarly we have 'num*b*er' (Lat. *numerus*), 'hum*b*le' (Lat. *humilis*), &c.

In states, in men of high state or estate, noblemen. The Lat. edition has *in purpuratis*. A little earlier, the author says the three brothers 'were great *states* of birth' (nobles by birth). Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 386:

'The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal *states*.'

Fame. Lat. *fama*, report.

Of hatred, from, out of, prompted by, hatred.

His beginning, which. We rather dispense with the possessive here, so as to allow the relative 'which' to come close to its antecedent: 'the beginning *of him*, which (= who) &c.' Cf. (below): 'no *man's* death *whose* life' &c.

Many things &c. The inversion of the usual order is probably due to the author's feeling of how it would run in Latin.

Dissimuler has given way to the Frenchified 'dissembler.'

Not letting, not hesitating, not restraining himself from. Cf. Isaiah xliii. 13: 'I will work, and who shall *let* (*tkwart, hinder*) it?' Shak., *Twelfth Night*, v. 1: 'nothing *lets* (*hinders*) to make us happy.' So 2 Thess. ii. 7; &c. See also note to 'those that be unfittest' &c. pp. 72-3. 'Without *let* or hindrance' is a common phrase, admitting tautology for the sake of emphasis: 'let' = 'hindrance.'

Whom. Antecedent, 'him' or 'those,' omitted.

Dispitious, full of *despite*, resentment, malice. O. Fr. *despit*. It has nothing to do with *piteous*. Cf. *dispiteous*, Spenser, *Faery Queene*, I. ii. 15, and Shak., *K. John*, IV. i. 34, note.

Friend and foe was &c. Why 'was' and not 'were?' Observe also the omission of an article with 'friend' and 'foe.'

Much-what. Cf. 'somewhat.'

His wealth, his weal, his well-being. Lat. ed. has *salutem*.

Edward's life. Orig. has 'Edward*es* life,' preserving the usual genitive inflection. Yet, two paragraphs earlier, it has also 'King Harry *his* life.' Cf. Layamon, *Brut*, 28,539, note.

His brother's death the Duke of Clarence. We do not postpone the adjunct; we say 'his *brother the Duke of Clarence's* death.' 'For *King Henry's* sake *the sixth*' is another example from More. See Langley, *Piers the Plowman*, Passus V. 185, and note (page 28).

The self night, 'the *same* night;' 'self' being anciently an adjective meaning 'same.' Cf. Cadmon, *Par.* I., xxi. 128, note.

Departed, one of the multitude of our euphemisms for 'dead.' The Lat. ed. says roughly *extinctum*—'extinguished,' 'quenched,' 'put or snuffed out:' literally 'pricked or punched out.' 'Dead' gives the exact sense; 'departed,' 'gone,' 'fallen asleep,' 'passed away,' &c., are more general expressions, more distantly and thus more softly and reverentially indicating the unpleasant fact; the special nature of the 'departing,' 'going,' &c., being inferred from the circumstances.

The sentences may be improved; much may be done even by better punctuation. The contrasts give some opportunity for balanced structure.—Compare Shakspeare's Tragedy of King Richard the Third.

UTOPIAN CONTEMPT OF GOLD.

(From *Utopia*, Book II.: Robinson's Translation, 2d edit., 1556.)

The Ambassadors of the Anemolians came to Amaurote whiles I was there. And because they came to entreat of great and weighty matters, those three citizens apiece out of every city were come thither before them. But all the ambassadors of the next countries, which had been there before, and knew the fashions and manners of the Utopians, among whom they perceived no honour given to sumptuous apparell, silks to be contemned, gold also to be infamed and reproachful, were wont to come thither in very homely and simple array. But the Anemolians, because they dwell[1] far thence, and had[2] very little acquaintance[3] with them; hearing that they were all apparelled alike, and that very rudely and homely; thinking them not to have the things which they did not wear; being therefore more proud than wise; determined in the gorgeousness of their apparel to represent very gods, and with the bright shining and glistering of their gay clothing to dazzle the eyes of the silly poor Utopians. So there came in three ambassadors with an hundred servants all apparelled in changeable colours; the most of them in silks; the ambassadors themselves (for at home in their own country they were noblemen) in cloth of gold, with great chains of gold, with gold hanging at their ears, with gold rings upon their fingers, with brooches and aglets of gold upon their caps, which glistered full of pearls and precious stones: to be short, trimmed and adorned with all those things which among

[1] The Lat. orig. has *aberant* (dwelt). [2] Lat. orig. *habuerant* (had had). [3] Lat. orig. *minus commercii* (less intercourse).

the Utopians were either the punishment of bondmen, or the reproach of infamed persons, or else trifles for young children to play withal. Therefore it would have done a man good at his heart to have seen how proudly they displayed their peacocks' feathers, how much they made of their painted sheaths, and how loftily they set forth and advanced themselves, when they compared their gallant apparel with the poor raiment of the Utopians. For all the people were swarmed forth into the streets. And on the other side it was no less pleasure to consider how much they were deceived, and how far they missed of their purpose, being contrary ways taken than they thought they should have been. For to the eyes of all the Utopians, except very few, which had been in other countries for some reasonable cause, all that gorgeousness of apparel seemed shameful and reproachful. In so much that they most reverently saluted the vilest and most abject of them for lords; passing over the ambassadors themselves without any honour; judging them by their wearing of golden chains to be bondmen. Yea you should have seen children also, that had cast away their pearls and precious stones, when they saw the like sticking upon the ambassadors' caps, dig and push their mothers under the sides, saying thus to them: 'Look, mother, how great a lubber doth yet wear pearls and precious stones, as though he were a little child still.' But the mother, yea and that also in good earnest: 'Peace, son,' saith she; 'I think he be some of the ambassadors' fools.' Some found fault at their golden chains, as to no use nor purpose, being so small and weak that a bondman might easily break them, and again so wide and large that, when it pleased him, he might cast them off, and run away at liberty whither he would. But when the ambassadors had been there a day or two, and saw so great abundance of gold so lightly

esteemed, yea, in no less reproach than it was with them in honour; and besides that, more gold in the chains and gyves of one fugitive bondman than all the costly ornaments of them three was worth: they began to abate their courage, and for very shame laid away all that gorgeous array, whereof they were so proud. And specially when they talked familiarly with the Utopians, and had learned all their fashions and opinions. For they marvel that any men be so foolish as to have delight and pleasure in the doubtful glistering of a little trifling stone, which may behold any of the stars, or else the sun itself. Or that any man is so mad as to count himself the nobler for the smaller or finer thread of wool, which selfsame wool (be it now in never so fine a spun thread) a sheep did once wear: and yet was she all that time no other thing than a sheep. They marvel also that gold, which of the own nature is a thing so unprofitable, is now among all people in so high estimation that man himself, by whom, yea and for the use of whom it is so much set by, is in much less estimation than the gold itself. In so much that a lumpish blockheaded churl, and which hath no more wit than an ass,[1] yea and as full of naughtiness as of folly, shall have nevertheless many wise and good men in subjection and bondage only for this, because he hath a great heap of gold. Which if it should be taken from him by any fortune, or by some subtle wile and cautel of the law (which no less than fortune doth both raise up the low and pluck down the high), and be given to the most vile slave and abject drivel of all his household, then shortly after he shall go into the service of his servant, as an augmentation or overplus beside his money. But they much more marvel at and detest the madness of them which to those rich men in whose debt and danger they

[1] Lat. orig. *quam stipiti* (than a log, block, stick).

be not do give almost divine honours, for none other consideration but because they be rich: and yet knowing them to be such niggish penny fathers[1] that they be sure as long as they live not the worth of one farthing of that heap of gold shall come to them.

NOTES.

Anemoliana, Lat. *Anemolii*, Gr. *Anemolioi*, from *anêmos* (wind): men like the winds—empty, blustering, vainglorious, giving themselves airs. Carlyle might call them 'Wind-bags.'

Amaurote, Lat. *Amaurotus*, from Gr. *amaurós* (faintly seen, obscure): the *unknown* city. 'Of them (the Utopian cities) all, this is the worthiest and of most dignity.' 'This city is taken for the chief and head city.'

Whiles, genitive of the noun 'while' (= time), used as an adverbial conjunction. 'While' is now the common form. 'Whilst,' which is in good use, takes on *t* to strengthen the sound, the tongue readily passing from *s* to *t*: cf. amidst, against, amongst, &c.; tyran*t*, soun*d*, &c.

I was there. 'I' is Raphael Hythloday, whose story More professes simply to note down. He lived in Amaurote, he says, 'five whole years together,' and liked it better than any of the other cities in Utopia.

Entreat, treat, handle, negotiate, discuss. From Lat. *in-tractare*, through Fr. *traiter*.

Those three citizens apiece, &c. In an earlier chapter we are told that 'there come yearly to Amaurote out of every city three old men wise and well experienced, there to entreat and debate of the common matters of the land.'

Come. Orig. has 'come*n*,' the *n* of the p.part. not yet dropt.

Utopians. 'Utopia' (from Gr. *ou*, not, and *topos*, a place) means *Nowhere*, a place that is merely imaginary. It would have been very dangerous for More to write a formal political essay to shew directly how the institutions of England ought to be changed in order to come up to his ideal of perfection. So he invented the story of this island Utopia, his 'perfect model of a commonwealth;' and what he attributed to its inhabitants as their actually existing institutions and ways of doing, were simply his own ideal arrangements. A recent writer has inverted the English word, calling his ideal country *Erewhon*. Compare Carlyle's *Weissnichtwo* (*Know-not-where—Kennaquhair*).

Infamed, spoken ill of, held in bad repute (Lat. *fama*). Milton (*Par. Lost*, ix. 797) uses 'infamed' as 'not famed,' not celebrated, not known to fame.

Silly, simple-minded, homely, unsophisticated: half-way between the ancient *sælig* (blessed, good), and the modern sense (weak-minded, half-witted).

Aglets, or **aiglets**, points or tags, as at the end of fringes, &c. From Fr. *aiguillette* (tag), dimin. of *aiguille* (needle), from Lat. *acicula* (pin), from *acus* (needle).

Which glistered. The antecedent to 'which' is 'brooches and aglets.'

Either the punishment &c. Three alternatives are given by 'either . . .

[1] Lat. orig. *tam sordidos atque avaros.*

or . . . or.' The application of gold to vile or inferior uses had been earlier detailed, and the reader had been told that 'thus by all means possible they procure to have gold and silver among them in reproach and infamy.'

Advanced themselves. Orig. has 'them *selfes*.' We find also both 'wifes' and 'wives.'

Contrary wayes, now 'contrariwise.' 'Wayes' is genitive: cf. 'whiles' above; also 'always,' 'sometimes,' 'sideways,' 'nowadays.'

Than, after 'contrary ways,' seems somewhat forced and unusual. More natural would be '*to* what.' 'Contrary ways' is indeed practically equal to 'quite otherwise,' the comparative force in which would justify 'than.'

Was (worth). May the singular verb be to any extent justified? The translator may have been led to regard the subject collectively by the expression of the Lat. original: *quam totus ipsorum trium apparatus constiterat.*

Courage, pride; Lat. orig. has *pennis* (their plumes).

Which may behold &c.: the antecedent is 'men,' a long way off. 'Which' may be resolved with advantage into conjunction and demonstrative pronoun.

Self-same = the very same. Both words have the same meaning—repetition being a common and obvious way of giving emphasis. Cf. note on 'self' under preceding extract (p. 56).

The own (nature). We should now say '*its* own.'

And which hath &c. Very awkward management of adjuncts. For 'and which hath' try simply 'with.'

Which if it should be taken &c. Relative pronouns now seldom appear in the beginning of sentences: the translation here follows the Latin arrangement. There is also redundancy. Examine the exact use of 'which.'

Cautel, from Lat. *cautus,* should mean caution, wariness, foresight; but in coming through Fr. it has degenerated into a synonym for 'wile,' fraud, deceit. Lat. orig. has but one word for both—*strophæ* (a turning, crook; hence artifice, trick).

Which. The anteced. is 'wile and cautel.'

Drivel, or 'driveller,' foolish weak-minded fellow: literally, slaverer.

Overplus, what remains over after a certain amount or quantity has been made up. From *over,* and Lat. *plus* (more, in addition).

Danger comes in the long-run from Lat. *dominiarium,* from *dominium,* from *dominus* (lord). Hence 'to be in one's *danger*' is to be within one's *lordship, power,* to be at one's mercy. Cf. Shak., *Merchant of Venice,* iv. 1, 180: 'You stand within his *danger,* do you not?'—also a case of *debt,* like the case in the text.

The passage may be re-composed in modern form. The frequent tautologies will be avoided.

'Robinson seldom translates an epithet with a single word; he repeats two or even three words that are nearly synonymous. It would seem as if he distrusted the expressiveness of the new language, and sought to convey the Latin meaning by shewing it in as many aspects as our language permitted' (Minto). The number of tautologies in this extract is below the average. Examples: 'great and weighty' is for Lat. *magnis;* 'fashions and manners' for *mores;* 'infamed and reproachful' for *infame;* 'in very homely and simple

array' for *cultu quam poterant modestissimo*; 'with the bright shining and glistering' for *splendore*; 'silly poor' for *miserorum*; 'at home, in their own country,' for *domi*; 'trimmed and adorned' for *ornati*.

HUGH LATIMER.—About 1491–1555.

Hugh Latimer, son of a Leicestershire yeoman, was educated at Cambridge (M.A. 1514), and entered the Church. By the influence of Thomas Bilney, who afterwards 'suffered death for God's word sake,' he was converted at the age of thirty, and became a zealous advocate of the Protestant doctrines. He even wrote to Henry VIII. a letter of remonstrance against the prohibition of the Bible in English; yet Henry, perhaps not forgetting that Latimer, as a member of the University Commission on the validity of the king's marriage with Catherine, had pronounced in his favour, presented the bold reformer to a living in Wiltshire, and in 1535 made him Bishop of Worcester. On the passing of the Statute of the Six Articles establishing Popish doctrine in 1539, Latimer resigned his see, and was placed a prisoner first in the house of the Bishop of Chichester, and then in the Tower. He was released on the accession of Edward VI., in whose reign (1547–53) he was a popular Court preacher. Under Mary, he again fell into trouble on account of his faith, was again thrown into prison, and at length suffered at the stake.

Latimer's *Sermons* are very remarkable for their homeliness, familiarity, directness, and even drollery. His topics are the things and facts of common life, which he treats in a most unconventional manner. 'When I was in trouble,' he says, 'it was objected and said unto me that I was singular . . . that I loved a singularity in all that I did.'

THE PREACHER AND THE PLOUGHMAN.

(From the *Sermon on the Ploughers.*)

[The *Sermon on the Ploughers* was 'preached in the Shrouds at Paul's Church in London,' on Friday, Jan. 18, 1549.]

And well may the preacher and the ploughman be likened together. First for their labour of all seasons of the year. For there is no time of the year in which the ploughman hath not some special work to do, as in my country in Leicestershire the ploughman hath a time to

set forth and to assay his plough, and other times for other necessary works to be done. And then they also may be likened together for the diversity of works and variety of offices that they have to do. For as the ploughman first setteth forth his plough and then tilleth his land and breaketh it in furrows, and sometime ridgeth it up again. And at another time harroweth it, and clotteth it, and sometime dungeth it, and hedgeth it, diggeth it, and weedeth it, purgeth and maketh it clean. So the prelate, the preacher hath many divers offices to do. He hath first a busy work to bring his parishioners to a right faith, as Paul calleth it. And not to a swerving faith, but to a faith that embraceth Christ, and trusteth to his merits, a lively faith, a justifying faith, a faith that maketh a man righteous without respect of works. As ye have it very well declared and set forth in the homily. He hath then a busy work, I say, to bring his flock to a right faith, and then to confirm them in the same faith. Now casting them down with the law and with threatenings of God for sin. Now ridging them up again, with the gospel and with the promises of God's favour. Now weeding them, by telling them their faults, and making them forsake sin. Now clotting them, by breaking their stony hearts, and by making them supple-hearted, and making them to have hearts of flesh, that is, soft hearts, and apt for doctrine to enter in. Now teaching to know God rightly, and to know their duty to God and to their neighbours. Now exhorting them, when they know their duty, that they do it, and be diligent in it: so that they have a continual work to do.

NOTES.

Well may the preacher &c. Earlier in the sermon Latimer says: 'Preaching of the gospel is one of God's plough-works, and the preacher is one of God's ploughmen.'

My country, my (part of the) country,

the part of the country that I am specially connected with somehow, as by birth, residence, &c. Latimer was born at Thurcaston in Leicestershire.

And then they. Who? The reference is somewhat distant.

Diversity of works—variety of offices. Apparently unnecessary repetition of meaning: how far justifiable?

Clotteth, cloddeth, breaketh up larger masses into clods or small lumps. 'Clot' is now usually applied to liquid (especially blood) when it coagulates or forms into lumps.

Purgeth—maketh it clean. Another tautology: compare also 'weedeth it.' 'Purge' is Lat. *purgo* (cleanse), contracted from *purum ago* (make pure, or clean).

Prelate, Fr. *prélat*, from Lat. *prælatum* (carried before): a clergyman of a superior order, placed or set before or over others—*e.g.* archbishop, bishop. In Latimer's view, 'a prelate is that man, whatsoever he be, that hath a flock to be taught of him, whosoever hath any spiritual charge in the faithful congregation, and whosoever he be that hath cure of soul.'

Homily, a plain familiar discourse on a religious subject. Gr. *homīlia*, from *homīleo* (converse, have intercourse with). In 1547 was published a volume of 'Certain Sermons, or Homilies, appointed by the King's Majesty to be declared and read by all parsons, vicars, or curates, every Sunday in their churches, where they have cure.' Latimer refers to the fourth of the twelve homilies, which is entitled 'Of the true and lively faith.' 'The Seconde Tome of Homilies' was issued in Elizabeth's reign, 1563.

The law: the precepts or rules laid down in the Old Testament.

The passage may be re-written in modern form. Violent ellipsis may be avoided.

BETTER DAYS FOR THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

(From the *First Sermon before Edward VI.*)

[In 1549, Latimer preached his seven 'famous Friday sermons in Lent' 'before the king's majesty,' Edward VI., 'within His Grace's palace at Westminster.' The *First Sermon* was delivered on Friday, March 8. The text was *Rom.* xv. 4.]

Well: then, if God will not allow a king too much. Whether will he allow a subject too much? No, that he will not. Whether have any men here in England too much? I doubt most rich men have too much, for without too much we can get nothing. As for example. The physician. If the poor man be diseased, he can have no help without too much. And of the lawyer the poor man can get no counsel, expedition, nor help in his matter, except he give him too much. At merchants' hands no kind of wares can be had, except we

give for it too much. You landlords, you rentraisers, I may say you steplords, you unnatural lords, you have for your possessions yearly too much. For that herebefore went for twenty or forty pound by year (which is an honest portion to be had *gratis* in one lordship of another man's sweat and labour), now is it let for fifty or a hundred pound by year. Of this too much cometh this monstrous and portentous dearth is made by man, notwithstanding God doth send us plentifully the fruits of the earth, mercifully, contrary unto our deserts. Notwithstanding too much, which these rich men have, causeth such dearth that poor men (which live of their labour) can not with the sweat of their face have a living, all kind of victuals is so dear, pigs, geese, capons, chickens, eggs, &c.

These things with other are so unreasonably enhanced. And I think verily that if this continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pig a pound. I will tell you, my lords and masters, this is not for the king's honour. . . . It is the king's honour that his subjects be led in the true religion. That all his prelates and clergy be set about their work in preaching and studying, and not to be interrupted from their charge. Also it is the king's honour that the common wealth be advanced, that the dearth of these foresaid things be provided for, and the commodities of this realm so employed as it may be to the setting his subjects on work, and keeping them from idleness. And herein resteth the king's honour and his office. So doing, his account before God shall be allowed and rewarded. Furthermore, if the king's honour (as some men say) standeth in the great multitude of people. Then these graziers, inclosers, and rent-rearers are hinderers of the king's honour. For where as have been a great many of householders and inhabitants, there is now but a shepherd and his dog, so they hinder the king's honour

most of all. . . . . I know where is a great market town with divers hamlets and inhabitants, where do rise yearly of their labours to the value of fifty pound, and the vicar that serveth (being so great a cure) hath but twelve or fourteen marks by year, so that of this pension he is not able to buy him books, nor give his neighbour drink, all the great gain goeth another way. My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself, and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness, when he went unto Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound or twenty nobles apiece, so that he brought them up in godliness, and fear of God.

He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours. And some alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the said farm. Where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by year or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor. Thus all the enhancing and rearing goeth to your private commodity and wealth. So that where you had a single too much, you have that; and since the same, ye have enhanced the rent, and so have increased another too much. So now ye have double too much, which is too too much. But let the preacher preach till his tongue be worn to the stumps, nothing is amended. We have good statutes made for the common wealth as touching commoners, enclosers, many meetings, and sessions, but in the end of the matter there cometh

nothing forth. Well, well, this is one thing I will say unto you, from whence it cometh I know, even from the devil. I know his intent in it. For if ye bring it to pass that the yeomanry be not able to put their sons to school (as indeed universities do wondrously decay already), and that they be not able to marry their daughters to the avoiding of dishonour, I say ye pluck salvation from the people, and utterly destroy the realm. For by yeomen's sons the faith of Christ is and hath been maintained chiefly. Is this realm taught by rich men's sons? No, no; read the Chronicles, ye shall find sometime noble men's sons which have been unpreaching bishops and prelates, but ye shall find none of them learned men. But verily they that should look to the redress of these things be the greatest against them. In this realm are a great many of folks, and amongst many I know but one of tender zeal, at the motion of his poor tenants, hath let down his lands to the old rents for their relief. For God's love, let not him be a Phœnix, let him not be alone. Let him not be an hermit closed in a wall, some good man follow him, and do as he giveth example. Surveyors there be that greedily gorge up their covetous guts, handmakers I mean (honest men I touch not), but all such as survey they make up their mouths, but the commons be utterly undone by them. Whose bitter cry ascending up to the ears of the God of Sabaoth, the greedy pit of hell-burning fire (without great repentance) do tarry and look for them. A redress God grant. For surely, surely, but that two things do comfort me, I would despair of the redress in these matters. One is, that the king's majesty, when he cometh to age, will see a redress of these things so out of frame. Giving example by letting down his own lands first, and then enjoin his subjects to follow him. The second hope I have is, I believe that the general accounting day is at

hand, the dreadful day of judgment I mean, which shall make an end of these calamities and miseries.

NOTES.

Doubt. Fr. *douter* (O. Fr. also *doubter*), Lat. *dubitare*, from *dubius* (vibrating to and fro, uncertain), from *duo* (two) and *bit-* (go).

Expedition, despatch, speed; but here perhaps, in a more literal application, the same as 'help in his matter' or difficulty. Lat. *expeditionem*, from *ex-pedire* (to take one's *pedem* or 'foot' *out of* a snare, to extricate, free from a difficulty).

Steplords . . . unnatural lords. 'Steplords' is formed after 'stepmothers,' who have ever been characterised as 'unnatural,' harsh, malevolent.

That: for 'that that' (anteced. and rel.). The pron. 'it' appears for the subject later.

Pound. Observe the singular. Find similar examples, and explain.

Of another man's sweat, &c. From, derived from. Cf. (below): 'live *of* their labour:' the living *results from* their labour; we now say 'live *by* their labour.'

Portentous = monstrous: tautology. The orig. text spells 'portentious:' cf. 'stupendous,' which in the 17th century was spelt 'stupendious.'

Is made. What is the subject? Cf. (below) 'hath let down.'

Victuals: Lat. *victualia*, things pertaining to *victus* (sustenance, living), from *vivo*, *victum* (to live): necessaries of life.

Resteth. Why singular?

Doing. Loose employment of participle. Amend. Cf. (below) '*being* so great a cure.'

Allowed, approved. Cf. (earlier in the sermon): 'God is great grand master of the king's house, and will take account of every one that beareth rule therein for the executing of their offices, whether they have justly and truly served the king in their offices or no. *Yea, God looketh upon the king himself, if he worketh well or not.*' Cf. also the parable of the talents, Matthew xxv. 14—30. 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' &c. 'Allow' is from Fr. *allouer*, from Lat. *ad-laudare* (praise): hence to admit, grant, &c. Cf. Ascham, *Schoolmaster:* 'Use such speech as the meanest should well understand, and the wisest best *allow*.' Luke xi. 48: 'Ye *allow* the deeds of your fathers.'

Rent-rearers = 'rent*raisers*' (above). Cf. (below) 'enhancing and *rearing*.'

A great many of householders, &c. Cf. (below) 'a great *many* of folks.' 'Many' is here a noun = number.

Do rise. Where is the subject?

Uttermost contains a curious medley of inflections: *ut-(t)er-m-ost:* one compar. and two superl. endings. 'Utmost' is the current form of the older *utemest*, itself a double superl. (*utema* + *est*). The ending 'most' is for the older 'mest,' which is *m(a)* + *est*, two superl. endings: it is not the prefixed word 'most,' as in '*most* excellent,' &c.

Kine. In O. Engl. 'cu' (a cow) has pl. 'cy,' by change of vowel, as in 'mus' (mouse), 'mys' (mice), &c. Cf. Scot. and mod. N. Engl. *kye*. When the pl. ending *en* is superadded, 'cy' becomes 'kine.'

Blackheath field, an open elevated plain near London, in N.W. of Kent. The occasion referred to is the Cornish insurrection against an impost of Henry VII.'s to enable him to put down Perkin Warbeck, which was crushed here on June 22, 1497.

To have preached. 'To preach,' the simple pres. infin., is enough: the

force of 'have' has already been expressed.

Alms. Old texts spell 'almesse,' 'almess,' and 'almes;' a yet older form is 'ælmesse.' It is a singular word; as in Acts iii. 3, 'asked *an alms*.' The *s* is not the plur. ending; yet 'alms' is often treated as plur. Cf. 'riches' (Milton, *Par. Reg.*, iv. 68*a*, note).

Commodity = wealth: tautology. Lat. *commoditatem* (advantage, profit). Cf. the application above: 'the *commodities* of this realm.'

The Chronicles, the history-books. 'Chronicle' is descended from Gr. *chronos* (time). The earliest and simplest form of history is a jotting down of events in order of *time*.

Folks. The plur. form is superfluous.

Hath let down. Subject?

Phœnix, a fabulous bird. One account says that, when he was five hundred years old, he burned his body, and rose rejuvenated out of the ashes. There was only one Phœnix (Latimer at once gives the explanation: 'let him not be *alone*'). The story existed in several other forms.

Surveyors, lit. overseers, supervisors, superintendents. 'To survey' is N. Fr. *surveoir*, Lat. *super-vidēre*.

The God of Sabaoth. See James v. 4. 'Sabaoth,' a Hebrew word = armies, hosts.

Do tarry. The plural would not have been expected here.

Would despair. Should we say 'would' now?

Cometh to age. He was now eleven.

Out of frame. Cf. Shak., *Hamlet*, i. 5 (end): 'The time is out of *joint*.'

Re-write the passage in modern style. Try what can be done by mere re-adjustment of the punctuation.

ROGER ASCHAM.—1515–1568.

ROGER ASCHAM was a Yorkshireman. He studied at Cambridge, where he became University orator. His enthusiasm (in his *Toxophilus*) for the bow, then the great national weapon, secured him a pension from Henry VIII. This was continued by Edward VI., and increased by Mary, who made him her Latin secretary. Thereafter he was tutor and secretary to Elizabeth, who held him in great esteem.

His *Toxophilus* (1545) is a treatise on archery, in the form of a dialogue. In *The Schoolmaster*, a posthumous work (published in 1570), he discusses the best method of learning Latin, and criticises the style of several Latin authors. 'His chief service to English prose is the example he sets, as a scholar and a courtier, of writing in the vernacular' (Minto).

THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.

(From *Toxophilus*, Book II.)

Thus every archer must know, not only what bow and shaft is fittest for him to shoot withal, but also what time and season is best for him to shoot in. And surely, in

all other matters too, among all degrees of men, there is no man which doth any thing either more discreetly for his commendation, or yet more profitable for his advantage, than he which will know perfectly for what matter and for what time he is most apt and fit. If men would go about matters which they should do, and be fit for, and not such things which wilfully they desire, and yet be unfit for, verily greater matters in the common wealth than shooting should be in better case than they be. This ignorancy in men which know not for what time and to what thing they be fit, causeth some wish to be rich, for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; other to be meddling in every man's matter, for whom it were more honesty to be quiet and still. Some to desire to be in the Court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart. Some to be masters and rule other, which never yet began to rule them self; some always to jangle and talk, which rather should hear and keep silence. Some to teach, which rather should learn. Some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks. And this perverse judgment of the world, when men measure them self a miss, bringeth much misorder and great unseemliness to the whole body of the common wealth, as if a man should wear his hose upon his head, or a woman go with a sword and a buckler, every man would take it as a great uncomeliness, although it be but a trifle in respect of the other.

This perverse judgment of men hindereth no thing so much as learning, because commonly those which be unfittest for learning, be chiefly set to learning.

As if a man now a days have two sons, the one impotent, weak, sickly, lisping, stutting, and stammering, or having any misshape in his body: what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else but to set to learning and make a priest of, as who would say,

that outcasts of the world, having neither countenance, tongue, nor wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of, which shall be appointed to preach God's holy word, and minister his blessed sacraments, besides other most weighty matters in the common wealth put oft times, and worthily, to learned men's discretion and charge: when rather such an office, so high in dignity, so godly in administration, should be committed to no man which should not have a countenance full of comeliness to allure good men, a body full of manly authority to fear ill men, a wit apt for all learning, with tongue and voice able to persuade all men. And although few such men as these can be found in a common wealth, yet surely a godly disposed man will both in his mind think fit, and with all his study labour to get such men as I speak of, or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an high administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and businesses.

This perverse judgment of fathers as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children causeth the common wealth have many unfit ministers; and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the common wealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else which is not very fit for him; the common wealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the riffraff of the world, to make those instruments of wherewithal she should work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the common wealth. Fathers in old time among the noble Persians might not do with their children as they

thought good, but as the judgment of the common wealth always thought best. This fault of fathers bringeth many a blot with it, to the great deformity of the common wealth: and here surely I can praise gentlewomen which have always at hand their glasses, to see if anything be amiss, and so will amend it, yet the common wealth, having the glass of knowledge in every man's hand, doth see such uncomeliness in it, and yet winketh at it. This fault, and many such like, might be soon wiped away, if fathers would bestow their children on that thing always whereunto nature hath ordained them most apt and fit. For if youth be grafted straight and not a wry, the whole common wealth will flourish thereafter. When this is done, then must every man begin to be more ready to amend him self, than to check another, measuring their matters with that wise proverb of Apollo, *Know thy self:* that is to say, learn to know what thou art able, fit, and apt unto, and follow that.

NOTES.

Man which. 'Which' is used for persons as well as for things; compare both earlier and later extracts. 'Who' is also used for persons: as (below), 'causeth some . . . for *whom* it were better,' &c.

Such things which. 'Which' after 'such' is common for two centuries yet. 'As' was used side by side with it, and then supplanted it. An effort is now making to restore 'which' ('who,' 'where,' &c.) to fashion.

Some . . . for whom, &c. Here, and in all the similar clauses following, the relative is awkwardly separated from the anteeedent.

Causeth some wish. We should now say '*to* wish.' Cf. below: 'causeth the common wealth ( ) have,' &c.

Other to be meddling. 'Other' is for 'others,' the final *e* (plur. inflection) having dropped away, and *s* not yet being added.

Court . . . cart. A stroke of antithesis worthy of Lyly himself.

Perverse, Lat. *per-versus,* turned thoroughly, that is, in the opposite direction; obstinately wrong. 'Per,' lit. through, across, to the other side; hence the notion of badness and harm. Cf. the equivalents, *for* (in *for*bid, *for*swear), and Ger. *ver* (in *ver*bieten, *ver*schwören).

A miss, now (as below) 'amiss.' The 'a' is a degenerate 'on.' Cf. (below) '*a* wry;' also 'now *a* days' (and note).

Whole. Orig. has the uncorrupted form 'hole,' without *w*. Cf. 'hale' (in reference to physical state).

Those which be unfittest, &c. The same complaint reappears in *The Schoolmaster:* 'Commonly the fairest

bodies are bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so. . . . I will not let (*refrain*) openly to lament the unfortunate case of learning herein. For if a father have four sons, three fair and well formed both mind and body, the fourth wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shall be to put the worst to learning, as one good enough to become a scholar. I have spent the most part of my life in the University, and therefore I can bear good witness that many fathers commonly do thus; whereof I have heard many wise, learned, and as good men as ever I knew, make great and oft complaint.'

Now a days, for 'now on dayes.' 'Dayes' is genitive; and this form is retained notwithstanding the insertion of the prep. 'on.'

As who would say. Some scholars explain 'who' as indef. = 'some one,' 'any one;' 'as *a man* would say' (next paragraph), or perhaps 'as *if one* would say.' Others would treat the case as an ordinary ellipsis.

Wit, understanding. From old *witan* (to know).

Minister, serve, dispense. From Fr. *ministrer*, Lat. *ministrare* (wait, attend upon, serve), from *minister* (inferior, servant), from *minus* (less).

Sacrament, solemn religious rite, as the Lord's Supper, baptism, &c. Lat. *sacramentum* (solemn engagement, oath—especially the military oath of allegiance), from *sacer* (sacred, holy).

Oft times. 'Oft,' now adv., is used as adj. Cf. (in opposite column) '*oft* complaint;' 1 Tim. v. 23, 'thine *often* (=*frequent*) infirmities;' Shak., *Sonnet* lii., '*seldom* (= *rare*) pleasure.' So, 'the *then* king,' &c.: a common Greek construction. We also write as one word 'ofttimes,' 'oftentimes.'

Withal is superfluous.

Riffraff, refuse, dregs, scum, worthless members of society.

Gross, thick, coarse, unrefined.

To the great deformity, &c. 'To' expresses the direction, end, result of the previous action.

The extract may be re-written in simpler sentences.

SCHOOLMASTERS AND HORSE-TRAINERS.

(From *The Schoolmaster.*)

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child, after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skilful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity that commonly more care is had, yea and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children. They say

nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by the year, and loth to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children; and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

NOTES.

Speaking. The subject is implied. This loose employment of the participle is by no means uncommon. Cf. note on 'doing,' page 68; cf. also 'regarding,' 'concerning,' 'respecting,' 'touching,' &c., which are now taken as practically prepositions of reference.

Able to tell others, &c. The original text spells 'ⱥble'—from Lat. *habilis* (easy to handle, fit, apt), from *habeo* (have, hold).

To the one they will gladly give &c. Compare Lyly, *Euphues:* 'And sooner will they bestow an hundred crowns to have a horse well broken, than a child well taught; wherein I cannot but marvel to see them so careful to increase their possessions when they be so careless to have them wise that should inherit them.'

Horse, plural, without inflection; as in the earliest times. Cf. deer, sheep, swine, &c.

There is a noticeable amount of balance, or similar structure of compared or contrasted expressions.

JOHN LYLY.—About 1553–1606.

John Lyly, or Lilly, was born in Kent, and studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in 1575. He was patronised to some extent by Lord Burleigh; but notwithstanding the popularity of his writings and his outrageous flattery of Elizabeth, he met with little substantial encouragement at Court. He was only fifty-two when he died.

Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit, was published in 1579, and *Euphues and his England* in 1580. From the title of this famous work, Lyly has been named 'The Euphuist,' and his peculiar style 'Euphuism.' Besides *Euphues* (two parts), he wrote nine Court comedies, mostly in prose, which gained him great reputation. 'The finest things in Lyly's plays are the occasional songs' (Minto).

A COOLING CARD

FOR PHILAUTUS AND ALL FOND LOVERS.

(From *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit.*)

Musing with my self, being idle, how I might be well employed (friend Philautus), I could find nothing either more fit to continue our friendship, or of greater force to dissolve our folly, than to write a remedy for that which many judge past cure, for love (Philautus) with the which I have been so tormented, that I have lost my time, thou so troubled, that thou hast forgot reason, both so mangled with repulse, inveigled by deceit, and almost murthered by disdain, that I can neither remember our miseries without grief, nor redress our mishaps without groans. How wantonly, yea, and how willingly, have we abused our golden time, and misspent our gotten treasure! How curious were we to please our Lady, how careless to displease our Lord! How devout in serving our goddess, how desperate in forgetting our God! Ah my Philautus, if the wasting of our money might not dehort us, yet the wounding of our minds should deter us, if reason might nothing persuade us to wisdom, yet shame should provoke us to wit. . . . If there be any man in despair to obtain his purpose, or so obstinate in his opinion that, having lost his freedom by folly, would also lose his life for love, let him repair hither, and he shall reap such profit as will either quench his flames or assuage his fury, either cause him to renounce his lady as most pernicious or redeem his liberty as most precious. Come therefore to me, all ye lovers that have been deceived by fancy, the glass of pestilence, or deluded by women, the gate to perdition, be as earnest to seek a medicine as you were eager to run into a mischief; the earth bringeth forth as well endive to delight the people as hemlock to endanger

the patient, as well the rose to distil as the nettle to sting, as well the bee to give honey as the spider to yield poison. . . .

This is therefore to admonish all young imps and novices in love, not to blow the coals of fancy with desire, but to quench them with disdain. When love tickleth thee, decline it, lest it stifle thee; rather fast than surfeit, rather starve than strive to exceed. Though the beginning of love bring delight, the end bringeth destruction. For as the first draught of wine doth comfort the stomach, the second inflame the liver, the third fume into the head, so the first sip of love is pleasant, the second perilous, the third pestilent. . . .

NOTES.

The which. 'The' preceding 'which' is a very old form. It is quite common all through the age of Elizabeth. Cf. Fr. *lequel*.

Curious, *careful*, painstaking, solicitous. From Lat. *curiosus*, from *cura* (care). 'Curious' is contrasted with 'careless.'

Dehort, dissuade, warn or advise not to (do something). From Lat. *dehortari*, from *de* (down, away from, in general negative sense) and *hortari* (to advise). 'Dehort' balances 'deter.'

Imps. 'Imp' is orig. a graft, shoot, slip; hence offspring, child. Spenser (*Faery Queene*, Book i., Introd. 3) quite seriously addresses Cupid:

> 'And thou most dreaded *imp* of highest Jove,
> Fair Venus' son,' &c.

But a disparaging sense presently began to attach to 'imp.'

This is one of Lyly's most elaborate passages, shewing balance with antithesis, both being fantastically overdone.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF BEES.

(From *Euphues and his England.*)

[The speaker is one 'whom we will name Fidus,' 'a comely old man,' and a kind host, whom Euphues and his friend Philautus lighted upon at Canterbury, 'busy as a bee among his bees.']

I have for the space of this twenty years dwelt in this place, taking no delight in any thing but only in keeping my bees, and marking them; and this I find, which had I not seen, I should hardly have believed. That they

use as great wit by indution, and art by workmanship, as ever man hath, or can, using between themselves no less justice than wisdom, and yet not so much wisdom as majesty; insomuch as thou wouldest think that they were a kind of people, a common wealth for Plato, where they all labour, all gather honey, fly all together in a swarm, eat in a swarm, and sleep in a swarm; so neat and finely that they abhor nothing so much as uncleanness, drinking pure and clear water, delighting in sweet and sound music, which if they hear but once out of tune, they fly out of sight; and therefore are they called the Muses' birds, because they follow not the sound so much as the consent. They live under a law, using great reverence to their elder, as to the wiser. They choose a king, whose palace they frame both braver in show and stronger in substance; whom if they find to fall, they establish again in his throne, with no less duty than devotion, guarding him continually, as it were for fear he should miscarry, and for love he should not; whom they tender with such faith and favour that whither-soever he flieth they follow him, and if he can-not fly they carry him; whose life they so love that they will not for his safety stick to die, such care have they for his health on whom they build all their hope. If their prince die, they know not how to live, they languish, weep, sigh, neither intending their work, nor keeping their old society.

And that which is most marvellous, and almost incredible: if there be any that hath disobeyed his commandments, either of purpose or unwittingly, he killeth him-self with his own sting, as executioner of his own stubbornness. The king him-self hath his sting, which he useth rather for honour than punishment; and yet, Euphues, al-beit they live under a prince, they have their privilege, and as great liberties as strait laws.

They call a parliament, where-in they consult for laws, statutes, penalties, choosing officers, and creating their king, not by affection, but reason, not by the greater part, but the better. And if such a one by chance be chosen (for among men some-times the worst speed best) as is bad, then is there such civil war and dissension that, until he be pluckt down, there can be no friendship, and over-thrown, there is no enmity, not fighting for quarrels, but quietness.

Every one hath his office, some trimming the honey, some working the wax, one framing hives, another the combs, and that so artificially that Dædalus could not with greater art or excellency better dispose the orders, measures, proportions, distinctions, joints, and circles. Divers hew, others polish, all are careful to do their work so strongly as they may resist the craft of such drones as seek to live by their labours, which maketh them to keep watch and ward, as living in a camp to others, and as in a court to them-selves. Such a care of chastity that they never ingender, such a desire of cleanness that there is not so much as meat in all their hives. When they go forth to work, they mark the wind, the clouds, and whatsoever doth threaten either their ruin or reign, and having gathered out of every flower honey, they return loaden in their mouths, thighs, wings, and all the body, whom they that tarried at home receive readily, as easing their backs of so great burthens.

The king him-self, not idle, goeth up and down, entreating, threatening, commanding, using the counsel of a sequel, but not losing the dignity of a prince, preferring those that labour to greater authority, and punishing those that loiter with due severity. All which things being much admirable, yet this is most, that they are so profitable, bringing unto man both honey and wax, each so wholesome that we all desire it, both so necessary that

we cannot miss them. Here, Euphues, is a common wealth, which oftentimes calling to my mind I cannot choose but commend above any that either I have heard or read of. Where the king is not for every one to talk of, where there is such homage, such love, such labour, that I have wished oftentimes rather be a bee than not be as I should be.

NOTES.

This twenty years. The sing. 'this' may be explained by taking 'twenty years' collectively, as a compound expression for a single period of time: cf. *triennium*, *millennium*, &c. Or it may be a real plural surviving side by side with 'these.' Compare '*this* many summers' (Shak., *K. Hen. VIII.*, iii. 2), and "*This* seven years Talbot did not see his son' (Shak., 1 *K. Hen. VI.*, iv. 3). Early subsequent editions print 'these.'

Indution, (natural) endowment. 'Endow' was often written 'endue' and 'indue.'

A kind of people, a commonwealth, &c. Compare Shak., *K. Hen. V.*, Acti., sc. 2, 187—204:

> 'So work the honey-bees,
> Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
> The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
> They have a king and officers of sorts;' &c.

Per Plato. Referring to the *Politeia* (Republic, Commonwealth), a book wherein Plato sketches an ideal state of society. Plato was a famous Greek philosopher, 429—347 B.C.

Consent, or *concent*, harmony, blending of sounds. From Lat. *concentus*, from *concino*, from *con* (together) and *canium* (to sing). 'Consent,' from *con* and *sentio* (feel), is easily confused with 'concent.'

Braver, grander, more showy, making more display.

Show, appearance; opposed to 'substance.'

Tender, stretch, reach out; to direct (the mind) to, to regard, care for, *tend*. Lat. *tendĕre* (to stretch), through Fr. *tendre*.

On whom. The antecedent is implied in 'his.'

Intending, directing (their minds) upon. Cf. 'tender' (above).

His commandments; the prince's or king's.

Overthrown. In full, '*when he is* overthrown,' or '*he* (*being*) overthrown.' An ellipsis not to be imitated.

Fighting; participle loosely used, the subject being readily supplied.

Dedalus, a mythical sculptor of Athens or of Crete, a mere personification of the earliest development of Greek sculpture and the allied arts.

As they may resist. More usual is '*so* strongly *that* they may resist.' The last is the only form now in use. Cf. (above) 'inasmuch *as*,' (below) '*such* homage . . . *that*,' and Fortescue, notes (page 43).

Such drones as. '*Such* drones *which*' or '*such* drones *that*' would also have been quite good, although disused now. Cf. (above) 'such a one . . . *as* is bad,' and Ascham (first extract), note to 'such things *which*.'

Sequel, follower (Lat. *sequi*, to follow), one of the king's retinue.

Honey and wax, &c. Cf. Swift, *The Battle of the Books*: 'We have rather chose to fill our hives with

honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are Sweetness and Light.' Mr Matthew Arnold has adopted from Swift this 'Sweetness and Light' in the metaphorical sense, and made it famous in our time. (See *Culture and Anarchy*, chap. i.)

Miss, want, do without.

Which oftentimes calling, &c. 'Which' is object to both 'calling' and 'commend.'

The balance, which is still greatly overdone, is in many cases imperfect. Sentence and paragraph structure may also be improved.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

(From *Campaspe*, a Court Comedy.)

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek, none knows how;
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me!

PHILIP SIDNEY.—1554–1586.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the court of Elizabeth, was born at Penshurst in Kent, Nov. 29, 1554. He studied at Oxford from thirteen to seventeen, when he went abroad; he was in Paris during the massacre of St Bartholomew (Aug. 24, 1572), and thence he travelled in Germany, Hungary, and Italy. In 1577 he was sent as ambassador to the new Emperor of Germany. In 1581, and again in 1584–5, he sat in parliament. In 1583 he was knighted, and in the autumn of 1585 he was appointed Governor of Flushing and General of the English auxiliaries of the United Provinces. He was spoken of as a candidate for the crown of Poland, but Queen Elizabeth 'refused to further his advancement,

not out of emulation, but out of fear to lose the jewel of her times.' At the battle of Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586, Sidney 'received a sore wound upon his thigh, three fingers above his knee, the bone broken quite in pieces;' and he died on Oct. 17. He had scarcely completed his thirty-second year:

'Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot.'

The *Arcadia*, a romance, was written in 1580, but not printed till 1590; it was dedicated to Sidney's celebrated sister, the Countess of Pembroke. The *Apology for Poetry* was written in 1581, and first printed in 1595. Cowper calls Sidney 'warbler of poetic prose.' The sonnets and other poetical pieces, with all their beauties, are of inferior account.

DESCRIPTION OF ARCADIA.

(From *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, Book I.)

The third day after, in the time that the morning did strew[1] roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion), they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus' eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful deposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there, a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and

[1] Orig. *strow*.

her hands kept time to her voice's music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye), they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a shew, as it were, of an accompanable[1] solitariness, and of a civil wildness. 'I pray you,' said Musidorus (then first unsealing his long-silent lips), 'what countries be these we pass through, which are so divers in shew, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?'

'The country,' answered Claius, 'where you were cast ashore and now are past through, is Laconia: not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named Helots), hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature, and made it so unhospital[2] as now you have found it; the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering for fear of being mistaken.

'But this country (where now you set your foot) is Arcadia.'

[1] Companionable. [2] Inhospitable.

NOTES.

Them. Musidorus, who had been cast ashore, and Claius and Strephon, two shepherds, who had found Musidorus and shewn him kindness.

Base, low, in the physical sense. The adj. is now restricted to the moral meaning: low, wicked, worthless, vile. Fr. *bas*, from low Lat. *bassus*.

Piping. Mr Hain Friswell quotes Chaucer: 'On pipes made of greene corne;' and Shak., *Mid. N. Dream*, Act ii., sc. 2:

'And in the shape of Corin sat all day
Playing on pipes of corn.'

It barred. What does 'it' refer to?

Passing fertile. In full, 'passing (what is) fertile,' 'passing (a soil that is) fertile.' We should now say, in prose, '*surpassingly* fertile.'

The sentences are rather long and loose. Parenthesis is used where commas would be placed now—except in one instance, or at most two.

VERSE NOT ESSENTIAL TO POETRY.

(From *An Apology for Poetry.*)

The greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numbrous kind of writing which is called verse: indeed but apparelled, verse being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry: sith there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*,[1] the portraiture of a just empire, under the name of Cyrus (as Cicero saith of him), made therein an absolute heroical poem.

So did Heliodorus in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagines and Chariclea, and yet both these writ in prose: which I speak to shew that it is not riming and versing that maketh a poet, no more than a long gown maketh an advocate: who, though he pleaded in armour, should be an advocate, and no soldier. But it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching which must be the right describing note to know a poet by: although indeed the senate of poets hath chosen verse as their fittest raiment, meaning as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them: not speaking (table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream) words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but poising each syllable of each word by just proportion according to the dignity of the subject.

[1] The portrait or likeness of a perfect empire or government.

NOTES.

Numbrous kind of writing: writing in *numbers*, the stress of voice falling regularly after a certain number of syllables.

Verse being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry. This is one of the most remarkable instances of sagacious criticism in Sidney's book.

Sith, *since*. See Dunbar, *The Golden Targe*, 101, note, pp. 51-2.

Xenophon (about 444 B.C.—about 357 B.C.) was a distinguished Greek author. His most famous work is the *Anabasis*, a history of the expedition of Cyrus the younger against his brother, Artaxerxes, and of the retreat of the Greek part of his army, in which Xenophon himself played a prominent part (401—399 B.C.).

Therein. Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, giving an account of the upbringing, training, education of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian monarchy, is written in prose form. It is a political romance of no more historical value than More's *Utopia*. Sidney refers to Cicero, *Epist. ad Quint. fratrem*, I., i. 8: 'Cyrus ille a Xenophonte non ad historiæ fidem scriptus, sed ad *effigiem justi imperii*.'

Heliodorus, the best of the Greek writers of romance, lived about the end of the fourth century A.D. He became Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly.

Theagines and Charicles, hero and heroine of Heliodorus's romance *Æthiopica*. Jaques Amyot received an abbey from Francis I. of France for translating this 'sugared invention.'

Both these: Xenophon and Heliodorus.

Writ: long a common form, for which we now say 'wrote.'

Riming. So spelt in orig. Later, 'rime' came to be written 'rhyme.' Now-a-days we are returning to 'rime.'

No (more than, &c.): double negative for denial.

Should (be an advocate). We should say 'would.'

. . . **Soldier.** Very loose sentence, the author being led off by the relatives, first 'which,' and then 'who.'

Both sentences and paragraphs are open to improvement.

ROBERT GREENE.—1560?–1592.

ROBERT GREENE was born at Norwich, and educated at Cambridge (B.A., St John's College, 1578). After a tour in Spain and Italy, he returned to Cambridge, and took his M.A. degree at Clare Hall, 1583. He next went to London, where he 'became an author of plays, and a penner of love pamphlets,' or tales, and 'soon grew famous in that quality.' He led a most dissolute life, and his death was the issue of an illness resulting from a surfeit at a 'fatal banquet of pickle-herring' and Rhenish wine.

Greene was a voluminous author. He wrote many plays, which were eagerly sought after by rival managers; but only five of them have come down to us. His novels, which are now forgotten, were in his own time even more popular than his plays. His songs, madrigals, odes, sonnets, roundelays, &c., which are his best productions, were scattered through his novels.

THE DESCRIPTION OF SILVESTRO'S LADY.

(From *Morando, the Tritameron of Love.*)

Her stature like the tall straight cedar trees,
Whose stately bulks do fame the Arabian groves;
A pace like princely Juno when she braved
The Queen of love 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and courtesy;
A face like modest Pallas when she blushed
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
A lip sweet ruby-red, graced with delight;
A cheek wherein for interchange of hue
A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose;
Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights,
When chilling frost doth clear the azured sky;
Her hair of golden hue doth dim the beams
That proud Apollo giveth from his coach. . . .

A foot like Thetis when she tripped the sands
To steal Neptunus' favour with her steps;
A piece despite of beauty framed,
To shew what Nature's lineage could afford.

NOTES.

2–6. Juno, the Queen of Love (Venus), and Pallas (Minerva) had their rival claims to the prize of beauty decided upon by Paris, as he was tending his flocks 'in the vale,' on Mount Gargarus, a part of Mount Ida, near Troy. Paris gave the prize, a golden apple, to the Queen of Love.

4. **Paris**, or Alexander, was the second son of Priam, king of Troy. He was very handsome.

5. **Beset**, with love, &c., set (or throned) upon it.

7. **Seely**, silly: ignorant, inexperienced, innocent of culture arising from contact with a higher society. 'Silly' is a very common epithet to 'sheep' (see quotation from Shakspeare in notes to next extract).

14. **Apollo**, the Sun-god.

20. **Thetis**, a sea divinity, one of the Nereids, wife of Peleus, and mother of Achilles.

21. **Neptūnus' favour**. Neptune (Poseidon), the god of the sea, desisted from his suit for the hand of Thetis when her mother declared that the son of Thetis would be more illustrious than his father.

22. A later condensed version gives this line complete: '*In fine*, a piece,' &c.

23. The condensed version reads: 'To *see* what Nature's *cunning* could afford.'

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

(From *The Mourning Garment.*)

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain? . . .

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his beds of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sith;
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

NOTES.

4. **Kings have cares**, &c. Compare Shak., 2 *Hen. IV.*, Act iii., sc. 1, 31: 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

12. **Require.** Subjunctive mood: the action is indef., with a feeling of conditionality or uncertainty about it. 'What the state require' is much the same as 'Whether the state require this or that.'

33. **Sound.** Lat. *sonum*, Fr. *son*; the *d* being added as a support to the voice. Cf. More, note to 'limbs' (p. 56), and note to 'whiles' (p. 60). Spenser rhymes 'sown' and 'down;' he has 'sownd' also.

35. **More sounder.** Such double comparatives are now avoided.

42. **Tide or sith.** Both 'tide' and 'sith' are old words meaning 'time.'

The general contrast of court life and shepherd life is a favourite theme of the poets. See Melibee (Sir Francis Walsingham)'s opinion in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Bk. VI., Canto ix. Compare the king's soliloquy in Shak., 3 *Hen. VI.*, Act ii., sc. 5; especially the last lines:

'O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain. . . .
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.'

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.—1564-1593.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, our greatest dramatist before Shakspeare, 'the Columbus of a new literary world,' was the son of a Canterbury shoemaker. He studied at Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree

in 1587. Already he had established relations with the stage. His after-life in London was, like Robert Greene's, very dissolute; and at last, in a wretched brawl, he was stabbed through the eye and brain, and died in a few hours. He was only in his thirtieth year.

> 'Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And withered is Apollo's laurel bough.'

Marlowe's 'mighty line' was first seen in *Tamburlaine the Great* (two parts), which was acted before the author graduated M.A. in 1587. 'This terrific drama' is remarkable for many reasons; among others, it was 'the first play in which the use of blank verse was introduced upon the public stage' (Prof. Ward). *Faustus, The Jew of Malta, Edward II.*, and *The Massacre of Paris*, were produced in rapid succession. Marlowe left also Translations from the Latin of Lucan and Ovid. The posthumous fragment of *Hero and Leander*, which the poet's own age considered his supreme achievement, is also judged by the best modern critics to be 'incomparably the finest product of Marlowe's genius.'

TAMBURLAINE.

(From *Tamburlaine the Great*, Part I., Act ii., scene 1.)

[Tamburlaine (1335–1405), 'from a Scythian shepherd, by his rare and wonderful conquests, became a most puissant and mighty monarch' (Title-page). His proper name was Timur; but from a wound in the thigh, which rendered him lame for life, he was called 'Timur-*lenc*' (*lame* Timur), whence the corrupted forms, 'Tamerlane' and 'Tamburlaine.' At seventeen, he managed the flocks and herds of his family; but he was of noble descent. His conquests extended over Persia, Georgia, Tartary, Russia, India, Syria, &c. The seat of his empire he established at Samarkand, where 'he displayed, in a short repose, his magnificence and power.' He died on the march to the conquest of China. (See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. lxv., and James Mill's *History of British India*, Book III., chap. iii.)]

Of stature tall, and straightly fashionèd,
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burden; 'twixt, his manly pitch,
A pearl more worth than all the world, is placed,
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassèd

A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honour sits invested royally;
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty;
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength;
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

NOTES.

8. **Lift**, for 'lifted.' In Elizabethan poetry, the 'ed' of p.part. of weak verbs is often conveniently dropped. So in the Bible. Cf. Psalm xxiv. 7.

10. **Mainly**, with *main* (as in 'might and *main*'), power, might; by sheer strength. 'Main' is the old 'mægan' softened, from *magan* (may).

11. **Old Atlas' burden.** Atlas, one of the Titans, who made unsuccessful war on Zeus (Jupiter), was condemned to bear heaven on his head and hands. Comp. Milton's description of Beelzebub, *Par. Lost*, ii. 305-7:

'Sage he stood
With Atlantëan shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies.'

——'Twixt. Understand 'them,' 'his shoulders.'——**Pitch**, cast, or throw; the highest part of some things; so, Tamburlaine's head.

30. **Should make.** The subject, 'that' (rel. pron.), is omitted, as is very common in poetry.

TAMBURLAINE AT ZENOCRATE'S DEATH-BED.

(From *Tamburlaine the Great*, Part II., Act ii., scene 4.)

TAMBURLAINE, king of Persia, and his three sons; THERIDAMAS, king of Argier, TECHELLES, king of Fez, and USUMCASANE, king of Morocco—generals raised to be kings by Tamburlaine; and three Physicians. 'Divine' ZENOCRATE, wife of Tamburlaine, lying on a bed of state, and just dead.

Tamb. What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into the infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,

And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrătē.
Casānĕ and Theridamas, to arms!
Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heaven;
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.
What god soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,
Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steelèd lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out Death and tyrannising War,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And, if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from heaven, and live with me again!

Ther. Ah, good my lord, be patient! she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth;
If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth blood:
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

Tamb. 'For she is dead!' thy words do pierce my soul:
Ah, sweet Theridamas, say so no more!
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou [*To the body*] shalt stay with me,
Embalmed with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And, till I die, thou shalt not be interred.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'
We both will rest, and have one epitaph
Writ in as many several languages
As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword.
This cursèd town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my love;

The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourned;
And here will I set up her stature,
And march about it with my mourning camp,
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

NOTES.

99. **The Fatal Sisters**: Clotho, who spins the thread of life; Lachĕsis, who assigns to each his fate; and Atrŏpos, the inflexible one, who cuts the thread. According to Hesiod, they were daughters of Zeus and Themis (Justice).

100. **The triple moat of hell.** Cf. Act iii., sc. 2:

'The island where the Furies mask,
Compassed with Lêthe, Styx, and Phlegethon.'

103. **Cavaliers**, 'mounds, or elevations of earth, to lodge cannon' (Dyce).

107. **From hence.** 'From' is superfluous, being implied in 'hence:' but the form is quite common. Cf. (below) Marlowe's portrait of Hero, lines 18 and 24. Above we have 'taking *hence*.'

110. **Nectar and ambrosia**: the drink and the food of the gods. Both words, though from different roots, contain the meaning of *immortality*.

114. **Janus**, an ancient Latin divinity, usually represented with two heads, for he was the god of gates or doors, and these face two ways.——**Temple-doors.** A temple, in the proper sense, was built for Janus in the time of the first Punic War, about two and a half centuries before Christ. In earlier times the so-called 'temple of Janus' was merely a covered passage, which stood open in war, and was closed in peace. When it was open, Janus was in the field fighting for Rome; when it was closed, he was secured as a present defence of the city. Marlowe refers to this Roman belief in 'letting out Death,' &c.

130. **Cassia**, &c.: all of them fragrant substances.

133. **Mausōlus.** The *o* is here short, wrongly. Cf. Euphrătes. Marlowe's scholarship is frequently inaccurate. Mausōlus, king of Caria, died 353 B.C. His wife Artemisia, who succeeded him, set no bounds to the expression of her grief. The Mausolēum, the gorgeous monument that she erected over him, was one of the seven wonders of the world; and the name has ever since been a general designation for magnificent tombs.

137. **This cursed town**, Larissa by name.

140. **Stature**, statue: a word common in our early authors. The *r* lengthens it to three syllables—as often in Elizabethan and later poetry.

DEATH-SCENE OF EDWARD II.

(From *Edward the Second*, Act V., Scene v.)

BERKLEY CASTLE.—The KING and LIGHTBORN, a murderer.

Edward. Who 's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks!
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. O villains!
Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind 's distempered, and my body 's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.
Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.
Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this. [*Gives jewel.*
Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king: O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I still remain alive?
Light. You 're overwatched, my lord; lie down and rest.
Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyes' lids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Light. If you mistrust me, I 'll be gone, my lord.
Edw. No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*
Light. He sleeps.
Edw. (*awaking*). O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a while.
Light. How now, my lord?
Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Light. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come!
Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

NOTES.

50-1. **Gurney and Matrevis**, his keepers.

52. **Yet will it melt.** 'It' is redundant, the subject 'heart' being already given. But when an adverbial clause intervenes (as here) between subject and verb, the redundancy is very common, especially when the principal clause is introduced by 'yet,' 'so,' &c. (See Murison's *First Work in English*, sect. 537.)

66. **Ran at tilt.** In tournaments, 'to tilt' is to run or ride at each other, thrusting with (blunt) lances.

69. **Lie on this bed.** 'A feather-bed' is in the list of Lightborn's apparatus mentioned just before our extract begins. It must have been thrust upon the stage from the wing, when he came in. (Cf. Edward's account of the dungeon.)

71. **Tragedy.** A tragedy is a dramatic poem, representing an action, or a series of actions, having a mournful issue and impressing some great moral truth. Hence, 'tragedy' is used generally to signify a melancholy end or fatal event. From Gr.

tragŏdia (through Lat. *tragœdia*, Fr. *tragédie*), from *tragos* (a goat, a goat-eared attendant of Bacchus the wine-god, a satyr) and *ŏdē* (a song); *tragodia* is thus originally the hymn of a chorus of 'satyrs,' which was of a lyrical nature.

80. **Forgive my thought**, &c.; play upon two different meanings of the word 'thought.' A very common conceit in Elizabeth's time.

89. **Overwatched**, exhausted by too much watching, by being kept too long awake.

'The death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted' (Charles Lamb). According to Aristotle's famous definition, 'pity and terror' are the emotions properly roused by tragedy.

HERO.

(From *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad I.)

[HERO, 'Venus' nun,' priestess of Aphrodité at Sestos, was beloved by LEANDER, a beautiful youth of Abydos. These towns lay on opposite sides of the Hellespont (Straits of the Dardanelles), at the narrowest part; and Leander used to swim from Asia to Europe to visit Hero, who placed a light in her window to guide and cheer him. One rough night he was drowned, and Hero in despair threw herself into the sea.

Marlowe took the story from a poem by 'divine Musæus,' a Greek grammarian, of whom hardly anything is known. He left the poem incomplete at his death. What he had written Chapman broke up into two divisions—or 'Sestiads,' as he called them, from Sestos—to which he added, by way of completing the piece, the remaining four Sestiads.]

At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn; . . .

Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.

About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, usèd she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew, . . .

And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

NOTES.

9. **Ware.** Such instances of loose syntax are not uncommon. The plural is perhaps owing to the intervention of 'garments' between the singular subject 'outside' and the predicate verb. There is a clash between form and sense: in form the singular has prominence, in sense the plural has prominence; and when we come to the verb, the form yields to the sense. Most blunders of this sort arise from oversight or sheer carelessness, especially in long sentences. 'One of the marischals *were* slain' (Hume, *Hist. of England*, ch. xvi.) is an extraordinary example.

27. **Ware**, wore. Cf. line 17.

35. **Fills.** The co-ordinate verbs are in the *past* tense.

37-8. Compare Lyly's conceit, *Cupid and Campaspe*.

38. **Strooken**, struck. It retains the *en*, which 'struck' has lost. Cf. 'stricken.'

40. **As**, used again for 'that:' cf. 46, and notes to Lyly (second extract), page 79.

EDMUND SPENSER.—1552?–1599.

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London, and studied at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge (1569–76). On graduating M.A., he seems to have gone for a time to the north of England; at anyrate, he came south in 1578, and formed a close friendship with Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he dedicated his first poem (1579). The following year, through the influence of Sidney and his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, Spenser became secretary to Lord Grey, viceroy of Ireland; and he probably remained in Ireland very nearly all the rest of his life, holding successive official appointments, as clerk to the Irish Court of Chancery (1581), clerk to the Council of Munster (1588), and Sheriff of Cork (1598). In 1586 he obtained 'his Mulla plains,' a grant of 3000 acres of forfeited land at Kilcolman in the county of Cork. On the outbreak of Tyrone's rebellion, Kilcolman Castle was burned (1598), Spenser and his wife escaping with difficulty, and leaving a little child in the flames. A few weeks later the poet died in London (January 16, 1599), and was laid by the side of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

The Shepherd's Calendar, comprising twelve pastorals, one for each month, was published in 1579. *The Faery Queen*, already begun, was elaborated at Kilcolman,

> 'amongst the coolly shade
> Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore;'

and Spenser, accompanied by Raleigh, came over to London in 1590, and published the first three Books. Having been introduced to the queen, his 'greatest Gloriana,' 'great lady of the greatest isle,' from whom he received a yearly pension of £50, he returned to Ireland. In 1591 he published several minor poems: *The Ruins of Time* (dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney's sister, 'to the Right Noble and Beautiful Lady, the Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke'), *The Tears of the Muses*, &c. Probably in 1595 appeared *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (containing interesting references to his own history and to contemporaries), *Amoretti* (Love-sonnets), *Epithalamion* (Marriage-song), &c. In 1596 he went to London again with three more Books of *The Faery Queen*, which were published along with a second edition of the first three. Nine *Comedies* are among the most important of his works now lost.

The Spenserian Stanza, the stanza of *The Faery Queen*, is characterised by the final long line called an 'alexandrine.' Shelley represents the universal feeling when he calls it 'a measure inexpressibly beautiful.' He speaks, further, of 'the brilliancy and magnificence of

sound which a mind that has been nourished upon musical thoughts can produce by a just and harmonious arrangement of the pauses of this measure.' (Preface to *The Revolt of Islam*.)

THE KNIGHT OF THE REDCROSS.

(From *The Faery Queen*, Book I., Canto i.)

1. A gentle Knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain.
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly justs and fierce encounters fit.

2. And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word,
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

NOTES.

1. **A gentle Knight.** The Knight of the Redcross is a personification of *holiness*, representing the Christian in arms against the enemies of the faith. More particularly, he is a representative Englishman of Spenser's time, zealous for the doctrines of the Reformers, and hostile to the Church of Rome.——**Yclad**, shews the old prefix of the p.part. *ge* reduced to *y*. Cf. 2, '*y*drad' (dreaded). The knight is clad in 'the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul,' Ephes. vi. 13—17.——**Old dints.** The same armour had been battered by foes ever since the Christian religion was published.——**Jolly**, Fr. *joli*, handsome, and thus excellent, capable.——**Justs**, or 'jousts,' encounters on horseback with lances, as in tournaments.

2. **And dead** &c. That is: 'and (though He was) dead, ever adored Him as (always) living.'——**Right faithful true**, right faithful and true, or right faithfully true. Cf. (below) 'solemn sad.' Tautology in both cases. 'Right' is adv. Compare 'full' above: '*full* jolly.'——**Cheer**, countenance, aspect.——**Solemn sad**, solemnly grave. 'Sad' is lit. *set*, settled, fixed, hence heavy, serious, melancholy, grave.

COMBAT

BETWEEN THE REDCROSS KNIGHT AND A SARACEN.

(From *The Faery Queen*, Book I., Canto ii.)

15. The knight of the Redcross, when him he spied
Spurring so hot with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairly couch his spear and towards ride:
Soon meet they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazèd stand,
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their own hand,
Do back rebut, and each to other yieldeth land.

16. As when two rams, stirred with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleecèd flock,
Their hornèd fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet that with the terror of the shock
Astonied both stand senseless as a block,
Forgetful of the hanging victory:
So stood these twain, unmovèd as a rock,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken relics of their former cruelty.

17. The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buff,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards and quiteth cuff with cuff:
Each other's equal puissance envíes,
And through their iron sides with cruel spies
Does seek to pierce; repining courage yields
No foot to foe. The flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple blood new dyes the verdant fields.

18. 'Curse on that Cross,' quoth then the Sarazin,
'That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ago I wot thou haddest bin,
Had not that charm from thee forwarnèd it:
But yet I warn thee now assurèd sit,

And hide thy head.' Therewith upon his crest
With rigour so outrageous he smit
That a large share it hewed out of the rest,
And glancing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.

19. Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native virtue gan eftsoons revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely struck that it the steel did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling down alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kiss,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the frail flesh; at last it flitted is
Whither the souls do fly of men that live amiss.

NOTES.

15. **The knight of the Redcross.** See preceding extract.——**Him**—a Saracen, whom Spenser had previously described thus:

'A faithless Sarazin all armed to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limb and every joint
He was, and carèd not for God or man a point.'

'Sans foy' is French for 'without faith,' or, as two lines before, 'faithless.' The Saracens were the Mohammedan opponents of the Christian knights in the Crusades. ——**Dispiteous**, full of *despite*, resentment. See Sir T. More, *Richard III.*, notes.——**Towards.** Supply object: 'towards *him*.'——**Meet.** Present tense: the change from the past to the present sets the action before us more vividly.——**Fell**, cruel, fierce. ——**Rebut**, thrust back, but here intransitive, = recoil.——**Yieldeth land.** Each falls back from the other, a space being thus left between them.

16. **Ranging**, undecided, doubtful.——**Idely**, idly. The old spelling of 'idle' was 'idel.' Cf. Ger. *eitel*.

17. **Puissance**, power, strength, might. Fr. *puissance*, from *puissant* (powerful), from Lat. *posse* (to be able).——**Envies.** Spenser has both *envy'* and *en'vy*.——**Their.** We should expect 'his,' to agree with 'each,' and the singular verb 'does seek.' But the feeling of plurality is very strong. ——**Spies**, looks, glances.——**Repining**, wasting away, failing. Their courage does not fail them; so that neither in the least gives way to the other.——**Fier** (fire), in two syllables. Hence the apparently irregular spelling of the adj. *fiery*.——**Dyes.** The modern construction requires *dye*. Spenser uses here the Northern plur. form in *es*, which is frequent in the time of Elizabeth. Cf. Shak., *Temp.* i. 1: 'What *cares* these roarers for the name of king?' and *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3: 'Whose own hard dealings *teaches* them suspect the thoughts of others.'

18. **Fit**, thrust. From Ital. *fitta* (thrust, stab); prob. from *figgere* (to pierce). (Prof. Morley.)——**Warned**, warded off. From *for* ('

intens.) and *wæran* (ward, defend). ——**Rigour**, stiffness, a firm blow. ——**Outrageous**, extraordinary: from *outrage* (Eng. and Fr.), from Fr. *outre*, Lat. *ultra* (beyond). For the loss of *l*, cf. 'haughty' (19).——**Share**, piece *sheared* or cut off.——**It**, the Saracen's sword, not already mentioned, but implied in 'he smit.' Cf. 19 (4).——**Blame**, harm, hurt.——**Blest**, delivered, left safe.

19. **Who**, the Redcross Knight.——**Native**, innate, inborn.——**Virtue**, valour; lit. manliness, for Lat. *virtus* comes from *vir* (man).——**Eftsoons**, soon after, forthwith. 'Eft' = aft, after. The genitive termination appears in *es*: cf. unawares, forwards, &c.——**Haughty**, from Fr. *haut* (high), Lat. *altus*. Spenser has the shorter form 'haught,' which he spells also *hault* (the O. Fr. form).——**Making mark**, taking aim.——**Mother earth**. The earth was regarded, in the Greek mythology, as the producer and nourisher of all.——**Grudging ghost**, spirit or soul grumbling or unwilling to leave the body.

Observe the melody, and consider especially the effect of the frequent alliteration and of the alexandrine closing each stanza.

UNA AMONG THE SATYRS.

(From *The Faery Queen*, Book I., Canto vi.)

[UNA represents Truth, or the true Reformed Church. She accompanied the Redcross Knight when he set out upon his adventures, but has been separated from him; and while now seeking him anxiously, she is overtaken by a fierce Saracen, named Sansloy (*without law, lawless*).]

6. The piteous maiden, careful, comfortless,
Does throw out thrilling shrieks and shrieking cries,
The last vain help of women's great distress,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skies,
That molten stars do drop like weeping eyes,
And Phœbus flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortal wight
Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

7. Eternal providence exceeding thought,
Where none appears, can make herself a way:
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lion's claws to pluck the gripèd prey.
Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray
That all the woods and forests did resound:
A troop of Fauns and Satyrs far away
Within the wood were dancing in a round,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arbour sound:

8. Who, when they heard that piteous strainèd voice,
In haste forsook their rural merriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noise,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Saracen espied,
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rabblement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

9. The wild wood gods, arrivèd in the place,
There find the virgin doleful desolate,
With ruffled garments and fair blubbered face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through fear of former hate:
All stand amazèd at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pity her unhappy state;
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woeful plight.

10. She, more amazed, in double dread doth dwell,
And every tender part for fear does shake:
As when a greedy wolf, through hunger fell,
A silly lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he means his bloody feast to make,
A lion spies fast running towards him,
The innocent prey in haste he does forsake,
Which, quit from death, yet quakes in every limb
With change of fear to see the lion look so grim.

11. Such fearful fit assayed her trembling heart;
Ne word to speak, ne joint to move she had:
The salvage nation feel her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her countenance sad;
Their frowning foreheads with rough horns yclad
And rustic horror all aside do lay;
And, gently grinning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and, fear to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obey.

12. The doubtful damsel dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth,
But still twixt fear and hope amazed doth sit,
Late learned what harm to hasty trust ensu'th:
They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty sovereign,
Are won with pity and unwonted ruth,
And, all prostrate upon the lowly plain,
Do kiss her feet, and fawn upon her countenance fain.

13. Their hearts she guesseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremity of time;
So from the ground she fearless doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all as glad as birds of joyous prime
Thence lead her forth, about her dancing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's rime,
And with green branches strewing all the ground,
Do worship her as queen with olive garland crowned.

14. And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double echo ring,
And with their hornèd feet do wear the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noise awakèd, cometh out
To weet the cause, his weak steps governing
And agèd limbs on cypress stadle stout;
And with an ivy twine his waist is girt about.

15. Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus' merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybele's frantic rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flower of faith and beauty excellent.
The god himself, viewing that mirror rare,
Stood long amazed, and burnt in his intent:
His own fair Dryope now he thinks not fair,
And Pholoe foul, when her to this he doth compare.

16. The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddess of the wood;
And old Sylvanus self bethinks not what
To think of wight so fair, but gazing stood
In doubt to deem her born of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus self he seems to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
But misseth bow and shafts and buskins to her knee....

18. The woody nymphs, fair Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither run apace,
And all the troop of light-foot Naiades
Flock all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they viewèd have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for fear of foul disgrace:
But all the Satyrs scorn their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing fair, but her, on earth they find.

19. Glad of such luck, the luckless lucky maid
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plies,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vain,
And made her the image of idolatries:
But when their bootless zeal she did restrain
From her own worship, they her ass would worship fain.

NOTES.

6. **Implies**, infolds, inwraps. Lat. *im-plicare*.

7. **Herself . . . it.** The personification is dropt when we come to the second pronoun.——**Fauns and Satyrs.** The Fauns were Latin wood-gods, described as half men, half goats, with horns. The Satyrs were Greek wood-gods, connected with the worship of Dionysus, the god of wine. In later writers, the two classes were confounded.——**Sylvanus**, a Latin divinity of fields and forests. Lat. *silva* (wood). Late writers identify him with Pan, the great Greek god of flocks and shepherds.——**Slept.** Cf. Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, Act I., sc. i.:

. . 'Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.'

8. **Weet**, learn, come to wit (know).——**Incontinent**, immediately, forthwith. Lit. not holding together (Lat.

in-con-tinentem), or within bounds; hence without check or stop—at once.

9. **Uncouth,** *unknown*, unusual. From *cuth* (known, familiar), from *cunnan* (to know). The sense of 'awkward' is naturally derived from this.

10. **Silly lamb.** Cf. Greene, notes, page 85. Spenser, like Greene, spells *seely*.——**As when** &c. The comparison might have been expressed more directly and clearly. 'As (when a greedy wolf . . . does take . . . *and* spies a lion . . . and *then* does forsake the innocent prey), *it*, quit from death, yet quakes,' &c. Or, 'As when a wolf, *having taken* (or *who has taken*) . . . spies a lion,' &c. In the construction of the text, 'and' is needed before 'a lion spies,' &c. ——**With change of fear.** The *cause* of fear is changed: first, the wolf; next, the lion.

11. **Ne . . . ne**: neither . . . nor.——**Salvage,** belonging to the wood; much the same as 'wood' (noun used as adj. in 9), 'wood-born' (16), and 'woody' (18). Hence 'savage' is wild, uncivilised, barbarous. Lat. *silvaticus* (from *silva*) becomes O. Fr. and Eng. *salvage;* mod. Fr. *sauvage*, Eng. *savage*.——**Horror,** Lat. *horror*, lit. standing on end (of hair, &c.), bristliness, shagginess. ——**Semblance,** appearance.——**Fear** &c.: '(in order) to put away (her) fear, (the salvage nation) teach their knees, (which are) bent backward, humbly to obey her.'

12. **Her single person.** She is now alone, separated from the Redcross Knight's protection.——**Truth,** trueness, honest intentions.——**Late learned,** lately taught.——**Hasty trust.** Quite recently she had too hastily believed an impostor to be the Redcross Knight.——**Ruth,** pity, tender regret: abstract noun from verb 'rue.'——**Fain,** pleased, joyful: modified from ancient *fægen*, by softening of *g*.

13. **Guise,** French form of 'wise,' manner.——**Without suspect of crime,** without suspicion of accusation (Lat. *crimen*); not imagining that, in going with 'the salvage nation,' she is doing anything that she can be found fault with for.——**Prime** (Lat. *primus*, first), the early morning: or springtime.

14. **Cypress stadle.** Silvanus was represented carrying the trunk of a cypress in his hand: not, however, as a support. 'Stadle,' the old *stathol* (from *standan*, to stand), a firm foundation or support, staff.

15. **Bacchus,** god of wine. His 'merry (or pleasant) fruit' is, of course, the grape.——**Did invent,** had found, or discovered. A past tense between two present tenses.——**Cybĕlē** (dissyllable in text), 'the Great Mother,' 'the Mother of the gods,' was a famous Asiatic goddess. She came to be identified with the Greek Rhĕa, a goddess of the earth and mother of Zeus, &c. Her worship was wildly enthusiastic.——**Mirror.** Una is so called from her clear, bright beauty, or in token of her spotless purity; or else as being a perfect pattern or example (like a reflected image).——**Dryŏpē** (dissyllable in text), daughter of King Dryops, was carried off by the Hamadryades, and became a nymph.——**Phŏlŏe,** another wood and mountain nymph.

16. **Sylvanus self** is in accordance with ancient usage. The possessive form 'Sylvanus' self' is later. Cf. below, 'Venus self.'——**In doubt to deem,** in doubt whether to deem.——**Diana,** an ancient Italian divinity, goddess of light, came to be identified with the Greek Artĕmis. As a huntress, she is represented with bow and quiver of arrows, and buskins to the knee.

18. **Hamadryădes** (from Gr. *hama*, together with, and *drus*, an oak, or any wild lofty tree), nymphs of trees, lived and died with the trees they were born with. Spenser lets them

loose for a moment.——**Naiades** (from Gr. *nao*, flow), nymphs of flowing fresh water—rivers, lakes, brooks, springs, &c.——**Disgrace**, from comparison with Una.

19. **Luckless lucky.** Luckless in being separated from the Redcross Knight; lucky in being delivered from Sansloy, and in meeting with the good-natured forest people.

Traces of Euphuistic influence may be noticed in the expression. Note fantastic tricks like 'Pholoe foul' (15), *'bethinks not what to think'* (16), *'glad of such luck, the luckless lucky maid'* (19).

SPENSER'S BRIDE.

(From *The Epithalamion.*)

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire,
And being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace, and virtue's store;
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded. . . .

Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

NOTES.

148. **Portly pace.** 'Portly' indicates *good carriage* or bearing.

149. **Phœbe,** the moon, the female Phœbus (sun-god). Lit. the bright and pure one.

151. **Seems,** beseems, becomes.

152. **Ween,** think.

158. **Seem** &c. Again, the comparison is not clearly managed. Either 'the locks seem like some maiden queen's; or 'she is made to seem—the locks make her seem—like some maiden queen,' a causative meaning being implied from 'attire her.'—**Like some maiden queen.** There is a reference to Queen Elizabeth, whose locks were red—carroty.

165. **Nathless,** old 'nâ thy les,' not the (= by-that) less, or nevertheless. Spenser has the similar form 'nathemore.'

173. **Redded,** redded, made red.

174. **Rife** is very well for the rhyme, but rather strong for the sense.

175. **Uncrudded,** uncurded. 'Crudde' is the early form of 'curd.'

186. **Spright,** spirit, soul, mind. Cf. spirited, sprightly, sprightful (Shak., Cowley, &c.), animated.

190. **Medusa's mazeful head.** Medusa, Stheno, and Euryale, sisters, were the three Gorgons. For hair, they had hissing serpents; hence 'mazeful heads,' from the intercoiling of the serpents.

191. **Dwells.** Observe sing. verb.

For another magnificent description of 'that jolly shepherd Colin Clout's (Spenser's) lass,' see *The Faery Queen*, Book VI., Canto x. Compare especially:

'So far as doth the Daughter of the Day
All other lesser lights in light excel;
So far doth she *in beautiful array*
Above all other lasses bear the bell;
Ne less *in virtue* that beseems her well
Doth she exceed the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honour brought her to this place,
And gracèd her so much to be another Grace.'

And in the next stanza but one he addresses the Queen, perhaps not without a subtle suggestion of comparison:

'Sun of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth dost lighten with thy rays,
Great Gloriana, greatest majesty!
Pardon thy Shepherd, 'mongst so many lays
As he hath sung of thee in all his days,
To make one minim* of thy poor handmaid,
And underneath thy feet to place her praise;
That, when thy glory shall be far displayed
To future age, of her this mention may be made.'

THE SUNSHINE OF A SMILE.

(SONNET XL.)

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it;
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day;
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

* Very little song.

NOTES.

1. **Cheer**, countenance. Cf. *F. Q.*, I., i. 2, note.

4. **Graces.** Gr. *Charites*, Lat. *Gratiæ*, the Graces, three in number, 'were the goddesses who enhanced the enjoyments of life by refinement and gentleness.'

11. **Comes forth.** Sing. verb. The subjects may be taken separately: 'each bird comes,' and 'every beast comes;' besides the singularising force of 'each' and 'every' is very strong. Cf. Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, canto i. 11:

'Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.'

Still the verb is sometimes plural. Cf. Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Sat. II., ii. 75-6:

'How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy or a city feast!'

Warton's note censures Pope too hastily: 'A strange instance of false grammar and false English, in using *rise* for *rises*.'—Observe 'their,' and cf. Dunbar, lines 96-9, and note, p. 99.

RICHARD HOOKER.—1553?–1600.

RICHARD HOOKER was born near Exeter. Through the good offices of Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, he was sent to Oxford (1567), where he remained many years. In 1581 he married, and settled in the poor living of Drayton-Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire. Here he was visited by an old Oxford pupil, son of Bishop Sandys, who saw with mixed pity and admiration his meek submission to the wretched life that Mrs Hooker led him. Through the influences that Sandys set working, his old tutor was appointed Master of the Temple (1585). Hooker, who preached Episcopalian views in the forenoon, was answered by Travers, who preached Presbyterian views in the afternoon; and when Travers was silenced by Archbishop Whitgift, the war raged in print. Longing for a quiet refuge from controversy, Hooker removed first to the living of Boscombe, near Salisbury (1591), and then to Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury (1595).

The 'judicious' Hooker's great work on *Ecclesiastical Polity* has been the object of high praise. Four Books appeared in 1594, the fifth followed in 1597, and three more were found among his papers at his death in 1600.

CHURCH MUSIC.

(From *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book V., Sect. 38.)

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the

force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body. So that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds

being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and to moderate all affections. The prophet David having therefore singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely indited poems, and was farther the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer; melody, both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which considerations the church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and an help to our own devotion. They which, under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated, require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving, nevertheless, the use of vocal melody to remain, must shew some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony, and not the other. In church music, curiosity and ostentation of art, wanton or light or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, these faults prevented, the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understand-

ing, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.

NOTES.

Of high and low . . . disposition. Inversion of natural order.

Thereof. Compounds of advs. and preps. are exceedingly common in Hooker.

Harmony. Nom. or obj., according to the alternative statements. With inflection of the noun (as in Lat., Gr., &c.), such a contracted sentence is impossible.

A thing. More general noun taking on explanatory adjuncts. The sentence thus gets a new start. It is often more advantageous to eke out a sentence in this way, than to put the matter into a new sentence.

Sensible, that can be felt by the senses, appealing to the senses.

Mean. The singular is almost disused nowadays: we say 'this means.'

Clean contrary. 'Clean' is adv.; it has the same form as the adj., through the falling away of the inflectional termination.

Is perceived. Why 'is' (sing.)? Are the two subjects predicated about together, and are they regarded as quite different?

One kind (is) after. The construction changes here.

Mediocrity: moderate state of feeling or emotion, as opposed to 'ecstasies' (below).

Ditty, something said or sung; here explained by the alternative name 'matter.' O. Fr. *dicte* or *ditte*, from Lat. *dictum* (to say). Another derivation is from Old Eng. *dihtan* (to arrange, compose): cf. Ger. *dichten* (to compose), and *dichter* (a poet).

Indited, declared or set forth in writing, composed. From. Lat. *indictum* (declare), = from *in* and *dico, dictum* (to say).

Melody, both vocal &c. Noun repeated for further qualification. Cf. 'thing' (above).

Under pretence of . . . law . . . abrogated. Latinism.

These faults (being) prevented. Absolute participle; preparatory advl. expression.

Heavy and complicated sentences, with many inversions under the influence of Latin arrangement, are relieved by a grave melody. There are many examples of balanced structure and of tautology.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.—1564–1616.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the greatest of all dramatists and poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1564. He does not seem to have got much education at the local schools. While yet a boy, however, he shared his father's experience of the ups and downs of fortune. John Shakspeare carried on a prosperous business in Stratford, and rose through a succession of public offices to the highest municipal dignity in 1571; but by the end of seven years more he was compelled by stress of circumstances to mortgage (1578) the estate of Ashbies, which had come to him through his wife, Mary Arden. In the meantime also, William Shakspeare's mind was being familiarised, not only with the turns of fortune's wheel, but with the stage representations of these as well, for he had abundant opportunity at Stratford to witness 'the best dramatic productions, such as they were, represented by the best actors then alive.' Very probably, too, he had taken a foremost part in the local amusements at the seasons of the great festivals; such energy as his could not be utterly depressed even by the clouded circumstances of his home. Before he was nineteen, he married (Nov. 28, 1582) Ann Hathaway, daughter of a neighbouring yeoman, and nearly eight years older than himself. Children followed rapidly; first a daughter, and, in less than two years thereafter, twins. Whether under the pressure of his fast-increasing responsibilities, joined with his father's embarrassments, and probably a very irksome life on the whole, or under the restless impulse of conscious power, or the strong attraction of the stage for his most lively and vigorous imagination, Shakspeare found himself in London about the age of twenty-two (1586), a member of the Queen's company of players at Blackfriars Theatre. As an actor, as an adapter of other writers' plays, and as an original dramatist, he achieved a great reputation by the end of the century; no doubt fighting every inch of his way, by the usual indomitable struggle of men that rise in the world, to the acknowledged victory at last. His father witnessed his success before dying in 1601. Besides holding theatre shares, Shakspeare made various extensive purchases of property in and near Stratford, between 1597 and 1605; a guarantee of the substantial accompaniments of his fame. On quitting the stage, he retired to his native place, perhaps not before 1609; and here he continued to write dramas. He died on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, 1616.

Shakspeare's *Plays*—comedies, histories, and tragedies—are nearly forty in number. There has been much debate over certain plays and parts of plays, as to whether they are Shakspeare's work or not; and though various attempts have been made to arrrange his admitted plays in the order of their production, rational conjecture

Wm Shakspeare.

has taken us but a short way beyond the few ascertained dates. *Venus and Adonis* was printed in 1593, and was followed next year by another poem, *The Rape of Lucrece*. The *Sonnets*, over one hundred and fifty in number, were all published by 1609.

HOTSPUR AND HIS PRISONERS.

(From *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, Act I., Scene iii.)

SCENE.—*London; the Palace.*

Enter THE KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

North. Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is delivered to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Shewed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumèd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smiled and talked;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pestered with a popinjay,

Answered neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, Owen Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.
[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*
Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
[*To* WORCESTER.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaimed,
By Richard that is dead, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalised and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be

That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf—
As both of you (God pardon it!) have done—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim.
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners——
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon 't!—it is in Gloucestershire—
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—
His uncle York—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
North. At Berkley castle.
Hot. You say true:——
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look—'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy'—and 'kind cousin'—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!——
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We 'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, in sooth. . . .

NOTES.

23. **Your highness.** Henry (Bolingbroke), son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, dethroned his cousin Richard II., and reigned as King Henry IV., 1399—1413. He was surnamed Bolingbroke, from the place where he was born, in Lincolnshire.

24. **Harry Percy here,** surnamed Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland.——**Holmedon,** or Homildon Hill, near Wooler in Northumberland. Here Percy defeated the Scots, taking Douglas and other nobles prisoners, Sept. 14, 1402. The king wanted the prisoners, to enable him to treat on more advantageous terms with the Scots, against whom he had marched unsuccessfully two years before.

27. **Misprision,** mistake, misapprehension, error. From Lat. *minus* (insufficiently, improperly), and *pre-(he)ndere* (to take, grasp), through O. Fr. *mesprendre*, Mod. Fr. *méprendre*, part. *mesprix, mépris.*

38. **Pounced-box,** a box for holding perfumes, with holes *pounced* or perforated in the lid. There is also a reference to *pounce-box*, a box for holding *pounce* (Fr. *ponce*, Lat. *pumicem*), or pumice-powder.

40. **Who** refers to 'his nose.'

51. **Popinjay,** parrot, a prating coxcomb or fop. Old Eng. *popigay*, Fr. *papegai*, Ger. *papagei* (parrot); from Ger. *papeln* (to babble, chatter), and Fr. *gai*, Lat. *gallus* (a cock). The *n* has crept in: cf. *nightingale* (O. Eng. *nihtegale*, Ger. *nachtigall*),

messenger (old *messager*, O. Fr. *messagier*), *passenger* (old *passager*, O. Fr. *passagier*).

58. **Parmaceti**, spermaceti, a fatty matter obtained chiefly from the head of a certain species of whale. From Gr. and Lat. *sperma* (seed), and Gr. *ketos* (sea-monster).

60. **Saltpetre**, nitre; which, in the native state, is usually found oozing from rocks, walls, &c. Lat. *sal petræ* (salt of rock or stone).

60-1. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 509 and following.

79. **Ransom**, redeem. The noun 'ransom' is a French modification of Lat. *redemptionem* (*re*-d-*emptionem*, a buying back).

80. **Mortimer.** Sir Edmund Mortimer was the second son of the Earl of March and Philippa, daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. He was brother-in-law to Hotspur, who had married his sister Elizabeth. Shakspeare calls her Kate (1 *King Hen. IV.*, ii. 3, and iii. 1).

83. **Great magician.** See 1 *King Hen. IV.*, iii. 1.——**Glendower.** Owen Glendower, proclaiming himself the descendant of the native princes, roused Wales to revolt from Henry IV., in 1400. It required several campaigns of patient and persistent soldiering to break his power.

84. **Whose daughter** &c. She married the Sir Edmund Mortimer mentioned above (80), who had been taken prisoner by her father; not the Earl of March, who was Sir Edmund's nephew. Shakspeare may have been helped to this confusion by the identity of their names.

87. **Indent**, compound, bargain; lit. to notch like the *teeth* (Lat. *dentes*) of a saw. When an *indenture* (contract of apprenticeship) was drawn, the copies for the contracting parties were inscribed on the same piece of parchment, and then separated by a tooth-like cutting, so that they should correspond when compared.

96. **No more but.** After comparatives we now say 'than;' 'but,' however, was common for long after Shakspeare. (See the Queen Anne writers.)

100. **Confound**, consume, destroy; lit. pour together (Lat. *con-fundere*).

101. **Hardiment**, hard blows, resolute fighting.

104. **Who.** Severn is now personified.

108. **Base and rotten policy.** Compare the king's previous speech: 81 and following.

110. **Nor never**: double negative for one denial; emphatic.

121. **Kind**, nature, manner.

125. **An if**: redundant. 'An' means 'if;' it is also often written 'and.'

136. **Unthankful** (cf. 137, **ingrate**). Cf. lines 160 and following.

146. **The next of blood.** This was not Sir Edmund Mortimer, Hotspur's brother-in-law, but the other Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, his nephew (see 84, note). As he was only six years old at Richard II.'s deposition, he was easily passed over; the principle of hereditary descent being in those days of little avail to a child.

151-2. **Did return—deposed—murdered.** In 1399.

159. **Wished** &c. Cf. line 89. Observe the absence of 'to' before 'starve.'

168. **Predicament**, the fact or the matter of predication, that is, of affirming or stating; hence, *situation* or *condition* (in which certain statements may be made or inferences drawn); orig. a logical term. Lat. *prædicamentum*, from *præ-dicāre* (to proclaim, declare).

178. **Shook**: we should say 'shaken.' But in the time of Elizabeth, and much later, the p. part. often took the form of the past tense.

183. **Disdained**, disdainful. From O. Fr. *desdaigner*, Lat. *dedignari* (to think unworthy), from *de* (down, away, in negative sense), and *dignari* (to consider *dignus* or worthy).

187. **Cousin** is often used in the dramatists vaguely, as here (and below)

in addressing relations. It is the same as 'kinsman' in 234.

189. **To**, in accordance with, suitably to: a meaning easily connected with the primary sense, 'in the direction of.'

194. **He**: whoever attempts to o'erwalk &c. (192).

196. **So**, provided that. Cf. 206. 'Cross' is subjunctive.

201. **Methinks**, meseems, it *thinks* (= seems, appears) to *me*. The subj. to 'methinks' is the whole statement, 'it were an easy leap to pluck,' &c.

210. **Attend**. We now add 'to,' although 'to' is already there; 'attend' is lit. to *stretch to* or in the direction of: from Lat. *ad* (by assimilation *at*, to), and *tendo* (stretch).

224. **Shall**. Subj. 'which' omitted: a common omission in poetry.

228. **Defy**, renounce, give up. From Fr. *défier*, Lat. *diffidere*, from *dis* (asunder, in negative sense, reversing the root action), and *fidĕre* (to trust, have *fides* or faith in).

240. **Pismires**, emmets, ants.

241. **Politician**, in bad sense, cunning, artful schemer.

247. **Ravenspurgh**, or Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, was the place where Bolingbroke landed on his return from exile to seize the throne in 1399. The sea has washed it away.

252. **When his infant fortune** &c. The scene referred to is given in Shak., *King Rich. II.*, ii. 3, 65-7:

> '*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
> Which, *till my infant fortune comes to years*,
> Stands for my bounty.'

253. **Gentle Harry Percy**. Cf. *King Rich. II.*, ii. 3, 45:

> '*Boling.* I thank thee, *gentle Percy*.'

254. **Cozeners**, deceivers, cajolers; with a play upon 'cousin' (253). As if 'those that pretend close friendship, and then deceive one's hopes.'

257. **Stay**, wait: we now say 'stay *for*.'

A DOUBLE ROBBERY PLANNED.

(From *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, Act I., Scene ii.)

SCENE.—*London. An apartment of the Prince of Wales.*

Enter THE PRINCE OF WALES, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF (*an 'old fat man,' a 'round man,' a 'huge hill of flesh,' infinitely humorous*), *and* POINS.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

O'clock, of (the) clock.

At Gadshill, in Kent, about three miles from Rochester, on the London road.

Visards, visors: lit. the opening in the helmet for *seeing* through; hence the whole mask or face-covering. French *visière*, from Lat. *visum* (to see).

Gadshill lies, &c. This is one of the company.

Eastcheap, a street in London, in which was the famous Boar's Head Tavern.

Yedward, for Edward. Cf. 'yale' (ale), 'yarbs' (herbs), &c.

For recreation sake. The poss. inflection is dropt. This often happens when either the noun in the poss. ends with the sound of *s*, or the following noun begins with *s*; and especially with 'sake.'

All-hallown summer: like 'latter spring,' summer as at All-hallow, or All-saints' day, the first day of November.

Our habits, clothes, garments. Fr. *habit*, Lat. *habitus*, from *habitum* (to have, hold).

Appointment, equipment, part of our get-up.

Buckram, coarse linen cloth stiffened with glue.

Noted, known.

Turned back. 'Back' is the noun, not adverb here.

A DOUBLE ROBBERY EXECUTED: FALSTAFF AFOOT.

(From *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, Act II., Scene ii.)

SCENE.—*The Highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. (*coming forward*). Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Retires.*

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both! —Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

P. Hen. (*coming forward*). Peace, ye fat paunch! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with* BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards; there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. (*aside*). Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. (*aside*). Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal., Gads., &c. Stand!

Second Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! vile caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we 're undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We 'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind the Travellers.*

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and the others.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming. [*They retire.*

Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

[*As they are sharing, the* PRINCE *and* POINS *set upon them.*

P. Hen. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO *run away, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scattered, and possessed with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along;
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared! [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Squire, square, or rule. Fr. *esquierre.*

This two-and-twenty year. See Lyly, notes, page 79.

Is, sing. vb., 'eight yards' being taken as one extent or measure.

Exchequer (*eks-chek'er*), treasury. Fr. *échiquier* (a chess-board). The Court of Exchequer is said to have been so called from the checked cloth—like a chess-board—used as table-cover. From the exclusive jurisdiction of this court over the revenue, 'exchequer' easily comes to signify 'funds,' 'treasury.'

Colt. Any innkeeper or hackneyman that had been cheated of horses was technically called a 'colt.' Hence 'to colt' is to play tricks on, to befool.

Not colted—uncolted. The Prince plays upon the word 'colt.'

Peach, popularly shortened from 'impeach,' to charge, bring an accusation against, turn informer. Fr. *empêcher* (to hinder), from Lat. *impedire* (to hinder), from *in* and *ped-* (foot): lit., therefore, to fix the foot, entangle.

Sack, a dry Spanish wine, exceedingly common in the 16th century. Fr. *sec*, Lat. *siccus* (dry). Cf. Ger. *sect.*

Case ye, put yourselves in your cases. In the preceding extract, Poins has '*cases* of buckram for the nonce, *to immask our noted* (known) *outward garments.*'

Happy man be his dole: 'be it his dole (*portion, share*) to be a happy (*lucky, fortunate*) man.' 'Dole' (cf. 'deal') is from the old *dælan* (to divide).

Gorbellied, having overgrown bellies, corpulent.

Chuffs, burly men, swollen with gluttony and drunkenness; coarse blunt fellows.

Grand-jurors, members of a grand jury. 'Grand' is Fr. *grand*, Lat. *grandis* (large). 'Jurors' are selected men *that swear* (Lat. *jurant*) to declare the truth (or give their verdict), in civil and criminal trials, according to the evidence placed before them. A grand (or large) jury consists of not more than twenty-three persons, of whom twelve, at least, must agree that there is, or is not, sufficient evidence to put the accused on trial. If eligible as grand-jurors, the travellers would probably be men of some substance.

Jure ye. The same word as 'jar'—knock you soundly. A play upon 'grand-jurors.'

Arrant, said to be from Lat. *errant-* (wandering, vagabond); hence bad, vile, downright, thorough (with nouns of bad meaning).

FALSTAFF'S VALOUR.

(From *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, Act II., Scene iv.)

SCENE.—*The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS (*a waiter*) *following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?—pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a

coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you villainous round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the powers, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague on all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I

am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray Heaven you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained paunch, thou nott-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech,——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse'-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish,—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your paunch away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the powers, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the powers, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors [*To Hostess within*]; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

NOTES.

Stock, article of dress for neck or legs. Here 'nether-stocks' are our 'stockings.'

Titan, the sun; a frequent substitution in the Latin poets.

Shotten herring: a herring that has *shot*, cast, or thrown forth its spawn, and consequently is thin or slim.

The while, the time.

Weaver . . . sing psalms. To comfort his noble soul in these degenerate times. A reference to the Puritans.

Ecce signum! 'behold the token.' Fal-

staff presents his sword, that they may see with their own eyes how it has suffered.

Ebrew Jew. 'Ebrew' is for 'Hebrew.' The descendants of Heber (an ancestor of Abraham) were called 'Hebrews.' From Jacob's other name Israel, they were next called 'Israelites.' Much later they were called 'Jews.' Falstaff seems to think there is considerable force in the qualification 'Ebrew.'

Mainly, with might and main, with their whole strength. See Marlowe, notes, page 89.

Points. Falstaff means their sword-points. Poins plays upon the word, taking it to mean the 'points,' or laces furnished with tags, by means of which the hose were fixed to the doublet.

I followed me close. 'Me' = *for me*, came to be used loosely thus with little real force. A misunderstanding of this idiom causes some fun in the *Taming of the Skrew*, I. ii. (beginning).

Kendal green. 'Kendal, in Westmoreland, was celebrated for its manufacture of green cloth' (Dyce).

Nott-pated, 'having the hair cut short round and round' (Dyce).

Tallow-keech. Dyce quotes: '"A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler" (Percy).'

Strappado, a military punishment, whereby the joints were dislocated. From an Ital. p.part. meaning 'plucked,' 'pulled.'

Reasons . . . blackberries. The comparison takes point from the old pronunciation of 'reasons' very much as 'raisins.' 'Reason' is Fr. *raison*, Lat. *ratiōnem*.

Sanguine (Lat. *sanguĭnem*, blood), having plenty of blood, vigour, courage—in the absence of an enemy; or more literally.

Tuck, a rapier. Fr. *estoc*.

Argument, subject, theme. Cf. (near end of preceding extract) '*argument* for a week.' Lat. *argumentum*, from *arguo* (make clear, assert). A short account of the contents of a play, poem, &c., prefixed to the work (or parts of the work) was entitled 'Argumentum,' or 'The Argument.' Referring to the dumb-show introducing the play in *Hamlet* (iii. 2), Ophelia says: 'Belike this show imports the *argument* of the play;' and when the king gets alarmed, he asks Hamlet: 'Have you heard the *argument?*' (what the play is about). So Spenser, *Faery Queen*, Book I., Introd. 4, calls Truth (Una) 'the *argument* of mine afflicted style' (the *subject* of my humble pen).

MURDER RELENTING.

(From *King John*, Act IV., Scene i.)

SCENE.—*A Room in a Castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look you stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.—
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Young lad, come forth: I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, 'tis not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. (*aside*). If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. (*aside*). His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Shewing a paper.*
(*Aside.*) How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the water of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter **Attendants,** *with Cord, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O Heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strewed repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguisèd.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O Heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

1. **Hubert.** Hubert de Burgh has undertaken, at the instigation of King John, to murder Prince Arthur.—**Heat . . . hot.** 'Hot' is adj., complement to 'heat.' The expression is condensed for—'heat (for) me these irons, so that they shall be hot—exceedingly hot.'

2. **Arras,** tapestry, hangings woven with figures. From *Arras,* a town of France, in the department Pas de Calais, long famous for tapestry.

9. **Arthur** was the son of Geoffrey, third son of Henry II. John being Henry's youngest son, Arthur, his nephew, would come before him, according to the rule of hereditary succession. Hence John thinks he should be more secure of the crown if Arthur were put out of the way. Arthur was born in 1187, and is supposed to have been murdered (by John's own hand) at Rouen in 1203.

10, 11. **Little prince . . . more prince.** A double play upon 'little.' Hubert uses 'little' as adj., applying to size or extent of physical growth. Arthur uses 'little' and 'more' as advs., the noun 'prince' being practically =

'princely,' and he refers to extent of power and dignity.

13. **But I.** 'But' is conj.; and the full construction is—'but I *should be sad*.'

14. **When I was in France.** Shak. supposes him to be in England. But, if historical accuracy were observed, he should now be in the castle of Rouen in Normandy.

16. **Christendom**, belief as a Christian, Christian faith. (See notes, page 20.)

17. **Kept sheep.** Cf. Greene, pp. 86–7.

24. **So**, provided that, if: as in 17 and 102.

33. **Rheum**, a flow of humours; here, of tears. Gr. *rheuma*, from *rheo* (to flow).

34. **Dispiteous**, cruel. See Spenser, notes, page 56. Here, perhaps, not without a reference to 'piteous,' as if 'pitiless.'

52. **At your sick service.** Much condensed for—'at your service, when you were sick.'

57. **Nor never**: common double negative, emphatic.

60. **Iron age.** A play upon 'iron,' rather unseasonable. According to the Greek theory of first a golden age, next a silver age, then a bronze age, and last an iron age, the degeneracy of mankind is marked as continuous. Arthur refers to the coldness and cruel rigour of his treatment.

61. **Heat**, for 'heated.' Cf. 'create' (107), and note to 'lift,' page 89. The 'ed' is frequently dropt off, especially after a root ending in 't.'

70. **No tongue.** In full: '*I would believe* no tongue,' &c.

76. **What** = why: as if elliptical for 'for what.' The form is very common in Old English.

78. **For Heaven sake.** Cf. note to 'for recreation sake,' page 123.

99. **Want**, be wanting in; be unable to plead enough.

107. **Being create** is adjunct to 'the fire.' 'To be used' is = at being used, because it has been used; and the connection is—'is dead with grief, or grieving, to be (= at being) used so, seeing that it was created for comfort.

108. **Else** = if you think I am not right.

110. **His.** The coal is personified in 109—111.

117. **Tarre**, excite, provoke.

119. **Only you** = you alone.

120. **Extends.** Why singular? Or is it plural? (cf. note to 'dyes,' p. 99).

121. **Creatures**, (created) objects. 'Of note for' = noted for.

123. **Owes**, has, possesses. Modified from the old *agan* (to own).

128. **But** = that . . . not: 'your uncle must not know *that* you are *not* dead.' Or, by ellipsis, 'must not know (anything) but (that) you are dead.'

130. **Doubtless**, free from doubt or fear.

131. **That Hubert** . . . will not &c. Noun clause dependent upon adjs. 'doubtless and secure,' which have the force of 'not doubting or fearing, but believing for certain, that Hubert,' &c.

133. **Closely**, secretly and cautiously.

THE END OF ALL.

(From *The Tempest*, Act IV., Scene i.)

Prospero. Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

NOTES.

Rack, drift of the sky; thin, broken flying clouds. | Are made on, 'On' is now superseded by 'of.'

On a scroll in Shakspeare's hand, as he stands in Westminster Abbey, is inscribed an adaptation (very slightly altered) of the passage: 'And, like the baseless fabric . . . leave not a rack behind.'

INGRATITUDE.

(From *As You Like It*, Act II., Scene vii.)

SCENE.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter THE DUKE (*banished*), AMIENS, *and* Lords *like outlaws; and others.*

SONG.

I.

Amiens. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

For the sentiment, compare *King Lear* throughout, particularly Act i., sc. 4, 281-3 and 310-11; Act ii., sc. 4, 137; Act iii., sc. 2, 16-17, &c.

IMMORTALITY IN THE POET'S VERSE.

(SONNET LV.)

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

NOTES.

1-2. **Not marble . . . rhyme.** The classical scholar will compare Horace, *Odes*, iii. 30.

7. **Mars his sword**, for '*Mars's* sword.' See Layamon, 28,539, note, page 18. A verb as predicate to 'sword' is implied: 'shall cut to pieces,' or such like.

9. **Oblivious** now usually means 'forgetting,' 'forgetful,' but here it has the causative sense, 'causing to forget.' Cf. *Macb.* V. iii. 43: 'some sweet *oblivious* (= causing oblivion) antidote;' and Milton, *P. L.*, i. 266: 'the *oblivious* pool,' with *P. L.*, ii. 74: 'that *forgetful* lake.'

FRANCIS BACON.—1561–1626.

FRANCIS BACON was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. After spending nearly three years at Trinity College, Cambridge, he resided fully two years more with the English ambassador at Paris. On his father's death in 1579, he turned earnestly to the study of law, at the same time continuing to interest himself in politics, and engaging in literary work. In 1584 he entered parliament. He did not rise fast in his profession during the life of Elizabeth, but under James he was rapidly promoted, becoming Lord Chancellor in 1618. In the same year he was created Baron Verulam; and he was made Viscount St Albans in 1621. In less than two months, Bacon was charged with accepting bribes in the exercise of his functions; and in May 1621 he was censured by

parliament, and deprived of the Great Seal. He devoted his remaining five years to study.

The Advancement of Learning appeared in 1605, in two Books; in 1623, it was issued in Latin under the title of *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, in nine Books. *The History of the Reign of Henry VII.* (1622) was his first work after his retirement from public affairs. The *Essays*, ten in number, were first published in 1597; in 1612 (second revised edition), they had increased to thirty-eight; and the edition of 1625 included fifty-eight. The original essays were extended and improved in the successive editions. Bacon's other works were very numerous.

MORAL ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING.

(From *Of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, divine and human*, Book I.)

Sound learning taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds: but indeed the accent had need be upon 'sound:' for a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of any thing, which is the root of all weakness. For all things are admired, either because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man that wadeth in learning or contemplation throughly, but will find that printed in his heart, *nil novi super terram*.[1] Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies, and the conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece, of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage, or a fort, or some walled town at the most, he said 'it seemed to him that he was advertised of the

[1] *Nothing new upon earth.*

battle of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales went of.' So certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth, with men upon it (the divineness of souls except) will not seem much other than an ant-hill, whereas some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death or adverse fortune; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken, and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead, and thereupon said *Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori.*[1] And therefore Vergil[2] did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together, as *concomitantia.*[3] . . .

It were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind, sometimes purging the ill humours, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and exulcerations thereof, and the like; and therefore I will conclude with that which hath *rationem totius,*[4] which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that *suavissima vita, indies sentire se fieri*

[1] *Yesterday I saw a brittle vessel broken; to-day I have seen a mortal man die.* [2] *Georg.*, ii. 490-2. [3] *Facts that (necessarily) go together—keep company.* Bacon goes on to quote here the lines of Vergil referred to. [4] *The sum of the whole matter* (Cf. Eccles. xii. 13).

meliorem.[1] The good parts he hath he will learn to shew to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them. The faults he hath, he will learn how to hide and colour them, but not much to amend them; like an ill mower, that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas, with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof. Nay, farther, in general and in sum, certain it is that *Veritas*[2] and *Bonitas*[3] differ but as the seal and the print: for Truth prints Goodness; and they be the clouds of error, which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations.

[1] *Most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves become better.* [2] *Truth.* [3] *Goodness.*

NOTES.

Conceits, thoughts. See notes, page 154.

Nothing but examined and tried. Latin construction.

Admiration, wondering. Lat. *admirationem*, from *ad-miror* (wonder at). Cf. (below) 'marvel.'

For novelty. Such phrases of reference (with 'for,' 'as for,' &c.) in the foreground are exceedingly common in Bacon. Cf. (below) 'for magnitude.'

That goeth. The antecedent to 'that' is 'man:' the separation is very awkward.

Adviseth, considereth, looketh attentively at. From Fr. *adviser, aviser*, from Lat. *ad-visum* (to look at).

As Alexander. This sentence is incomplete, the second part of the comparison being given in the next. The Latin edition separates the two parts only by a colon.

He said. The subject to 'said' is 'Alexander the Great;' and the pron. 'he' is inserted to recall the noun-subject, which is liable to be forgotten when so many clauses come between it and the verb. Even one clause was felt to break the connection so much as to justify the insertion of the pronoun. (See Murison's *First Work in English*, sect. 537.)

The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice (*Batrachomyomachia*) is the title of a Greek poem frequently ascribed by the ancients to Homer, but evidently belonging to a later period. 'Plutarch (*Ages.* 15, sect. 6) relates that Alexander called the battle between Antipater and Agis a battle of mice. The news was brought to him soon after the battle of Arbela' (Wright).

It taketh away &c. Observe the systematic repetition of this expression.

Epictetus, a celebrated Stoic philosopher (60—140 A.D.). He was a Phrygian by birth, and began life as the slave of a freedman of Nero's.

Purging . . . opening, &c. One of the most useful applications of the participle.

Which descend. The antecedent to 'which' is 'they' (the clouds).

Similarities of structure may be studied, and tautologies may be pruned.

OF THE CHARACTER OF HENRY VII.

(From *The History of the Reign of King Henry VII.*)

No doubt, in him, as in all men, and most of all in kings, his fortune wrought upon his nature, and his nature upon his fortune. He attained to the crown, not only from a private fortune, which might endow him with moderation; but also from the fortune of an exiled man, which had quickened in him all seeds of observation and industry. And his times being rather prosperous than calm, had raised his confidence by success, but almost marred his nature by troubles. His wisdom, by often evading from perils, was turned rather into a dexterity to deliver himself from dangers when they pressed him, than into a providence to prevent and remove them afar off. And even in nature, the sight of his mind was like some sights of eyes; rather strong at hand, than to carry afar off. For his wit increased upon the occasion: and so much the more if the occasion were sharpened by danger. Again, whether it were the shortness of his foresight, or the strength of his will, or the dazzling of his suspicions, or what it was; certain it is that the perpetual troubles of his fortunes, there being no more matter out of which they grew, could not have been without some great defects and main errors in his nature, customs, and proceedings, which he had enough to do to save and help with a thousand little industries and watches. But those do best appear in the story itself. Yet take him with all his defects, if a man should compare him with the kings his concurrents in France and Spain, he shall find him more politic than Lewis the twelfth of France, and more entire and sincere than Ferdinando of Spain. But if you shall change Lewis the twelfth for Lewis the eleventh, who died a little before, the consort is more perfect. For that Lewis the eleventh, Ferdinando, and Henry, may be

esteemed for the *tres magi*[1] of kings of those ages. To conclude, if this king did no greater matters, it was long of himself: for what he minded he compassed.

[1] *Three wise men.*

NOTES.

Henry VII. Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, was born in 1456. He defeated Richard III. on Bosworth Field, Aug. 22, 1485 (see page 53), and at once ascended the throne as Henry VII. He reigned 1485—1509.

Evading, lit. *going out* (Lat. *e-vadĕre*), stepping aside. Hence it is followed by 'from,' which we now drop.

Providence, lit. *foresight* (Lat. *providentia*, from *vidēre*, to see), which occurs three sentences below.

Prevent, lit. *come before* or *sooner than* (Lat. *præ-ventum*), anticipate. Cf. Job xxx. 27; Ps. cxix. 147-8; &c.; and (below) Thomson, *Spring*, 183, note.

Afar off. In full: '*when they were* (or *appeared*) afar off.' If the balance were thus completed, there would be no suggestion that 'afar off' modifies 'remove.'

Wit, judgment, mental ability or resource.

Concurrents, contemporaries. Lat. *concurrentes* (together, or at the same time, running). Perhaps there is implied somewhat of the sense of *rivalry*. Cf. Ger. *concurrent* (competitor, rival); and Raleigh, *History of the World*, Book II., ch. xix., sect. 5 (quoted by Richardson): 'How long this Tibni, the new *competitor* of Omri, held out, I do not find, only it appears that his side decayed, and so he died, leaving no other successor than his *concurrent*.' So Dryden, *Dedication of Translations from Ovid*: 'Let Homer and Vergil *contend for the prize of honour betwixt themselves*; I am satisfied they will never have a third *concurrent*.'

Lewis XII. reigned 1498—1515.

Entire is synon. with 'sincere.' Fr. *entier*, Lat. *integer*, from *in* (not) and root *tag* (in *tangere*, to touch). Lit. *untouched, of integrity.*

Ferdinando. Ferdinand the Catholic, husband of Isabella, reigned 1479—1516.

If you. This is a very convenient alternation with 'a man' (cf. preceding sentence), 'one,' &c.; but the use of it implies a degree of familiarity.

Lewis XI. reigned 1461—1483.

Consort, agreement, similarity. From Lat. *con-sortem* (having the same lot).

For, that = for: the clause of reason or explanation getting a sentence to itself.

Magi, a name for priests and religious teachers among the Medes and Persians. The reference is to the *three* specially notable *magi* or 'wise men' who came to see Christ (Matt. ii.). They are said to have been 'regarded almost *as kings* in the East;' and some have thought them typical of 'the kings of the east' in Rev. xvi. 12. But really 'there is no ground for supposing the magi to have been *three* in number, or to have been *kings*. The *first* tradition appears to have arisen from the number of their gifts: the *second*, from the prophecy in Is. lx. 3' (Alford).

Long of himself: owing to, on account of, himself. Shortened from 'along,' which in O. Eng. was *gelang*. This is a different word from 'along,' the prep. of place, as in '*along* the street.'

Balance kept up; highly idiomatic language.

OF STUDIES.

(From the *Essays*: ed. 1625.)

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar.

They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience:

For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them:

For they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others: but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books: else distilled books, are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.*[1] Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores.*[2] If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases:

So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

[1] *Studies pass into manners* (form character). Ovid, *Her.* xv. 83. [2] *Dividers of cumin seed, hair-splitters.*

NOTES.

Studies. The Lat. ed. of 1638 is fuller: 'Studies *and the reading of books.*'

Is the humour of a scholar. Lat. ed.: 'tastes altogether of the school, and does not succeed well.'

Confute. Lat. ed.: 'engage in battles of discussion.'

Not curiously, not with diligent care (Lat. *cura*). Lat. ed.: 'not much time to be spent in turning them over.' See contrast in next clause.

Arguments. See note, page 132.

Flashy. Lat. ed.: 'insipid, tasteless.'

Full. Lat. ed.: 'copious and well-informed.'

Conference. Lat. ed.: 'discussions and conversations.'

Abeunt &c. Mr Arber (to whose reprint we are much indebted) quotes Bacon's own paraphrase: 'Studies have an influence and operation upon the manners of those that are conversant in them.' (*Advancement of Learning*, Book I.)

Stond, *stand*, stop; = impediment.

Reins, kidneys. Lat. *renes.* The

'reins' of a horse, &c., must be distinguished: through French from Lat. *retinēre* (to hold back or in).

Cymini sectores. Mr Arber quotes: 'Antoninus Pius . . . . was called *Cymini Sector*, a carver or divider of cumin seed, which is one of the least seeds: such patience he had and settled spirit, to enter into the least and most exact differences of causes.' (*Advancement of Learning*, Book I.)

An abrupt succession of paragraphs containing 'dispersed meditations' on the subject. Elaborate balance. Contrast Bacon's 'essay' with later examples—such as Addison's or Lamb's.

OF ADVERSITY.

(From the *Essays*: ed. 1625.)

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that 'the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.' *Bona rerum secundarum, optabilia; adversarum, mirabilia.*[1] Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, (much too high for a heathen), 'It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God.' *Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.*[2] This would have done better in poesy, where transcendences are more allowed. And the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is, in effect, the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian: that 'Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher:' lively describing Christian resolution; that saileth, in the frail bark of the flesh, thorough the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean. The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude: which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the

[1] *Epistle* 66. [2] *Epistle* 53.

blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New; which carrieth the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols: and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

NOTES.

Senēca, a Roman philosopher (about 5 B.C.—65 A.D.).

The Stoics formed one of the sects of Greek philosophers. The school was founded by Zeno about 300 B.C. The name is taken from the *Painted Portico* (*Stoa poikilē*), the porch or building where Zeno taught, which was adorned with the paintings of Polygnotus. The leading philosophers of the Roman period of stoicism, whose writings are extant, belong to the time of the Empire: Seneca, Epictētus (above, page 142), and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (121—180 A.D.).

To be admired (Lat. *mirabilia*): to be regarded with wonder; to be considered as unusually and specially good, being unexpected.

Miracles. There is here a subtle play upon the derivation of the word 'miracles' (Lat. *miracula*, wonderful things), ranking them among *mirabilia*.

To have in one. Instead of the indefinite demonstrative pronoun 'one,' Bacon (like many other writers) frequently uses 'a man.' For an obvious reason he could not say 'a man' here. Or is 'in one' = 'combined'?

Frailty is Lat. *fragilitatem* modified by French influence. We have 'fragile' side by side with 'frail.'

Security, firmness, unshakableness; opposed to 'frailty.'

Transcendences (Lat. *trans-scend-entia*, beyond-climb-ing), speeches, thoughts, &c., rising higher than the ordinary reach of men.

Strange, from Lat. *extraneus* (from *extra*, outside), through O. Fr. *estrange*.

Hercules (in Greek, Hēraclēs), the most famous of ancient heroes, son of Zeus (Jupiter). The wonderful deeds he performed have rendered his name proverbial in the expression of extraordinary physical strength and resolution.

Unbind: *un* denotes reversal of the action of the simple verb.

Prometheus (*Pro-me'theus*), the Titan, was chained by Zeus to a pillar, where he endured perpetual torture, his liver being daily consumed by an eagle and nightly restored. He had stolen fire from heaven, at which Zeus was exceedingly enraged; for the father of the gods had withdrawn fire from mortals in revenge for a deception previously practised upon him by Prometheus. The Titan was released from his suffering by Hercules, who killed the eagle.

The great ocean: the 'Ocean Stream' (Milton) of the early Greek writers, who supposed the sea to be a river flowing round the earth.

Lively, here an adverb: in modern use, an adjective—as (below) 'a. *lively* work.' 'Livelily,' the regular adv., sounds ill; but Bacon uses it elsewhere. Cf. Hooker, *Eccl. Pol.*, i. 8: 'Such as keep them (the laws of reason) resemble most *lively* in their voluntary actions' the course of nature. So 'cowardly' (Shak., 1 *Hen. IV.*, I. iii. 63, above); 'unseemly' (Collins, *Ode to Evening*, 18, below); 'godly' in Tit. ii. 12: 'We should live soberly, righteously, and *godly* in this present world;' with which cf. Jude, 15: 'to convince all that are *ungodly* (adj.) among them of all their *ungodly* (adj.) deeds, which they have *ungodly* (adv.) committed.' In such cases, the use of the adj. form as adv. is convenient and easy, partly through the frequency of 'ly' as adverbial termination, partly through the awkwardness of doubling it.

In a mean, in moderate language; in expressions less high, or grand, than I have been using.

Temperance, moderation, self-restraint, in a wide sense.

Distastes: opposed to 'comforts.' Cf. *Advancement of Learning*, Book I.: 'to give ourselves *repose* and contentment, and not *distaste* or repining.'

Incensed, burnt. An older form is 'to incend.' Latimer uses 'cense.'

Discover, *remove the cover*, bring to light, shew. Cf. 'dis' with 'un' (above).

But. Too strong for all the opposition between the statements. 'While' would be quite strong enough.

Much balanced structure, sometimes improvable. Compare this 'essay' with the foregoing.

BEN JONSON.—1573–1637.

BEN JONSON, the greatest of our dramatists that were contemporary with Shakspeare and survived him, was a posthumous child. He was educated at Westminster School at the expense of Camden the antiquary—

> 'Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
> All that I am in arts, and all I know.'

If he next went to St John's College, Cambridge, for a few weeks, he presently engaged in bricklaying, his step-father's business; and this he soon left in disgust and took to soldiering in the Netherlands. Here, as he told Drummond of Hawthornden, he had, 'in the face of both camps, killed one enemy, and taken *spolia opima* from him.' He

soon returned to London, and attached himself to the stage. In 1598, he was challenged by an actor, and again he killed his opponent; an event that very nearly nipped his dramatic career in the bud. He worked most earnestly as a dramatist for forty years. The stone over his grave in Westminster Abbey bears the legend:

'O Rare Ben Jonson!'

Jonson's first comedy, *Every Man in his Humour*, was acted in 1598 (if not earlier), Shakspeare taking a part. Jonson dedicated it (in the collected edition of his works, 1616) 'to the most learned, and my honoured friend, Master Camden.' *Every Man out of his Humour* followed in 1599. By 1616 he had written about a dozen more plays, including his two tragedies—*Sejanus* (1603), and *Catiline* (1611). From 1616 to 1625 he seems to have produced nothing for the regular stage; and only four or five plays appeared at long intervals in the next ten years. From the accession of James in 1603, he furnished yearly masks or other entertainments for the Court down to 1627. He left among his papers *The Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral drama, incomplete; and a collection of jottings in prose under the title of *Timber; or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter.*

CAPTAIN BOBADILL'S VALOUR.

(From *Every Man in his Humour*, Act IV., Scene v.)

SCENE.—*Moorfields.*

Enter Master MATTHEW (a town gull), EDWARD KNOWELL (a young gentleman), Captain BOBADILL (a Paul's man), *and* Master STEPHEN (a country gull).

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul of you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that: You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay! [*Practises at a post with his cudgel.*

Mat. Rare, captain!

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a —— punto.

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge in that mystery only, there came three or four of them to me, at a gentleman's house where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to entreat my presence at their schools; and withal so much importuned me that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure. Well, I told them that to come to a public school, they should pardon me,—it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased them since a credit to admiration: they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for them: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no! what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords—observe me—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. Ods so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

[DOWNRIGHT *crosses the stage.*

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged, then, if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

But see, he is come again.

Down. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me——

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now—— Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Matthew.

Down. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

[*Disarms and beats him.* MATTHEW *runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear!

Down. Prate again, as you like this! You'll control the point, you! Your consort is gone; had he staid he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passados, and your montantos, I'll none of them. [*Exit* BOBADILL.] O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make them! Come, coz. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Gull, witling, stupid fellow. Gifford quotes Sir J. Davies, *Epig.* ii., where the term is explained. The gull is cowardly, licentious, vain; and he interlards his foolish talk with oaths.

'But, to define a gull in terms precise,
A gull is he which seems, and is not, wise.'

A Paul's man, 'a frequenter of the middle aisle of St Paul's Cathedral, the common resort of cast captains, sharpers, gulls, and gossipers of every description' (Gifford).

Bastinado, cudgel. Span. *bastonada* (Fr. *bastonnade*), from *baston* (Fr. *bâton*), a cane, stick, *baton*. Cf. Act i., sc. 4: '*Mat.* He brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear. *Bob.* How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow? *Mat.* Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.'

Hay! '*A hit!* from the Ital. *hai*, you have it' (Gifford).

An't, an it. 'An' = if.

Have purchased. Subject?

More, greater. Cf. the present usage.

Preposterous, perverted, the reverse of what should be. Lat. *præ-postĕrus*, lit. putting *before*, or first, what should come *after*, or last.

They have assaulted me, &c. 'Nothing can be more exquisitely imagined than the conduct of this scene, in which Bobadill boasts so loudly of his skill and intrepidity, just as disgrace is about to burst on his head. In the elevation of his fancy, Jonson, with genuine humour, makes him forget his usual caution, and betray his haunts, which, in his first conversation with Master Matthew, he appears so solicitous to conceal. All the places which he enumerates were the abodes of poverty and vice; and his acquaintance with them completely disproves his claims to gentility and fashion' (Gifford).

Ordinary, public dining-room, where a fixed (*ordinary*, regular) price is charged.

In my conceit, opinion; what is conceived (Lat. *conceptum*) or thought by me. Cf. (below) 'Discoveries,' *On Lord Bacon:* 'My *conceit* of his person.'

Your punto, &c. Fencing-terms adopted from Italy. 'Punto' (Ital. *punta*), a thrust, stroke. 'Reverso,' or 'punto reverso' (Ital. *punta riversa*), a back-handed thrust or stroke. 'Stoccata' ('stoccado' is another form), a thrust, properly of the long rapier (*stocco*). 'Imbroccato,' down stroke. 'Passada,' a pass, advance

or leap upon the enemy. Cf. Act i., sc. 4: '*Mat.* How mean you, sir, pass upon me? *Bob.* Why, thus, sir—make a thrust at me—[Master MATTHEW *pushes at* BOBADILL] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body. The best-practised gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it.' 'Montanto,' upward thrust. In Shak., *Much Ado About Nothing*, i. 1, Beatrice jestingly calls Benedick 'Signior Montanto,' referring to his fencing or fighting qualities: 'I pray you, is *Signior Montanto* returned from the wars, or no?'

That's two hundred. Check the gallant captain's arithmetic. The calculation is no doubt intentionally wrong—on the author's part.

Downright is 'Mr Wellbred's half-brother' (above); 'a plain squire.'

State. See note to 'estate' (page 42). We should now probably say, 'stand in Downright's shoes.'

Pharaoh's foot. In addressing him thus, Downright makes game of one of Bobadill's marvellous oaths. Cf. Act i., sc. 3. So Bobadill's swearing is the despair of Master Stephen (Act iii., sc. 2): '*Steph.* Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Cæsar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by St George!—No, I have not the right grace.'

Tall man. 'Tall' does not necessarily refer to height or bulk; it is often used for 'bold,' 'courageous.'

Control the point. 'To *control the point* is to bear, or beat it down: Downright retorts his own words upon the poor baffled captain: but the expression is technical; thus, the Bravo in the *Antiquary* says, "I do it by a slight, and by that I can *control any man's point whatever*"' (Gifford).

Say. Imperative used nearly as conjunction (= though). Cf. the participles, 'granting,' 'admitting,' &c.

Struck with a planet. Warton says Jonson 'indirectly intended to ridicule the prevailing fondness for astrology.' Gifford says: 'It seems to have escaped Warton that *planet-stricken* was then the term in vogue for any sudden attack for which the physician could not readily find a proper name;' and he shews that '*planet-struck*' was one of the headings of the bills of mortality, along with 'apoplex and meagrim,' 'suddenly,' &c.

Cos. Familiar for 'cousin.'

A MEETING OF CONSPIRATORS.

(From *Catiline his Conspiracy*, Act I., Scene i.)

[LUCIUS SERGIUS CATILĪNA never allowed scruples of conscience to stand in the way of his pleasure or his ambition. The conspiracy referred to was his last and most extensive one, in 63 B.C.; its object was a revolution in the State. The plans of the conspirators were thwarted by the vigilance of Cicero; Catiline left Rome (Nov. 8—9), and his chief confederates were put to death (Dec. 5). Early next year, 62 B.C., his party was cut to pieces, and he himself slain.]

SCENE.—*A Room in* CATILINE'S *House.*

To CATILINE *enter* LENTULUS, *in discourse with* CETHEGUS.

Lent. It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car

Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it!
She is not rosy-fingered, but swoln black!
Her face is like a water turned to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threatened night ere noon of day!
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wished in it, as on other morns.
Cet. Why, all the fitter, Lentulus: our coming
Is not for salutation, we have business.
Cat. Said nobly, brave Cethegus. Where's Autronius?
Cet. Is he not come?
Cat. Not here.
Cet. Nor Vargunteius?
Cat. Neither.
Cet. A fire in their beds and bosoms,
That so will serve their sloth rather than virtue!
They are no Romans,—and at such high need
As now!
Lent. Both they, Longinus, Lecca, Curius,
Fulvius, Gabinius, gave me word last night,
By Lucius Bestia, they would all be here,
And early.
Cet. Yes: as you, had I not called you.
Come, we all sleep, and are mere dormice; flies
A little less than dead: more dulness hangs
On us than on the morn. We're spirit-bound
In ribs of ice; our whole bloods are one stone;
And honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
Though they burn hot as fevers to our states.
Cat. I muse they would be tardy at an hour
Of so great purpose.
Cet. If the gods had called
Them to a purpose, they would just have come
With the same tortoise speed, that are thus slow
To such an action which the gods will envy,
As asking no less means than all their powers,
Conjoined, to effect! I would have seen Rome burnt
By this time, and her ashes in an urn;
The kingdom of the senate rent asunder,

And the degenerate talking gown run frighted
Out of the air of Italy.
Cat. Spirit of men!
Thou heart of our great enterprise! how much
I love these voices in thee!
Cet. O, the days
Of Sylla's sway, when the free sword took leave
To act all that it would!
Cat. And was familiar
With entrails, as our augurs.
Cet. Sons killed fathers,
Brothers their brothers.
Cat. And had price and praise.
All hate had license given it, all rage reins.
Cet. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretcht himself
To seem more huge; whilst to his stainèd thighs
The gore he drew flowed up, and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his arch:
No age was spared, no sex.
Cat. Nay, no degree.
Cet. Not infants in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay.
Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,
All died.
Cat. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives.
To strike but only those that could do hurt,
Was dull and poor: some fell to make the number,
As some the prey.
Cet. The rugged Charon fainted,
And asked a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came:
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies that those souls were frighted from;
And e'en the graves were filled with men yet living,
Whose flight and fear had mixed them with the dead.
Cat. And this shall be again, and more, and more,
Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius,
Is to stand up in Rome.

Lent. Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain.
Cat. How!
Lent. I mean, not cleared,
And therefore not to be reflected on.
Cat. The Sibyl's leaves uncertain? or the comments
Of our grave, deep, divining men not clear?
Lent. All prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.
Cat. But this already hath confessed, without;
And so been weighed, examined, and compared,
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him
Would faint in the belief.
Lent. Do you believe it?
Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it?
Lent. The augurs all are constant I am meant.
Cat. They had lost their science else.
Lent. They count from Cinna.
Cat. And Sylla next, and so make you the third:
All that can say the sun is risen, must think it.
Lent. Men mark me more of late as I come forth.
Cat. Why, what can they do less? Cinna and Sylla
Are set and gone; and we must turn our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
But view him with me here! He looks already
As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
And the awed purple dropped their rods and axes:
The statues melt again, and household gods
In groans confess the travail of the city:
The very walls sweat blood before the change,
And stones start out to ruin ere it comes.
Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.
Lent. I am your creature, Sergius; and whate'er
The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
It is not augury, nor the Sibyl's books,
But Catiline, that makes it.
Cat. I am shadow
To honoured Lentulus, and Cethegus here,
Who are the heirs of Mars.
Cet. By Mars himself,

Catiline is more my parent; for whose virtue
Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,
Though envy should come too. [*Noise within.*] O, there they are.
Now we shall talk more, though we yet do nothing. . . .

NOTES.

201. **Lentulus.** Publius Cornelius Lentulus Sura had been consul in 71 B.C., but next year was ejected from the senate for his vicious life. To recover himself, he became prætor for the second time in 63. When Catiline left the city, Lentulus headed the conspirators in Rome. He was strangled in the Capitoline prison, Dec. 5, 63 B.C. (See further below.) He is ready to interpret every occurrence as an omen.——**It is, methinks,** &c. It is a common device of the poets to represent nature as in sympathy with human action.

202. **As** her sullen car, &c. For *as if*: a common usage. Cf. (6th line below) 'It does not look *as* it would have,' &c. Also Chaucer, *Prologue* (The Squire), 81, and *The Nun's Priest's Tale* (The Cock, Chanticleer), 40.

204. **Rosy-fingered.** Homer's usual epithet. Cf. Milton, *Par. Reg.*, iv. 428: 'Her radiant finger.'

210. **Cethegus.** Caius Cornelius Cethēgus led a very profligate life. When Catiline left the city, Cethegus acted under Lentulus, the chief part allotted to him being the murder of the leading senators. On the frustration of their plans, Cethegus was put to death with the other conspirators. (See above.)

221. **Dormice.** The dormouse remains torpid during winter.

226. **States,** (personal) conditions; bodies.

236. **Talking gown.** The 'gown' or *toga* of office; for those wearing it. He aims at the expatriation of the Senate, and particularly of Cicero. (Cf. 'Act ii., sc. 1: 'that talking Cicero').

238. **Heart . . . enterprise.** Work out the comparison.

240. **Sylla,** properly 'Sulla.' Lucius Sulla (138—68 B.C.), a man whose ability was equally conspicuous with his profligacy, raised himself to the dictatorship 81—79 B.C.

242. **Augurs** formed a college of priests, who made observations chiefly on the movements of certain birds, on the entrails of sacrificed animals, and on the states of the sky, from which they interpreted the will of the gods. The first syllable *au-* is probably = *avi-* (bird).

243. **Prize and praise.** A jingle. Cf. Milton, *Par. Reg.*, iv. 434, note.

250. **The porch of life.** Explain the metaphor.

255. **But only.** Redundancy.

257. **Charon,** son of Erĕbos (Darkness), was the 'grim ferryman' that boated the shades of the dead across the rivers of the lower world 'unto the kingdom of perpetual night.'

265. **The third Cornelius.** The vanity and ambition of Lentulus were turned to account by Catiline. The oracle-interpreters pointed to him as the third of the fortunate Cornelii, who, according to the Sibylline prophecy, should rule Rome. Cf. (below): '*Lent.* They count from Cinna,' &c. Lucius Cornelius Cinna, the famous popular leader, ruled as consul for three years, 86—84 B.C. The second Cornelius was Sulla (see above).

266. **That** is so uncertain. For '*that that*' (anteced. and rel.).

269. **The Sibyl's leaves.** A Sibyl, or prophetic woman, appeared before one of the early Roman kings with nine books for sale. The king declined

to buy, whereupon she retired and burned three, and then demanded the original price for the six left. The king still declined the bargain, whereupon the Sibyl burned three more, and offered him the remaining three for the original price of the nine. The king embraced his last opportunity; and the books were deposited in a stone chest in the vaults of the great temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline hill. In the conflagration of 83 B.C., the books were burned, and commissioners were sent to gather a fresh collection in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, which was deposited in the same place. The custodians were at first two, then ten, and in 63 B.C., fifteen. Strictly, these alone consulted the books, and only under special authority from the senate, in order to see what worship was required by the gods when they manifested their wrath. The custodians also interpreted the oracles. Jonson seems to consider these and the augurs identical. See below: 'They count,' &c.; and cf. (earlier):

'*Cat.* . . . Lentulus,
Whom I have heaved with magnifying his blood,
And a vain dream out of the Sibyl's books
That a third man of that great family
Whereof he is descended, the Cornelii,
Should be a king in Rome: *which I have hired*
The flattering augurs to interpret HIM,
Cinna and Sylla dead.'

272. **Without.** Without what?

275. **Would faint.** Subject?

277. **All are constant,** all are firm in the opinion that &c.

287. **The . . . purple,** the higher magistrates, whose robes were adorned with a stripe or border of scarlet or purple.——**Dropped their rods and axes:** acknowledging their inferiority. The higher magistrates enjoying executive power, had attendants called 'lictors' preceding them in single file, and bearing 'rods and axes.' The rods (Lat. *fasces*) were of birch or elm, tied with thongs into a bundle, and in each bundle was inserted an axe, with the iron turned outwards. The rods and axes indicated the power of the magistrate to scourge and even kill such as refused to obey him. The axe was removed while the magistrate was within the city: a Dictator's axes were alone excepted. The rods were 'dropped,' or lowered from the shoulder in the Comitia (or popular assemblies), in deference to the sovereign people.

289. The **travail** of the city. The city is to give birth to an extraordinary man, even Lentulus.

SONG TO CELIA.

(From *The Forest.*)

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

NOTE.

2. **I would not change for thine**: I would not *accept* (the usual meaning is—*give*) even that *in exchange* for thine. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 243-4:

'Is this the seat
That we must *change* for heaven?'

And Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii. 262:

'Not one will *change* his neighbour with himself.'

EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

[Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, was the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, who dedicated his famous romance to her, calling it *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. She joined him in translating the *Psalms of David* into verse (1580), and wrote other poetical pieces besides. Her son, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was a steady patron of literature, and notably of Shakspeare. She died in 1621.]

Underneath this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
SIDNEY'S sister, PEMBROKE'S mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

JOTTINGS FROM BEN'S NOTE-BOOK.

(From *Timber; or Discoveries.*)

ON SHAKSPEARE.

De Shakspeare nostrat.[1]—*Augustus in Hat.*[2]—I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath

[1] On our (countryman) Shakspeare. *Nostrat.* is contracted for *nostrāte.*
[2] (What) Augustus (said) about Haterius. *Hat.* is contracted for *Haterium.*

been 'Would he had blotted a thousand.' Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*,[1] as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong'—he replied 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

[1] 'He required the drag or brake put on.'

NOTES.

Never blotted out a line. According to Heminge and Condell, Shakspeare's fellow-actors, in their address 'to the great variety of readers,' prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakspeare's works, edited by them, 1623: 'His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that *we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*'

A malevolent speech . . . justify mine own candour. The full quotation is ruinous to the views of the critics that have laboured to represent Jonson as bitterly envious of Shakspeare. Cf. also Ben's complimentary verses *To the Memory of my beloved master William Shakspeare.* The players admired blindly, Ben admired with discrimination. And he spoke with candour: for 'of all styles he loved most to be named *Honest.*'

Their . . . who. Bring anteced. and rel. closer.

Augustus, the first of the Roman emperors (63 B.C.—14 A.D.). See Dryden, *Antony and Ventidius,* note on **Octavius.**

Haterius, a senator and rhetorician. Died 26 A.D., at the age of 88.

Could not escape. Better insert relat. subj.

'Cæsar did . . . cause.' This is simply an instance of Shakspeare's extra-

ordinary swiftness of mind: a condensation for 'Cæsar did never wrong, but *whatever he did, however it might seem wrong to some, was done* with just cause.' Cf. *Jul. Cæs.* iii. i. 47–8:

'Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.'

Tyrwhitt thinks the passage stood originally thus:

'Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, *but with just cause;*
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.'

He also defends Shakspeare by shewing that 'wrong' means simply '*harm* or *hurt*.'

ON LORD BACON.

Dominus Verulamius.[1]—One, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone: for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

De Augmentis Scientiarum.[2]—*Julius Cæsar.*—*Lord St Alban.*—I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of state; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the care of Julius Cæsar, who in the heat of the civil war writ his books of Analogy, and dedicated them

[1] Lord Verulam. [2] On the advancement of learning.

to Tully. This made the late Lord St Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum:* which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book

Qui longum noto scriptori proroget ævum.[1]

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours: but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

[1] Horace, *de Arte Poetica*, 346 (slightly altered). Jonson's own translation is: 'with honour [to] make the far-known author live.'

NOTES.

Verulamius. Bacon was created Baron Verulam, and (later) Viscount St Albans. (See heading of next paragraph.) Old Verulam, near St Albans, in Hertfordshire, represents the Roman Verulamium.

Censorious, such as would be used by a *censor* or judge; 'full of gravity' (above).

Pressly, concisely; putting much matter in small space. 'I should like to have printed it *prestly*, i.e., *readily*' (Cunningham).

At his devotion, at his wish; whenever he set himself to bring about those results.

Affections, leanings. No man knew better how to sway them to his views.

Seminaries, schools. Fr. *seminaire*, Lat. *seminarium* (nursery-garden, seed-plot), from *semina* (seeds).

Worthier. Now followed by 'of.'

Republic. Lat. *res-publica* (the public thing), commonwealth, state.

Julius Cæsar (100—44 B.C.), the great Roman Dictator, perhaps 'the greatest man of antiquity.' 'He was at one and the same time a general, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, an historian, a philologer, a mathematician, and an architect. He was equally fitted to excel in all.' (Smith's *Class. Dict.*)

Of Analogy. We now prefer '*on* Analogy.—Cæsar wrote his two books *De Analogia* as he was crossing the Alps to join his army in Further Gaul: '*in maximus occupationibus*,' says Cicero. The work was dedicated to Marcus Tullius Cicero ('Tully'), the orator, who explains the nature of it (*Brutus*, 72) by the phrase '*de ratione*

Latine loquendi' (how to speak Latin).

Novum Organum : 'The New Organum' (= Greek *Organon*), or instrument, tool, engine—body of rules—for the advancement of science or knowledge. The name of Bacon's great work (1620) is formed on the name given to Aristotle's collective writings on Logic—*The Organon* (*The Instrument* of all reasoning).

It really openeth. 'It' is superfluous. See Marlowe, *Death-scene of Edward II.*, second note (page 93).

Have and do reverence. Improper ellipsis: 'reverence' cannot follow both 'have' and 'do.'

Only proper to himself. 'Only' is somewhat misplaced; 'alone' might be more suitable: 'proper to himself *alone*'—belonged exclusively to himself.

JEREMY TAYLOR.—1613–1667.

JEREMY TAYLOR, 'the Shakspeare of English prose,' 'the Chrysostom of the English pulpit,' was born in Cambridge, of humble parents, and educated at the Grammar-school and Caius College. At the age of twenty, he commended himself, by his eloquence and beauty, to Archbishop Laud, under whose patronage he studied at All Souls College, Oxford, in due time becoming a fellow, one of the archbishop's chaplains, and rector of Uppingham in Rutlandshire. During the civil war, and under the Commonwealth, he suffered much for his attachment to the Royalist cause; he was even imprisoned more than once. On the Restoration, he received from Charles II. the bishopric of Down and Connor, and subsequently that of Dromore.

Taylor was a diligent writer. His *Liberty of Prophesying* (or Preaching) (1647), *The Great Exemplar, or The Life and Death of Christ* (1650), *Holy Living* (1650), and *Holy Dying* (1651), *Golden Grove* (1655), and indeed most of his works, were written in Wales, whither he had retired during the worst days of his party (1646–60).

TERRORS OF THE JUDGMENT.

(From the First Sermon entitled *Doomsday Book, or Christ's Advent to Judgment.* Text: 2 Cor. v. 10.)

I. The persons who are to be judged: even you, and I, and all the world: kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases

it. For, although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidencies of mortality and sad events the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy which adheres too often to the infortunate and miserable; or else because the sorrow is apt to increase, by being apprehended to be a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened—that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world—the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite; every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own prin-

ciple, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow: and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects: and that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women at the same instant shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes! . . .

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all the world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates—all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may

suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude! . . . .

II. . . . . The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of Nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. St Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors use to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder, any one of which if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as those poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities are entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their songs into threnes and sad accents: rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return unto their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and come into the companies of men, so that you

shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

NOTES.

Symbol, lot, sentence.

This . . . it . . . it. What are the references? Remove the double application of 'it.'

Its terror . . . our &c. Compare the uses of the poss. adjs. here.

Does not lessen, &c. Cf. Satan's opinion, Milton, *Par. Reg.*, i. 401: 'Fellowship in pain divides not smart.'

Kindred, strictly *kin-red*. The *d* has crept in: cf. cinder (Lat. *ciner-*), tender (Lat. *tener-*), &c.; and note to 'sound' (33), p. 87. The termination *-red* (mode, fashion) appears also in 'hatred,' but it is no longer of living application. It has the same general meaning as '-ship,' '-hood,' &c.

Drenched &c. A forced condensation; 'water' and 'the divine vengeance' are incongruously joined together in the same relation to 'drenched.' It is repeated below. Cf. also (three lines down) 'the vengeance that rained down from heaven.'

The amazement . . . shall unite. What, exactly, are the things that 'shall *unite*?'

Its own principle, first or chief element.

A great plague, &c. Sept. 4, 1665, Pepys writes: 'I have stayed in the city till above 7400 died in one week, and of them above 6000 of the plague, and little noise heard day nor night but tolling of bells,' &c.

The passing bell, the bell that tolls for the passing or departing soul.

Doomsday, the day of doom, or judgment. 'Doom,' ancient *dom*, from *deman* (to judge).

Taxed. See Luke ii. 1–3.

Numa Pompilius, second (legendary) king of Rome, successor of Romulus, is said to have enjoyed a long and peaceful reign (715—672 B.C.).

Exarchate, region governed by a viceroy or *exarch* (Gr. *exarchos*, a leader, from *ex* and *archē*, beginning, source, government).—The breaking up of Italy—the empire of the west—took place more than a thousand years after the supposed time of Numa.

Accidents. Lit., events that befall (one): Lat. *accident-*, from *ac* (for *ad*, to) and *cadĕre* (to fall). Hence,

now, *untoward* events: in bad sense.

Violences. Abstract noun applied as concrete and general. Taylor is very fond of abstractions: cf. (below) 'hollowness and a prodigious drought,' &c.

St Jerome, or Hieronymus (331?—420 A.D.), born at Stridon (Dalmatia or Pannonia), was most zealous against heretics. He wrote commentaries on several books of the Bible, and is accounted as perhaps the most learned amongst the Latin Fathers.

Adria, or the Adriatic Sea, east (especially of the northern part) of Italy; so called from the town Adria, near the coast, between the mouths of the Po and the Adige.

Threnes, dirges, lamentations, wailings. Gr. *thrēnos.*

Comets. Gr. *komētēs,* from *komē* (hair): a *hairy* star, a star with a train or tail (Jeremy Taylor says a *beard*) of light. So the Romans called a comet *stella crinīta* (from *crinis,* hair).

The substance of the passage may be given in simple language, greatly condensed, and free from very long sentences.—Compare the structure of long sentences in Taylor and in Milton.

JOHN MILTON.—1608–1674.

JOHN MILTON, our greatest epic poet and one of the most strenuous assertors of liberty, was born in London, and educated at St Paul's School, and at Christ's College, Cambridge. After graduating M.A. (1632), he spent some five years in close study in the house of his father, who had given up business and retired to Horton in Buckinghamshire. He then went abroad and travelled in France and Italy (1638–9). On his return, he settled in London, and, in addition to his 'literary pursuits,' undertook the education of two nephews, by-and-by receiving a few more pupils, 'the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends.' When the rupture took place between king and parliament, Milton wrote most vigorously on the popular side; and on the establishment of the Commonwealth or Republic (1649), he became Foreign or Latin Secretary to the Council of State (March 15). Early next year, under instructions from the Council, he set about preparing his first *Defence of the People of England* (published 1651), 'in answer to the book of Salmasius' defending King Charles; and this effort, his eyes being very weak before, brought on total blindness. Nevertheless, he continued with undiminished energy his exertions for 'the good old cause,' which were so distinguished that he was exempted from the act of indemnity on the Restoration (1660), and had to remain in hiding till his friends secured his pardon. The rest of his life was spent in sedulous literary labour.

John Milton

Milton's earliest writings were short pieces in verse. The *Hymn on the Nativity* (1629), the *Epitaph on Shakspeare* (1630), and some others, were written before he graduated. *Comus, Arcades, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas*, &c., belong to the time of his residence at Horton. During his settlement in London, down to the Restoration, he wrote a large number of pamphlets and treatises on civil and religious liberty, as well as some Sonnets. *Paradise Lost*, which he was revolving in his mind twenty years earlier, was begun probably about 1658, and, after narrowly escaping mutilation at the hands of the licenser, at last appeared in 1667. It ranks as one of the great epics of the world. A *History of Britain*, down to the Norman Conquest, was published in 1670. Next year, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* were given to the public. Milton wrote also on Logic, Grammar, and many other subjects. Poetry he considered his 'one talent;' in writing prose, he said, 'I have the use, I may account, but of my left hand.' But *such* a left hand!

'It may be doubted whether the Creator ever created one altogether so great; taking into our view at once (as much, indeed, as can at once be taken into it) his manly virtues, his superhuman genius, his zeal for truth, for true piety, true freedom, his eloquence in displaying it, his contempt of personal power, his glory and exultation in his country's' (Landor).

AN EPITAPH

ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET, W. SHAKSPEARE.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepùlchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

NOTES.

1. **Shakspeare.** These lines—frequently but improperly called a 'sonnet'—were composed in 1630, 14 years after Shakspeare's death. Milton was but 21-22.

4. **Star-ypointing.** The *y* (ancient *ge*) belongs properly to the *past* participle. This is a wrong formation.

7. **Wonder and astonishment.** Emphatic repetition of meaning; commendable tautology.

10. **Numbers,** poetry. The reference is to the measured regularity in the syllables of poetry or verse. Cf. Sidney, *Apology for Poetry*: 'that *numbrous* kind of writing which is called verse;' and see note to 'numbrous' (p. 83). Pope, *Prologue to the Satires*, 128: 'I lisped in *numbers*, for the *numbers* came.'——**That**: in full, 'whilst that.' Both 'whilst' and 'whilst that' are used; and when the regular conjunction 'whilst' stands alone at the head of a first clause, 'that' is often brought in alone at the head of a co-ordinate second clause.

11. **Unvalued,** not valued; whose value has not been (and cannot be) estimated; invaluable. Cf. Shak., *Rich. III.* i. 4, 27: 'Inestimable stones, *unvalued* jewels;' and Shelley, *Arethusa*: 'heaps of *unvalued* stones.'

12. **Those Delphic lines**: 'those *inspired* lines.' Delphi, a small town of Phocis in Greece, lying on the south slope of Mount Parnassus, was celebrated in ancient times as the chief seat of the worship of Apollo. The god delivered oracles by the mouth of a priestess, who sat on a tripod over a chasm in the centre of the great temple, and was inspired under the influence of intoxicating exhalations from the ground below her. The responses of the god were in verse; if the priestess spoke prose, attendant priests at once turned her words into verse. Milton's main purpose is to imply that Apollo, who was the god of song and music, had inspired Shakspeare.——**Took.** We should now consider 'took' as a blunder. Yet 'took' is good English till much later. Cf. 'shook' (178), page 120, 'spoke' (51), page 134, &c.

The last six lines (9–14) are usually not quoted, being regarded as 'quite unworthy of the others.' 'Bad, however, as the conceit in them may be, the fault is not one of vapid bombast, but of an unripe genius, of an over-active ingenuity . . . . Milton's Epitaph, though it has a flaw in it, is a genuine diamond, and, when that flaw is cut out, shines in lasting brilliancy' (C. J. Hare, *Guesses at Truth*).

THE HUMILIATIONS OF LICENSING.

(From *Areopagitica.*)

[The *Areopagitica*, an unspoken speech, written as if addressed to the Parliament, was an elaborate argument in eloquent and energetic protest against 'An Order of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, for the regulating of Printing, &c.,' which ordained, *inter alia*, that no 'book, pamphlet, paper, nor any part of any such book, pamphlet, or paper, shall from henceforth be printed, bound, stitched, or put to sale by any person or persons whatsoever, unless the same

be first approved of and licensed under the hands of such person or persons as' shall be thereto appointed. The Order is dated June 14, 1643, and the *Areopagitica, a Speech of Mr John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England*, appeared on Nov. 24, 1644. The author's purpose is related elsewhere: 'I wrote my *Areopagitica*, after the true Attic style, in order to deliver the press from the restraints with which it was encumbered; that the power of determining what was true and what was false, what ought to be published and what to be suppressed, might no longer be intrusted to a few illiterate and illiberal individuals, who refused their sanction to any work which contained views or sentiments at all above the level of the vulgar superstition' (*Second Defence of the People of England*). The title of the pamphlet is by no means attractive. Milton seems to have recognised the likeness between his own position and the position of Isokrates, 'that old man eloquent,' 'the great composer of Reading Speeches,' 'who from his private house wrote that Discourse to the Parliament of Athens,' called *Logos Areopagitikos;* and from this Milton names his pamphlet. The immediate result was disappointing: the restrictions of licensing were not removed till 1695, fifty years after the *Areopagitica* was issued, twenty years after Milton was in his grave. (The *Arĕŏpăgus*, 'the Hill of Arēs,' 'Mars' Hill,' at Athens, gave its name to the highest judicial court, whose sittings were held there. Cf. Acts xvii. 19 and 22.)

After treating of the origin and object of book-licensing, Milton gives reasons 'whereby to make it plain that this Order will miss the end it seeks,' and then proceeds to shew how it will be a discouragement and an affront to 'knowing' authors, an insult to the nation at large, and a reflection on Christian ministers.]

I proceed from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loath to dishearten utterly and

discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind, then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferular, to come under the fescue of an *Imprimatur*? if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that wrote before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his

midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of bookwriting, and, if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed; and many a jaunt will be made, ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts, and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall. And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide-bound humour which he calls his judgment; when every acute reader, upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him: 'I hate a pupil teacher; I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an

overseeing fist; I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?' 'The state, sir,' replies the stationer: but has a quick return: 'The state shall be my governors, but not my critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser, as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author. This is some common stuff:' and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, that 'such authorised books are but the language of the times.'[1] For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already. Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his life-time and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal (and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit?), yet, not suiting with every low decrepit humour of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash; the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost, for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron-moulds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a

[1] An Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England (1589).

treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men, whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life, and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labours and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever; much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolised and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broad cloth and our wool packs. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges? Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write, but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful

punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is. So much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailor in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, whenas in those popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither: whenas those corruptions which it seeks to prevent, break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion it reflects to the disrepute of our ministers also, of whose labours we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the gospel which is, and is to be, and all this continual preaching, they should be still frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified, and laic rabble, as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking. This may have much reason to discourage the ministers, when such a low conceit is had of all their exhortations, and the benefiting of their hearers, as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser; that all the sermons, all the lectures preached, printed, vented in such numbers and such volumes as have now well-nigh made all

other books unsaleable, should not be armour enough against one single Enchiridion, without the castle of St Angelo of an imprimatur.

NOTES.

Complaint, &c. 'When the Bill for abolishing Bishops, Deans, and Chapters was before the House of Commons, Dr Hacket was heard in their defence (1641), and urged "that their endowments were encouragements to Industry and Virtue, and were serviceable for the advancement of Learning." These were the arguments usually adopted in their favour' (Osborn). Mr Holt White quotes in illustration another passage of Milton's, beginning with this bitter sentence: 'Yea, they [= such as use the reasoning of Dr Hacket] and their seminaries shame not to profess, to petition, and never lin [= give over] pealing our ears, that unless we fat them like boars, and cram them as they list with wealth, with deaneries and pluralities, with baronies and stately preferments, all learning and religion will go under foot.'

Pluralities, cases where one clergyman holds *more than one* benefice. Lat. *pluralis*, from *plures* (more). Elsewhere, Milton denounces most severely the system of pluralities, and also (as below) the general ignorance of the clergy.

If therefore . . . mankind. The conditional clause is lengthened by contrasting expressions, one starting from another.

Consented, agreed. Lat. *con-sentire* (to think together, or the same way).

Then emphatically recapitulates by reference the conditional clause, and shews pointedly its bearing upon the principal statement.

That . . . upon him. Noun clause, object to 'know.'

To distrust. Infin., subj. to 'is the greatest displeasure,' &c. Point out exactly the succession of adjuncts clustering upon 'to distrust,' and fill up any ellipsis.

Schism, Fr. *schisme*, Gr. *schisma* (from *schizo*, split, rend), a split, division of opinion in a body so as to break it up, especially in a church party, sect, or congregation.

Over it is . . . school. For 'over *what* it is,' &c. Suggest a reason for the ellipsis. What is the whole expression an adjunct to?

Only is probably misplaced. Place it immediately before what it is meant to modify.

Scaped, for 'escaped,' initial *e* being dropt. (See other examples in Shak. and later extracts.) Cf. *scape*goat, scarce (O. Fr. *escars*), crawfish (Fr. *écrevisse*), scorch (O. Fr. *es-corcer*), strange (O. Fr. *estrange*), &c. Greater decapitations were frequent in Elizabethan authors: *'cause* for '*be*cause,' *'cide* for '*de*cide,' *'joy'd* for '*en*joyed,' *'longs* for '*be*longs,' &c. So 'story' is just 'history' without its head.

Ferular, or 'ferula:' ferule, rod, cane.

Festue, wand, pointer. Also written 'festue.' O. Fr. *festu*, Lat. *festūca* (stalk, young shoot).

Imprimātur, Lat. = 'let it be printed,' 'it may be printed.' The censor approved of a book by writing this 'word of command' and signing his name.

Theme, essay, exercise in composition. Literally, what is *laid down*, the 'subject' of the exercise: Fr. *thème*, Lat. and Gr. *thēma*, from Gr. *tithēmi* (I place or set).

Grammar-lad, grammar-school lad.

Pedagogue, Gr. *paidos agōgos*, boy's guide, boy-leader or -trainer; teacher.

Uttered, issued, published. Lit. *outered*, sent *out*. Cf. 'to *utter* coin.'

Cursory, *running over* the writings. Hence, hasty, superficial; from Lat. *cursum* (to run). 'Cursory' is in contrast with 'serious and elaborate;' it is monstrous that writings composed with much thought and deliberation should be sent 'to the press or to the spunge' at the word of a man that has merely run his eye over them. Cf. (second sentence below) 'the *hasty view* of an *unleisured* licenser,' and the contrast.

Temporising and extemporising. A play on the words (Cf. *Par. Reg.*, iv. 434, note, for less admissible cases), here really epigrammatic, effectively satirising the preposterous arrangement. 'Temporising' is suiting the times (Lat. *tempŏra*), not looking beyond what is expedient at the present moment; 'extemporising' is acting *ex tempore*, or on the spur of the moment, without taking time to deliberate. (Cf. '*cursory* eyes,' '*hasty* view,' &c.)

Foreigner. Orig. text has no *g*. 'Foreign' (earlier 'forein') is Fr. *forain*, low Lat. *foraneus*, from *foras* (out of doors, abroad).

After all which done. A common Latinism. Cf. note to 'under pretence,' &c., page 111.

Palladian oil, oil granted by, and devoted to, Pallas; learned oil, oil consumed over his studies, literary labour. Pallas (Athĕna or Minerva) was the goddess of learning, and to her the olive-tree was sacred.

His younger . . . his inferior. Cf. Cowley, *Vision*, note on 'his equals and betters.'

Puny, minor, infant, youngster. Now used only as adj.: small, feeble. Fr. *puîné* (younger), O. Fr. *puisné*, that is, *puis-né*, from Lat. *post-natus* (after-born). Cf. the *puisne* (= junior) barons of the Exchequer, the senior judge being called Chief Baron.

Guardian. What case is 'guardian' in?

Under the press. We say '*in* the press.' But cf. '*sub* prelo' (16th century), Fr. '*sous* presse,' and Ger. '*unter* der presse.'

Accuratest, most carefully thought out. Lat. *accurātus*, prepared with care (Lat. *cura*), elaborate.

Had made it, *would have* made it, if &c.

Melancholy, mortification, 'vexation,' annoyance. Gr. *melancholia*, a bad state of the *bile* (Gr. *chole*), in which it becomes *black* (Gr. *melas*); hence the moods induced by this state of body.

Doctor, lit. teacher. Lat. *doctōrem*, from *doctum* (to teach), from *doc-* or *dic-* (to point out).

Patriarchal licenser. 'There is an allusion to [Archbishop] Laud here. There was a popular rumour that he wished to become the Patriarch of the Western Church.' '*Patriarchal* = patriarch-like, who assumes the authority of a patriarch or head of "the House." *Patriarchēs*, compounded of *patria* and *archos*, = race-chief. In Eccl. Greek it was the title borne by the Bishops of Rome, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria' (Hales).

Hide-bound, skin-bound, morbid, diseased. A morbid tightness of the skin characterises certain forms of disease, in animals, especially horses, cows, &c. So trees are said to be 'hide-bound' when their growth is impeded by closeness and firmness of the bark.

Pedantic, lit. schoolmaster-like; as if the author were but a schoolboy, and his writings were unfit to appear unless sanctioned by his schoolmaster, the licenser. From the contrast between the school and the outside world, 'pedantic' came to denote vain, ostentatious, out-of-place parade of learning.

Ding, strike, push, fling, dash, hurl.

Pupil teacher. The author instructs,

not on his own account, but under superior orders.

Overseeing fist. 'Fist' is 'hand,' signature. Cf. (below) 'I have his own *hand* here' and (lower) 'whose *hand* should be annext,' and (above) 'a *hand* scarce legible' (*Areop.*). Hence the authority implied. Cf. also (below): 'their superintendence' (= fact of overseeing) . . . 'their manual stamp' (= fist).

Stationer, lit. one that has a station or stall; bookseller, publisher.

Return, reply, rejoinder.

This . . . stuff. The book with the 'pedantic license.'

Enjoins. Why not 'enjoin,' plur.?

Vulgarly, commonly, generally. Lat. *vulgāris*, from *vulgus* (the common people, the public).

Though never so famous, '*however* famous.' Resolve the condensation. 'Ever' is often used for 'never.'

Venturous, venturesome, daring.

Decrepit. Lat. *decrepitus* (worn out, old and feeble), from *de* (down, away, in negative sense) and *crepitum* (to rustle, jingle, clatter, make noise).

Knox. John Knox (1505-72), the celebrated 'reformer of Scotland to the Presbyterian discipline' (Milton).

Pardon him their dash, pardon him and so spare him their dash; refrain from scoring their dash, or sign of erasure or cancelling, upon his writings.

Fearfulness, timidity. Owing to his being afraid to let pass 'one sentence of a venturous edge.'

Perfunctory, lit. performing, discharging and so getting rid of (one's work). Hence, doing work in a purely official spirit, the chief regard being to get through with it; superficial, careless.

What book, &c. The posthumous vols. of Coke's *Institutes of the Laws of England* (1641), and Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland* (1644), have both been suggested.

Till a more convenient season. Which never came. Cf. Acts xxiv. 25.

Resented. 'Resent' is Fr. *ressentir*, Lat. *re-sentire*, to feel or think over again; and so to have a strong sense or feeling of: whence, now, to be angry at. When Milton's first *Defence of the People of England* appeared (see our account of Milton's life and works), the Council of State formally declared 'their *resentment* and good acceptance' of his argument.

Timely. Adv. here, now adj. Cf. 'lively,' notes, page 149.

But that, perhaps 'but (*if*) that.' Or the clause may be more naturally explained by supplying an ellipsis, 'but (*the matter be left so*) that.'

Iron-moulds, cancers. 'Mould' is the substance that gathers upon bodies when exposed to damp air; 'iron-mould' is rust. Mould corrodes, gnaws, or eats into the object it settles upon.

A treacherous fraud. How is it so?

Set so light by. Mr Hales suggests that 'light' is the ancient *lite*, *lyte* (little), and that ('by' being = by the side of, in comparison with) the phrase means 'to compare with what is so little,' 'to reckon or rate at so little,' 'to put so low an estimate upon.'

It can be &c. 'It' refers comprehensively to the 'invention,' 'art,' &c. just spoken of: the *mental power* that is in England.

Manual, connected with the *hand* (Lat. *manus*). Cf. (above) 'overseeing fist,' and note.

Monopolised, held (for sale) by a single trader. Fr. *monopoliser*, from Gr. *monos* (alone) and *pōlĕō* (sell). The monopolies—or exclusive right to deal in certain articles—granted by the Crown to courtiers and others had been exceedingly oppressive and exasperating in preceding reigns, some of the absolute necessaries of life having been thus raised to ex

bitant prices; and even Elizabeth had been compelled to promise thorough-going redress.

Tickets. 'Acknowledgments for goods obtained on credit' (Holt White). Hence, 'on *tick*.'

Statutes. 'Securities given for debts contracted by purchase of merchandise' (Holt White).

Standards, authorised weights, measures, &c.

A staple commodity, "'a law-defined, chartered commodity' (Hales). Cf. 'These [customs on wool, skins, and leather] . . . were styled the *staple* commodities of the kingdom, because they were obliged to be brought to those ports where the king's *staple* was established, in order to be there first rated and then exported' (Blackstone, *Commentaries*, Bk. I., ch. viii.). 'The king's staple' is the place *established* for rating imports and exports.

That imposed &c. See 1 Sam. xiii. 19—22.

Divulged, published. Cf. 'This was printed and carefully *divulged* over the kingdom' (Clarendon). Lat. *di* (asunder) and *vulgare* (to spread among the *vulgus* or people at large).

And those that never yet &c. Consider the force of 'and' here.

Diffident, lit. distrustful; much the same as 'suspectful.' Lat. *dif* (= *dis*, asunder, in negat. sense) and *fident-* (trusting).

Jealous. Here a verb.

Laity, the people (as opposed to the clergy). From Gr. *lāos* (the people).

Lais rabble. Gr. *lāikos*, pertaining to the people (*lāos*), popular; but here in scornful application.

Conceit. Cf. Ben Jonson, page 154, notes.

Enchiridion, hand-book, manual, Gr. *encheirtdion* (hand-knife or dagger; also hand-book), from *en* (in) and *cheir* (hand). Milton plays upon the two uses of the Greek word; cf. '*armour* enough,' &c.

Without the castle of St Angelo, &c., 'without the protection of some Papacy-born license. He refers to the fact that the Castle of St Angelo [at Rome], then the Pope's prison, was once the papal fortress. Originally the Mausoleum of Hadrian [Roman emperor, 117–138 A.D.], it was first occupied as a papal fortress by Pope John XII. in the tenth century' (Hales).

Consider how far the various cases of tautology may be justified. The placing of adjuncts may not unfrequently be managed better. Long sentences may be divided with difficulty. Re-write in your own language.

SONNET.

To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652,

On the proposals of certain Ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,

And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

NOTES.

1-2. **Cloud of war.** Cf. Vergil, *Æn.* x. 809: '*nubem belli.*'

5. **Crownèd Fortune,** King Charles I. and his family.

7. **Darwen stream,** in Lancashire, falls into the Ribble near Preston. In the three days' battle, Aug. 17—19, 1648, Cromwell utterly defeated the Scottish army under the Duke of Hamilton.

8. **Dunbar,** a town in Haddingtonshire, on the sea-coast. Here Cromwell completely routed the Scots under General David Leslie, Sept. 3, 1650, and made himself practically master of Scotland.——**Resounds.** Two subjects precede, and one follows. Join 'resounds' to them separately.

9. **Worcester's laureate wreath.** Cromwell broke the power of the Royalists at Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651, and made himself undisputed master of the kingdom. Writing the same evening, '10 at night,' to Speaker Lenthall, he calls the battle 'as stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen;' and writing next day, repeats: 'Indeed it was a stiff business.' Sept. 3 was 'a day he thought always very propitious to him' (Clarendon); and on Sept. 3, 1658—just seven years after his Worcester triumph—he died. Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto iv. 85:

'His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.'

The 'laureate wreath,' a wreath of laurel or bay (Lat. *laurea*, *laurus*), was from ancient times twined for great soldiers, as well as for great poets. Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, I., i., 9:

'The *laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,*
And poets sage.'

11. **New foes arise.** The Presbyterians, who had risen on the downfall of the Episcopalians, were shewing themselves hardly less intolerant and tyrannical. Cf. sonnet *On the New Forcers of Conscience* (1646 or 1647):

'New *presbyter* is but old *priest* writ large;'

where Milton plays upon the etymology of the words. The new party is in spirit substantially the same with the old; the difference is merely in name; just as 'presbyter' and 'priest' are radically the same word, Gr. *presbyteros*; only that, whereas the 'old' *priest* (anciently *prevost*) has been shortened in coming through O. Fr. *prestre*, the 'new' *presbyter* is 'writ large,' or at full length.

13. **To save free conscience.** If 'conscience' were not maintained 'free,' the changes that had been brought about at such cost would be altogether in vain. Freedom in every form, domestic and civil as well as religious, was what Milton ever struggled most earnestly for. Cf. his passionate exclamation in *Areopagitica:* 'Give me *the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience,* above all liberties.'

SATAN.

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book I.)

[Satan and his followers, 'hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,' 'down to bottomless perdition,' have lain for nine days and nights 'vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf, confounded.' Satan recovers, and confers with Beëlzebub, who is distinguished by Milton from Satan as 'one next (Satan) himself in power and next in crime.']

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed: his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake. . . .

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature: on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill

Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. . . . . .

['Him followed his next mate,' Beëlzebub. Satan proposes to arouse 'the associates and copartners of our loss,' and Beëlzebub approves.]

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched, embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,

Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.

NOTES.

192. **Satan** is a Hebrew word, signifying 'adversary,' 'enemy.' Cf. 81-2:

'The Arch-*Enemy*,
And thence in Heaven called Satan.'

The verb is understood: 'spoke,' 'said,' &c.

193. **Uplift**: for '*uplifted*.' See Marlowe, notes (8), page 89.

194-6. Cf. Vergil, *Æn.* ii. 206-8.

194. **Besides.** The meaning is already given in 'other.'

195. **Prone**, Lat. *pronus* (lying front downward), from *pro.*——**Extended**, p.part. (not past indic.), attached to 'parts.'

197. **As whom.** Supply the ellipsis between 'as' and 'whom.'

198. **Titanian.** The Titans, in Greek mythology, were sons of Heaven and Earth (Urănus and Gæa).—— **Earth-born.** The *Giants* (= *earth-born* ones), a savage race of men, whom the gods destroyed for their insolence, were the sons of *Gæa* (*Earth*) by Urănus (Heaven). By later writers they are confounded with the Titans, and, like these, are represented as 'warring on Jove' (Zeus) and the gods.

199. **Briareos** (so called by the gods; men called him Ægæon), also a son of Uranus and Gæa, was an enormous monster with fifty heads and a hundred hands. He and two brothers (monsters like himself) fought valiantly on the side of Zeus against the Titans, and when these were thrust into Tartărus, were set to guard them.——**Typhœus**, a fire-breathing hundred-headed monster, is sometimes described also as a destructive hurricane. According to Pindar, who is followed by Æschylus, he lived in a cave in Cilicia in Asia Minor. He, too, fought with the gods, but Zeus overcame him with a thunderbolt, and threw him into Tartarus under Mount Ætna. Those violent and gigantic beings are personifications of volcanic action.

200. **Tarsus** was the chief city of Cilicia.

201. **Leviăthan.** Compare Job xli. with Psalm civ. 26. Generally, any large sea-animal, the whale, &c.

202. **The ocean stream** is a translation of Homer's *Okĕănos potămos*, common in our poetry before Milton. Homer regarded the Ocean as a great stream running round the flat disc of the earth.

203-8. **Him**, &c. A poetical digression, afterwards turned to account for additional impressiveness. This is a very common device in Milton: cf. 287—290 ('whose orb,' &c.); &c.

204. **Night-foundered**, brought to a stand by the coming on of night. Usually, to 'founder' is 'to go to the bottom' (Lat. *fundus*); hence to plunge out of sight into the darkness. Cf. *Comus*, 483: 'Some one like us *night-foundered* here.'

205. **As seamen tell.** The nature of the northern voyagers' tales may be gathered from the amusing work on the Antiquities (manners, rites, customs, &c.) of the Northern Nations, by Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal, who professes to have been a voyager himself. Book XXI. treats 'Of Monstrous Fishes.' Todd refers to chap. xvii. of this book (xxv. of the Lat. ed. of 1555), 'Of Anchors fastened upon the Whale's back.' The English translation (1658) runs thus: 'The whale hath upon his skin a superficies like the gravel

that is by the sea-side: so that oft-times when he raiseth his back above the waters, sailors take it to be nothing else but an island, and sail unto it, and go down upon it, and they strike in piles into it, and fasten them to their ships: they kindle fires to boil their meat; until at length the whale, feeling the fire, dives down to the bottom, and such as are upon his back, unless they can save themselves by ropes thrown forth of the ship, are drowned.'

207. **Lee**, shade, shelter, the side protected from the wind. Old form, *hleo*. (For *h* dropped, see *Beowulf*, 2731, note.)

208. **Invests**, clothes, or puts a garment (Lat. *vestis*) on. Cf. *Par. Lost*, iii. 10–11:

'Thou (Light) . . . *as with a mantle*, didst *invest*
The rising World of waters dark and deep.'

209. **So** brings us back from the digression, and utilises it effectively.

210. **Chained.** See 2 Peter ii. 4; Jude 6. Here, perhaps, not literal, but 'kept there *as if* by a chain.' The following lines state that he could not have risen without divine permission; but there is no formal or literal *unchaining*.

221–2. **Reaps . . . stature.** Rhetorical expression. What is the plain statement?

224. **Horrid**, Lat. *horridus*, has the literal meaning, 'bristly,' 'shewing a vast number of points;' perhaps also the secondary meaning, 'frightful.'

226. **Recumbent**, Lat. *in-cumbent-*, leaning or reclining upon.

228. **B.** Explain exactly what 'it' stands for.

230. **Appeared.** What is the subject? ——**As.** Find the antecedent.——**As when.** Fill in the ellipsis between 'as' and 'when,' stating the comparison in detail.

232. **Pelorus**, mod. Cape Faro, the N.E. point of Sicily, not far from Mount Ætna.

235. **Sublimed**, lit. *uplifted*, raised to an extraordinary heat. 'Sublimation, in chemistry, is properly the conversion of solid substances by heat into vapour, in order that, in cooling, they may become solid again in a purer form. Thus when crude sulphur is heated, the vapour adheres to the walls of the chamber, and forms there the fine powder called the flower of sulphur, or sublimed sulphur' (Masson). The adj. 'sublime' (high, elevated) is Lat. *sublīmis* (probably contracted from *sublīvimis*), from *sub* (under, from under, up) and *levo* (I raise).

236. **Involved**, lit. *rolled into* or upon; from Lat. *in-volvo* (roll into or upon).

285. **Ethereal temper.** Give the expression in full. Cf. *Par. Lost*, viii. 470–1:

'Under his framing hands a creature grew
Man-like, but *different sex*.'

'Ethereal.' See Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, iii. 2, notes. 'Temper' is state, condition, nature. Lat. *temperies* (a due mingling, mixture, or proportion), from *tempĕro* (divide or proportion duly), from *tempus* (a portion or period, applied to *time*), from root *tem* (to cut).

286. **The broad circumference.** Highly rhetorical; give the plain uncondensed statement.

288. **The Tuscan artist**, the famous Italian astronomer, Galileo (1564—1642). He was born at Pisa, where he was a few years (1589–92) professor of mathematics; thence he was removed to Padua; and in 1610 he settled near Florence, where he died. He constructed (about 1609) an 'optic glass,' called by his name 'the Galilean telescope,' which indefinitely advanced the science of astronomy. The Inquisition at Rome compelled him formally to retract

(1615) his assertion that the earth is not the centre of the universe, but revolves round the sun; and when he published the same opinions later (1632), his book was publicly burned, and he was imprisoned and made to recant and do penance.

289. **Fesolè**, *Fiesole*, is a hill, with a town on it, a little north of Florence.

290. **Valdarno**, *Val d'Arno*, the valley of the Arno. Both Florence and Pisa are on the Arno.——**New** lands, &c. Galileo was the first to discover that the surface of the moon is uneven.

294. **Ammiral**, admiral; the chief *ship* of a fleet—not the *commander*. See Clarendon, second extract, note on **admiral**. Fr. *amiral* (from Arab. *amir* or *emir*, a lord, followed by the def. art. *al*).

296. **Marle**, marl; soil, generally.

299. **Nathless**, old *nă-thy-lăs*, none the less, nevertheless.

300. **Infamèd** sea. Set in flames, blazing; cf. 210, 222, &c.; also 61–2:

'A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed.'

302. **Autumnal** leaves, &c. Milton describes from personal observation. In 1638–9, he spent four months in and near Florence. 'There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought' (*Areopagitica*).

303. **Vallombrosa** (Lat. *vallis umbrosa*, 'shady valley') is eighteen miles east of Florence. The fall of leaves is hastened and the accumulation of them enormously increased by the peasants, whom Milton had no doubt seen beating the woods for chestnuts.——**The Etrurian shades**. The basin of the Arno was included in the Etruria of classical times.

304. **Or**, &c. Shew the exact grammatical connection of this clause with what precedes.——**Scattered sedge**. The Hebrew name of the Red Sea was 'Sea of Sedge' (seaweed).

305. **Orion**, a giant and mighty hunter (or oppressor of men), was placed at his death in the most brilliant of the constellations. He appears 'armed'—the classical writers say *armatus*—with sword, belt, and club.——**Fierce winds**. It was observed that bad weather commonly attended the setting of the constellation of Orion, in November. Hence Vergil calls him *nimbosus* (stormy), *aquosus* (rainy), and *sævus* (fierce, raging).

306–10. See Exod. xiv.

307. **Busiris**, a mythical king of Egypt, who sacrificed all foreign visitors. He was slain by Hercules, who refused to submit to the usual fate of strangers. 'Milton follows Raleigh in *History of the World* in making him the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites' (Masson).——**Memphian**, rhetorically used for the more general adj. 'Egyptian.' At one time Thebes and Memphis were both capitals of Egypt with equal rank. After the fall of Thebes, Memphis became the sole capital of the whole country. It was a most ancient city, and famous for its buildings, especially its temples. It stood on the left bank of the Nile, a little above modern Cairo.——**Chivalry** perhaps gives prominence to 'the chariots and the horsemen,' without neglecting 'all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them' (Exod. xiv. 28). Fr. *chevalerie*, &c. (Chaucer, *The Knight*, 45, note, page 30).

308. **With perfidious hatred**. Pharaoh bade them begone, but soon giving way to his hatred, he nevertheless pursued them (Exod. xii. and xiv.).

309. **Sojourners of Goshen**. See Gen. xlvii. 27. The Land of Goshen was east of the lower Nile, between the Nile and the Red Sea.

312. **Abject**, Lat. *ab-jecti*, lit. cast away, thrown down.

PANDEMONIUM.

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book I.)

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth,
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude,
With wondrous art, founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.
A third as soon had formed within the ground

A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis, their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth: and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

NOTES.

673. **His**, the hill's. We should now use 'its.' The old poss. or genitive of 'it' (anciently 'hit') was 'his.' 'Its' appeared about the end of the 16th century, but was not freely adopted till the times of Charles II. 'Its' does not occur in the Bible (except in a modern misprint, Levit. xxv. 5, where *its* should be *it*); it is very rare in Shakspeare and Bacon, and it is found only three times in Milton's poems. Elsewhere Milton uses 'his' or 'her.' 'On the whole, *her* seems to have been his favourite' (Masson).

674. **The work of sulphur**, produced, generated by sulphur. 'The science of the middle ages . . . . based itself on a doctrine that sulphur and mercury were the two all-pervading substances or agencies in nature (unless salt was to be taken as a third), generating all things between them' (Masson).

679–88. **Mammon**, &c. The character of Mammon is a digression (cf. 203-8) from the building of Pandemonium.—'Mammon' is Syriac for 'riches;' often, as here, personified. There was no ancient god of this name.

682. **Riches** is Fr. *richesse*, 'richness, wealth. It has become assimilated to the plural form, and as subject

to a verb it may take the plural construction (691). Cf. 'alms' (Latimer, second extract, notes), and 'eaves'—which are both etymologically singular, though often used as plural.——**Riches of** &c. Cf. Rev. xxi. 21: 'the *street* of the city [the heavenly Jerusalem] was *pure gold*.' So in Homer's heaven (*Iliad*, iv. 2).

684. **Vision beatific**, or blissful: the seeing God face to face, and being thus perfectly blessed.

686. **The centre**, the supposed centre of the universe, the earth.

690. **Admire**, Lat. *admiror*, wonder.

693. **Mortal** things: things that *mortals* or *human* beings are concerned in, or have to do with.

694. **Babel**, or Babylon, on the Euphrates, was one of the oldest and greatest cities of the ancient world. The walls of the city (see Alfred, *Description of Babylon*), the royal palaces, the temple of Belus, and the 'hanging gardens' of Nebuchadnezzar, excited universal wonder.——**Works of Memphian** (or Egyptian) **kings**. See 307, second note. But their greatest works were the Pyramids, the oldest existing monuments in the world.

697. **In an hour**. What does this phrase modify? Supply the ellipsis.

698-9. According to some Lat. writers, 360,000 men were engaged nearly 20 years upon one of the pyramids.

702. **Sluiced**, supplied from the lake under the regulation of a sluice (Fr. *écluse*). From Lat. *ex-clausum* (to shut off).

703. **Founded**, cast or shaped by *pouring* the melted metal into a form or mould. Fr. *fondre* (to melt), Lat. *fundere* (to pour).

704. **Severing** (O. Fr. *sevrer*, Ital. *severare*, mod. Fr. *séparer*, Lat. *separare*), separating. For modification of *p* into *v*, cf. 'arrive' (through Fr.) from Lat. *ad-ripam* (to the bank); 'savour,' O. Fr. *saveur*, from Lat. *saporem*.

710. **Fabric huge**. Cf. 'pile' (722).

710-7. It has been supposed that the particulars of the description were suggested by 'some of the moving scenes and machines invented for the stage by the famous Inigo Jones;' and Todd refers to an account of the machinery displayed in a Mask acted at Whitehall on the Sunday after Twelfth Night in 1637: 'In the further part of the scene, the *earth opened*; and there *rose up* a richly adorned *palace*, seeming all of goldsmith's work, with porticoes vaulted, on *pilasters* of rustick work; their bases and capitals of gold.—Above these ran an *architrave, frieze, and cornice of the same; the frieze enriched with jewels*.—When this palace was arrived to the height, the whole scene was changed into a peristyllium of two orders, *Doric* and Ionic, &c.'

711. **Exhalation**, vapour, steam—what is *breathed out*. From Lat. *ex* and *hālātum* (to breathe).——**Rose**, &c. Fine comparison, indicating marvellous ease and power. Homer had applied it somewhat differently in describing Thetis rising from the sea 'like *a thin mist*' (*Il.* i. 359). Later (1721), Pope adopted Milton's expression, in *The Temple of Fame*, v. 91: 'The growing towers *like exhalations* rise.'

712. **Dulcet**, sweet (usually) to the ear, melodious. Lat. *dulcis* (sweet).——**Symphonies** (Gr. *symphonia*, from *sym*, *syn*, together, with, and *phōnē*, voice, sound: unison or harmony), musical compositions for a full band.

713. **Pilaster** (Fr. *pilastre*, from Lat. *pila*, a pillar), a square pillar, sometimes detached, but usually partly sunk in the wall.

714. **Doric**. The Doric was the earliest of the Grecian orders of architecture, 'and is marked by the characteristics of the people [the Dorians] from whom it derives its name. It is simple, massive, and majestic' (Dr Wm. Smith, *Hist. of Greece*). The 'pillar' or column has no base,

while it has a thick and rapidly tapering shaft, and a simple and massive capital.

715. **Architrave** (from Gr. *archos*, chief, and Ital. *trave*, Lat. *trabs*, a beam), 'the *chief beam*, resting on the summit of the row of columns' (Dr Smith).

716. **Cornice or frieze.** 'The *frieze* rises above the architrave, and is frequently adorned by figures in relief' (Dr Smith)—*i. e.* it is frequently 'with bossy sculptures graven.' 'Frieze' is Fr. *frise*, Ital. *fregio*, Lat. *phrygio* (an embroiderer—the *Phrygians* being famous for their skill in embroidery).—The *cornice* projects above the frieze. 'Cornice' is Ital., from Lat. *cornua* (crown, bordering), from forms meaning 'hooked' or 'curved.'

717. **Fretted**, formed into raised work, especially by interlacing bars or bands; variegated, ornamented.——**Babylon** (cf. 694, 'Babel') was in its greatest glory under Nebuchadnezzar six centuries before Christ.

718. **Alcairo**, Memphis—not modern Cairo.

719. **Their.** Yet the subjects are formally separated by 'nor.' Examples are not uncommon.

720. **Belus**, *Bel*, or Baal, the great god of the Assyrians. For his temple, see 694, note on 'Babel.'——**Serapis**, or Serāpis, had a splendid temple at Alexandria.

721. **Assyria**, in the wider sense, covering the basins of the Euphrates and the Tigris, was ruled from Nineveh and Babylon.

722. **Ascending.** Remarkably vivid effect, as if the action were going on before our eyes.

723. **Stood fixed her stately highth**, stood firm throughout the whole height, from bottom to top.——**Her**: cf. 725, and see 673, note on 'his.' Cf. *Par. Lost*, i. 591–2:

> 'His form had yet not lost
> All *her* original brightness.'

And ii. 270–1:

> 'This desert soil
> Wants not *her* hidden lustre, gems and gold.'

——**Highth**: Milton's all but uniform spelling.

724. **Folds**, leaves, Lat. *valvæ*; doors, in ancient times, usually consisted of two leaves.——**Discover.** See notes, page 149.

728. **Crusets**, open *cruet*-like vessels, pots, or cages, where combustible materials (*e.g.* tarred or pitched ropes) were burnt to make a great light.

Describe in prose the building of Pandemonium.

A BATTLE SCENE.

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book VI.)

[Raphael describes to Adam how Michael and Gabriel battled against Satan and his angels. In the second day's fight, Michael and his angels were disconcerted by devilish engines of Satan's invention, and 'they stood a while in trouble.']

> But they stood not long;
> Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
> Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose. 636
> Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,

Which God hath in his mighty angels placed !)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heaven
Of pleasure, situate in hill and dale),
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew ;
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,
When, coming towards them, so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turned,
Till on those cursèd engines' triple row
They saw them whelmed, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions armed.
Their armour helped their harm, crushed in and bruised,
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore :
So hills amid the air encountered hills,
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in dismal shade :
Infernal noise ! war seemed a civil game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heaped
Upon confusion rose. And now all heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised,
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son, avenged

Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferred.

[The Son of God now goes forth and drives the enemy out of heaven.]

NOTES.

641. **Situate.** Cf. 'uplift' (i. 193).
642. Cf. Ezekiel i. 14.
643-4. **Their . . . they . . . their.** The same pron. has two distinct references here, and also further down. See Bain's *Companion to the Higher Grammar*, pages 50-1.
651. **Whelmed,** thrown so as to overwhelm.——**Confidence.** Abstract for concrete: 'the engines that they confided in.' Cf. 'weight of mountains' (652).
653. **Invaded,** lit. *gone towards* or *against*; hence, assailed.
654. **Main,** mighty; promontories in their whole mass or bulk.
655. **Oppressed,** lit. *pressed upon* or *down*.
656. **Armour . . . harm.** Cf. *Par. Regained*, iv. 434, note. And Spenser, *Faery Queen*, I. xi. 27:

'That erst him goodly *armed*, now most of all him *harmed*.'

665. **Jaculation,** throwing, darting, hurling. Lat. *jaculationem*, from *jaculor* (throw the javelin—*jaculum*), from *jacio* (throw).
666. **That** = so that.——**Underground,** under the hills that were hurled through the air. Cf. '*infernal* noise' (667).
668. **Confusion,** Lat. *con-fusionem* (pouring together), from *fusum* (to pour).
669. **And now &c.** Cf. Hom. *Il.* viii. 130.
674. **Advised,** resolved after due consideration, with deliberate intention.

A FOUL NIGHT.

(From *Paradise Regained*, Book IV.)

[Satan has shewn the Son of God all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them—in vain; and has taken him back to the wilderness. The Saviour is wearied, hungry, and cold; and when he tries to sleep, the tempter disturbs him with ugly dreams.]

And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st

Unshaken! Nor yet stayed the terror there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed thee; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.

NOTES.

409—425. One 'may compare this passage, without fear of ridicule or reprehension, to the noblest in the nobler poem' (Paradise Lost). . . . 'No such poetry as this has been written since, and little at any time before' (Landor).

409. **Either**, the one and the other, separately regarded; *each* of two: not, as usual, one to the exclusion of the other. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 648-9:

> 'Before the gates there sat
> On *either* side a formidable shape.'

Either tropic: generally both north and south. The Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn are two lines parallel to the (celestial) equator, the first very nearly 23½ deg. N. of it, the second very nearly 23½ deg. S. of it. 'Tropic' is from Gr. *tropikos* (belonging to a turn or turning): the lines mark the (apparent) *turning-points* of the sun; in his (apparent) course, he is never right above the earth at any point beyond them. The Tropics take name from the constellations, Cancer and Capricornus, in which the sun is when he appears to *turn* in his course.

410. **Both ends of heaven**, both east and west.

411. **Rift**, fissure, cleft, opening made by *riving* or splitting.——**Abortive**, lit. born prematurely. Lat. *abortīvus*, from *ab* (from) and *ortus* (rising, born): *arising from* its source, and always *'too soon;* hence premature, and not effective. Here the ideas of suddenness, unpreparedness, and confusion are prominent.

413. **Ruin.** See iv. 436, note.

414. **Caves.** In Homer, Æŏlus is king of an island—Lipāra (mod. Lipari), or Strongyle (mod. Stromboli), N.E. of Sicily—with dominion over the winds. In later times, he is god and king of the winds, which he keeps confined in a mountain, in the Æolian (or Lipari) Islands. Cf. Vergil, *Æn.* i. 52 and foll.

415. **Hinges**, *cardinal* (or principal) points of the compass—N., E., S., W. 'Cardinal' is Lat. *cardinalis*, from *cardo* (gen. *cardinis*), a *hinge*—what a door (or any matter) *turns on*.

417. **Deep as high.** Here is 'attributed to the *pine* what belongs to the *oak*. The tallest pines have superficial roots; they certainly are never *deep as high:* oaks are said to be; and if the saying is not phytologically true, it is poetically' (Landor). The poet may have had his eye on Vergil, *Æn.* iv. 445.

419. **Sheer**, straight, right up.——**Shrouded**, sheltered, protected. In old English, 'shrouds' are rough clothes. Cf. Langley, *Piers the Plowman*, Prol. 2-3:

> 'I shope* me in *shroudēs*, as† I a shepe‡ were,
> In habite§ as an heremite,‖ unholy of workēs.'

The 'shrouds' of old St Paul's Cathedral sheltered Paul's Cross preachers and hearers in bad weather; they were awnings or

* *Shaped*, put, arrayed. † As (if). ‡ Sheep. § *Habit*, dress. ‖ *Hermit*, *eremite*.

coverings by the side of the building.

420. **Only.** In prose, one would prefer 'alone.' It is an adjunct to 'thou,' 'thou only,' 'thou alone.'——**Stood'st.** In 425 is 'sat'st.' Landor calls this 'a small oversight.'

423. **Environed,'** surrounded, encompassed. Fr. *environ* (about, around), from *en* (in), and O. Fr. *viron*, a noun from *virer* (to *veer*, turn about).

425. Fine contrast.

A FAIR MORNING.

(From *Paradise Regained*, Book IV.)

Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

NOTES.

427. **Pilgrim steps.** The progress of day is represented as a pilgrimage. 'Pilgrim' is Fr. *pélerin*, from Lat. *peregrinus* (foreigner), from *per* (through) and *ager* (territory).——**Amice,** an oblong cloth tied about the neck of a Roman Catholic priest, and hanging down behind. From Lat. *amictus* (outer garment), from *amicio* (to wrap about), probably from *am* (about) and *jacio* (to throw).

428. **Radiant finger,** streaks of dawn. 'Radiant,' sending forth *rays* or beams of light: Lat. *radiantem*, participle of *radio*, from *radius* (staff, rod, ray); whence Fr. *raie* and our *ray*. Cf. Homer's '*rosy-fingered* morn.'

430. **Grisly,** frightful, hideous: from old *agrisan* (to *agrise*, to dread or frighten greatly).——**Spectres,** apparitions, phantoms: Lat. *spectrum*, from *specio* (to see).——**Fiend,** old *feond*, foe, hater: from old *feon*, *fian*, to hate. Cf. 'friend,' old *freond*, from *freon*, to love. The Fiend is the universal *foe* and arch-*hater*, Satan.

432-8. Cf. Spenser, *Sonnet* xl. (p 107).

434. **Drooping** and **dropping.** Milton has also '*beseeching* or *besieging*,' 'at one slight *bound* high overleapt all *bound*,' 'and brought into the *world* a *world* of woe,' 'lest I should be condemned of introducing *license*, while I oppose *Licensing*' (*Areop.*), &c. Addison (*Spectator*, No. 297) notes it as 'a fault in his language,' 'that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words'—as in these examples. In the face of high authority,

Addison thinks 'it is in itself poor and trifling.'

435. **Who.** Observe the relative: 'the birds, *who*——'

436. **Ruinous,** lit. tending to *ruin*, falling headlong. 'Ruin' is Fr. *ruine*, Lat. *ruīna*, from *ruo* (to rush or tumble down). The reference here is to the wild *downpour* during the night. (See lines 410-3). When Satan was hurled headlong down from heaven, it was said to be 'with hideous *ruin*' (*Par. Lost*, i. 46).

438. **Gratulate,** congratulate, greet with joy, manifest gladness at: Lat. *grātŭlor*, from *gratus* (causing or feeling joy).

Write in prose the contrast in these last two extracts.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.—1618–1667.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in London, and educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Driven from Cambridge by the Puritan visitors in 1643, he took refuge in Oxford; and 'when Oxford was surrendered to the Parliament, he followed the queen to Paris, where he became secretary to the Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St Albans, and was employed in such correspondence as the royal cause required, and particularly in ciphering and deciphering the letters that passed between the king and queen.' After being twelve years abroad, he returned (1656), and took to studying medicine. At the Restoration (1660), he was rewarded with the free lease of lands yielding three hundred pounds a year, and retired to live at Chertsey. His early 'prophecy against himself,' which he calls 'a shrewd' one, was tolerably obvious and safe:

> 'Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
> Nor at the exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.'

The *Davideis*, an epic poem, was almost finished while he was yet a student at Cambridge. The *Anacreontics*, free translations from the Greek of Anacreon, shew some of his finest work. The *Pindaric Odes* are the most important of his other pieces in verse. Dr Johnson considers him 'undoubtedly the best' of the 'metaphysical' or 'fantastic' poets. (See, below, Samuel Johnson.) The chief part of his prose is contained in about a dozen *Essays*, which are interspersed with verse. 'A little tomb of marble' seemed to him 'a better monument than a vast heap of stones and rubbish.'

> 'Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric, art;
> But still I love the language of his heart.' (Pope.)

LOT'S WIFE.

(From the *Davideis*, Book III.)

Afar old Lot toward little Zoar hies,
And dares not mov[e] (goo[d] man!) his weeping eyes.

Behind, his wife stood ever fixed alone,
No more a woman, not yet quite a stone
A lasting death seized on her turning head ;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a cheek : in vain to speak she strove ;
Her lips, though stone, a little seemed to move.
One eye was closed, surprised by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light :
The wind admired, which her hair loosely bore,
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.
To Heaven she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a suppliant pillar stands.
She tried her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And raised the heel, but her toes rooted there.
Ah ! foolish woman ! who must always be
A sight more strange than that she turned to see !

NOTES.

251. **Lot and Loot.** See Gen. xix.

261. **Admired,** wondered. Cf. Bacon, note to 'admiration,' page 142 ; and Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 690. Awkwardly placed between 'wind' and qualifying clause.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

('Translated paraphrastically out of ANACREON.')

Happy insect ! what can be
In happiness compared to thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine !
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill ;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee ;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice :
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !

Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know:
But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

NOTES.

8. **Ganymede**, a beautiful youth who was carried off to heaven to be the cup-bearer of Zeus.

32. **Epicurean.** As if a follower of Epicurus, a celebrated Greek philosopher (342—270 B.C.); taking life after the pleasant fashion recommended, not indeed by Epicurus himself, but by some of his degenerate followers.

TWO VIEWS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

(From the opening of *A Discourse, by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.*)

It was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called Protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much

more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which, too, divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother) were pleased to attend; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vainglory; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight. At last (for it seemed long to me, and like his short reign too, very tedious) the whole scene passed by; and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and, I think, more melancholy than any of the mourners. Where I began to reflect on the whole life of this prodigious man; and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and success; till, by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked, as it were, asleep, I fell at last into this vision; or if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill, because the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God.

But sure it was no dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St Paul, I know not), and found myself on the top of that famous hill in the island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked on them, the *Not-long-since* struck upon my memory, and called forth the

sad representation of all the sins, and all the miseries, that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours; and, when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an hour more; and, as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember, (looking upon England), into this complaint.

[Here follows his complaint, in eight stanzas of poetry.]

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass, and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello*;[1] and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c. Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly: 'What art thou?' And he said: 'I am called the North-west Principality, his Highness,

[1] 'Peace is sought by war;' 'we wage war in order to establish peace.'

the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms which thou seest from this place.' And I answered and said: 'If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past, your highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard the Third to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk, than this every month's apostate; such a protector as man is to his flocks, which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a protector'— and as I was proceeding, methought, his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that Cromwell among all his foreign correspondences had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in White-

hall) I desired him 'that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know.'

At which he told me, 'that he had no other concernment for his late highness than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalised English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman, (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly), for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue, what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death? to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family? to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament? to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them? to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes? to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England? to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice? to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last? to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal

facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north? to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth? to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth? to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant? to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them? and lastly, (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity? to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad? to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity? and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?'

[The author supposed that 'his highness' commended Cromwell 'by irony;' and 'having fortified himself privately with a short mental prayer and with the sign of the cross,' boldly proceeded to state the opposite view.]

'There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but to sum up a part of it briefly: What can be more extraordinarily wicked than for a person such as yourself qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss

of three or four ears, and strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up counsels of rapine and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him, to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him, to draw him into his net with protestations and vows of fidelity, and, when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abase perfidiously and supplant ingratefully his own general first, and afterwards most of those officers who, with the loss of their honour and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies, and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Molochship? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and

with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed?'

NOTES.

The late man . . . Protector. Why does Cowley use such a roundabout expression?

Little affection . . . him. Naturally, considering the writer's relation to the royal family.

Trouble &c. Cowley dearly loved his ease.

Folly &c. Especial 'folly,' when honour was done to a man that he was bound to dislike.

Curious persons, persons greatly *caring* (Lat. *curiosus*, from *cura*, care) for these things, interested.

The Mount, St Michael's Mount.

Orcades, Orkneys.

Cost. The funeral was arranged on the model of the funeral of Philip II. of Spain. It was of surpassing magnificence, and is said to have cost £60,000. Cf. (below) 'to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity.'

Infinitely afflicted &c. Sarcastic.

Uses to do. We have dropt this employment of the present tense; while we freely employ the past, 'used.' Cf. (below) 'as men *use* to do.'

Sometimes . . . sometimes . . . success. 'Though no man can justify or approve the actions of Cromwell, without having all the seeds and principles of wickedness in his heart; yet many there are, even honest and well-meaning people, who (without wading into any depth of consideration in the matter, and purely deceived by splendid works, and the outward appearances of vanity) are apt to admire him as a great and eminent person.' (Advertisement to the *Vision.*)' This is not far from Cowley's own state of mind. He was too easy-going a man to be a thoroughly good hater.

Tells us. In Homer, dreams are sent mostly by Zeus (Jupiter).

Like St Paul. See 2 Cor. xii. 2, 3. 'Very injudicious, on such an occasion, to use the language of St Paul' (Hurd).

Mona, the Isle of Man, lies almost equidistant from England, Scotland, and Ireland. The view from Snaefell, the highest hill in [Man (fully 2000 feet), is very imposing.

These twenty years. The troubles of 1641 culminated in civil war (1642), in the course of which the monarch was beheaded, and monarchy abolished in favour of a Commonwealth or free state. Cowley is writing in 1661, the year after the Restoration.

Passion, lit. *suffering*, high state of feeling.

Arising out of the earth: '*i.e.* from a low and plebeian original' (Hurd).

The battle of Naseby, in Northamptonshire, June 14, 1645. 'The king and the kingdom were lost in it' (Clarendon).

Three crowns. Why 'three?'

The North-west Principality. The principality lying in the north-west of Europe; the British Islands.

His Highness, the Protector &c. 'The title of king was not revived: but the kingly prerogatives were intrusted to a Lord High Protector. The sovereign was called, not His Majesty, but His Highness' (Macaulay, *Hist.*, chap. i.).

Richard III. . . . the king his nephew. See More, *King Richard III.* (pages 53-6).

Set up himself in the place of it. 'His wish seems to have been to govern constitutionally, and to substitute the empire of the laws for that of the sword. But he soon found that, hated as he was both by Royalists and Presbyterians, he could be safe only by being absolute' (Macaulay).

A murderer. The commonwealth, which had put to death the king.

We would &c. Remark on 'would.'

To have changed. 'To change' (simple infin. indef.) is enough. Cf. note to 'to have preached' (page 68).

And rather received &c. Improper ellipsis. Disentangle the clauses.

Apostate, one that forsakes his principles or his party. Gr. *apostátēs* (runaway slave, deserter, renegade), from *apo* (away), and the root *sta* (stand).

Whitehall, a palace in Westminster, originally built by Hubert de Burgh, the Justiciary, in the first half of the 13th century. Hubert bequeathed it (1243) to the Black Friars, who sold it (1248) to the Archbishop of York. It was now called York Place, and continued the residence of the York primates for nearly three centuries (1248—1530), the last that held it being Wolsey. Wolsey resigned it to Henry VIII., who made it a royal palace, and called it Whitehall. It was rebuilt by James I. It was accidentally burnt to the ground in 1698, the Banqueting-house being the only important part that escaped.

The general error &c. 'He had kept the hearts of his soldiers, and had broken with almost every other class of his fellow-citizens.' 'While he lived, his power stood firm, an object of mingled aversion, admiration, and dread to his subjects. Few, indeed, loved his government; but those who hated it most hated it less than they feared it' (Macaulay).

What can be &c. Remarkable contrast and enumeration of particulars up to a climax. Cf. (below) Cowley's reply to the angel. 'In some remarks upon the *Davideis*, he presents the fortunes of David in the same striking form, though the contrasts are not portrayed at the same length: "What worthier subject could have been chosen, among all the treasuries of past times, than the life of this young prince, who from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth?"' (Minto, *Engl. Prose Lit.*, page 340.)

Mean birth, no fortune. Cf. (above) 'arising out of the earth;' and (below) 'the little inheritance of his father.' 'A private and obscure birth (though of a good family)' (Clarendon). 'His father was Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and younger brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell, knights both; who dwelt successively in rather sumptuous fashion, at the mansion of Hinchinbrook hard by [Huntingdon]. Elizabeth Steward, who had now become Mrs Robert Cromwell, was, say the genealogists, "indubitably descended from the royal Stuart family of Scotland;" and could still count kindred with them. . . . Certain lands and messuages [dwelling-houses, with outhouses and grounds about them], round and in that town of Huntingdon. . . . These lands he himself farmed: the income in all is guessed or computed to have been about £300 a year; a tolerable fortune in those times; perhaps somewhat like £1000 now. . . . In short the stories of Oliver's "poverty" . . . are all false. . . . The family was of the rank of substantial gentry, and duly connected with such in the counties round, for three generations back' (Carlyle, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Introduction, chap. iii.).

No eminent qualities &c. 'He could never have done one half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment' (Clarendon). He had 'gone through a political education of no common kind.' 'Cromwell was emphatically a man. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that masculine and full-grown robustness of mind, that equally diffused intellectual health, which . . . has peculiarly characterised the great men of England. Never was any ruler so conspicuously born for sovereignty' (Macaulay).

Destruction of one &c. The commons voted (Feb. 7, 1649) that the office of king was 'unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety, and public interests of the people of the kingdom, and therefore ought to be abolished.'

Death. Charles I. was beheaded Jan. 30, 1649. 'The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. . . . I reckon it perhaps [the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in history ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do' (Carlyle, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Part IV., end).

To trample . . . and spurn &c. Finding that the Rump Parliament were breaking faith with him and secretly attempting to thwart his plans, he marched down a detachment of soldiers, cleared the house, and had the door locked (April 20, 1653). (See Carlyle).

New and unheard-of monster. Cromwell now formed a Council of State, consisting of himself, eight officers of high rank, and four civilians (April 29). The disturbed state of the country rendering it inexpedient to summon a new parliament in the constitutional form, the council chose some 140 members, with religious qualifications, partly inferior men, but mostly persons of good position: 'a real Assembly of the Notables in Puritan England' (Carlyle). They met on July 4.

To stifle that &c. This assembly fell into public contempt, and surrendered back their powers into the hands of Cromwell (Dec. 12), who was then declared Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland (Dec. 16).

To set up himself &c. 'Those soldiers who would not suffer him to assume the title stood by him when he ventured on acts of power as high as any English king has ever attempted. The government, therefore, though in form a republic, was in truth a despotism, moderated only by the wisdom, the sobriety, and the magnanimity of the despot' (Macaulay).

All things that ever &c. Emphatic circumlocution heightens the effect.

To oppress &c. 'Those elements of force which, when the civil war broke out, had appeared arrayed against each other were combined against him; all the Cavaliers, the great majority of the Roundheads, the Anglican Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Roman Catholic Church, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Yet such was his genius and resolution that he was able to overpower and crush everything that crossed his path, to make himself more absolute master of his country than any of her legitimate kings had been,' &c. (Macaulay).

To serve all parties &c. Cromwell had recourse to independent action only when he could not get his impracticable parliaments to do useful work towards 'the settlement of the nation.'

To overrun &c. 'England had already ceased to struggle.' 'In a few months (1649-50) he subjugated Ireland as Ireland had never been subjugated during the five centuries of slaughter which had elapsed since

the landing of the first Norman settlers.' 'In two great battles [Dunbar and Worcester, 1650-1: see Milton's *Sonnet to Cromwell*, notes] Cromwell annihilated the military force of Scotland' (Macaulay).

To be feared . . . . foreign princes. 'After half a century during which England had been of scarcely more weight in European politics than Venice or Saxony, she at once became the most formidable power in the world, dictated terms of peace to the pirates of Barbary, vanquished the Spaniards by land and sea, seized one of the finest West Indian islands [Jamaica], and acquired on the Flemish coast a fortress [Dunkirk] which consoled the national pride for the loss of Calais. She was supreme on the ocean.' 'He taught every nation to value her friendship, and to dread her enmity' (Macaulay). When the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames in Charles II.'s time, 'everywhere it was remembered how, when Oliver ruled, all foreign powers had trembled at the name of England, how the States-General, now so haughty, had crouched at his feet, and how, when it was known that he was no more, Amsterdam was lighted up as for a great deliverance, and children ran along the canals, shouting for joy that the Devil was dead' (Macaulay).

To bequeath &c. 'It is certain that he was, to the last, honoured by his soldiers, obeyed by the whole population of the British Islands, and dreaded by all foreign powers; that he was laid among the ancient sovereigns of England with funeral pomp such as London had never before seen; and that he was succeeded by his own son Richard as quietly as any king had ever been succeeded by any Prince of Wales' (Macaulay). 'Not a murmur of opposition was heard' (Lingard, *History of England*, Vol. VIII. chap. viii.).

To leave a name &c. Macaulay calls him 'the greatest prince that has ever ruled England.'

Qualify him, declare him to be, by enumeration of his qualities.

His equals and betters. On the omission of the nouns, which are obvious, the adjectives take their place and inflection. Give the full and natural form. Cf. 'whose like' (Spenser, *F. Q.*, I. vi. 8).

Loss of three or four ears. Mutilation, which had rarely been inflicted by law in England, excited very strong feeling in Charles I.'s reign. For his book entitled *An Appeal to Parliament, or A Plea against Prelacy*, Dr Alexander Leighton was condemned by the Star-Chamber (1630) 'to be degraded of his ministry,' then 'for further punishment and example to others, be brought into the pillory at Westminster, . . . and there whipped, and after his whipping be set upon the pillory for some convenient space, and *have one of his ears cut off*, and his nose slit, and be branded in the face with a double SS, for a *Sower of Sedition;* and shall then be carried to the prison of the Fleet, and at some other convenient time afterwards shall be carried into the pillory at Cheapside, upon a market-day, and be there likewise whipped, and then be set upon the pillory, and *have his other ear cut off*, and from thence be carried back to the prison of the Fleet, there to remain during life, unless his Majesty shall be *graciously* pleased to enlarge him' (Rushworth). So in 1633, William Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, underwent similar barbarous treatment for writing *Histriomastix*, a 'collection of divers arguments and authorities against common stage-plays;' he lost both his ears.

His own general, Lord Fairfax, who would not fight the Scots, and resigned his commission, 1650. Cromwell's enemies thought that, for all his earnestness to persuade Fairfax

to retain the chief command, he really wished Fairfax not to do so.

As St Paul says. 1 Cor. viii. 4: 'we know that an idol is nothing in the world.'

Valley of Hinnon . . . . Molochship. Children were sacrificed to Moloch (Molech, Milcom, &c.), the chief god of the Ammonites. Even Solomon built a high place for him on the Mount of Olives. See Bible. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 392—405.

Burning the bowels of man &c. 'He only means that some persons suffered the customary death of traitors, under the Protector's government.' 'In this and some other instances, the author's resentment gets the better of his discretion' (Hurd).

Hume (*Hist. of England*, ch. 61) substantially adopts the angel's character of Cromwell 'altered in some particulars from the original.' The alterations are chiefly in the style, which, Hurd thinks, 'surely wanted no improvement.'

The pupil should be enabled to compare Hume's altered form with the original.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.—1609–1674.

EDWARD HYDE, the son of a country gentleman of Wiltshire, on leaving Oxford, studied law under his uncle, Nicholas Hyde, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He attached himself to the party of the king, and accompanied the royal family into exile. He did much to bring about the Restoration; and, after having spent fourteen years abroad (1646–60), he returned to become Lord Chancellor and chief minister of Charles II. His greatness was still further heightened by the marriage of his daughter Anne with the Duke of York (1660), and by his elevation to the earldom of Clarendon (1661). After a few years he became unpopular, and being impeached of high treason (1667), he went again into exile. He died at Rouen.

The History of the Rebellion was written at various times during his life abroad, and was not published till 1704. Among his other works are his *Life* and a *Continuation* of the History.

'The respect which we justly feel for Clarendon as a writer must not blind us to the faults which he committed as a statesman. Some of those faults, however, are explained and excused by the unfortunate position in which he stood' (Macaulay).

ADMIRAL ROBERT BLAKE.

(From *The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England.*)

[Robert Blake, general and admiral at sea, the greatest sailor of his age, 'was 'the man who, next to Cromwell, was the foremost personage in England during the most troubled and glorious part of

the seventeenth century' (W. H. Dixon). He was born in 1598 at Bridgewater in Somersetshire, the son of an energetic merchant, who had more than once been chief magistrate. He went to Oxford in 1615, and remained there nine years, taking the degree of M.A. In the civil war, he took the side of the parliament and greatly distinguished himself by land and sea. On land, his most brilliant achievements were connected with the capture and stubborn defence of Taunton (1644–5). At sea, his career was yet more glorious (1649–57): he crushed the power of Prince Rupert in the Mediterranean and in the Scilly Isles (1651); in several terrible battles (1652–3), he humbled the Dutch, who at that time possessed the greatest naval power in the world, under some of the most famous admirals that ever lived; he exacted reparation (1654) from the Grand-duke of Tuscany (60,000 pistoles), and from the Pope Alexander VII. (20,000 pistoles)—'probably the only money ever brought from Roman coffers to enrich the public treasury of England' (Dixon); he punished the Deys of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers (1655); and he sent home to England much gold taken from the wrecks of Spanish treasure fleets (1656–7). Again and again he was publicly thanked and rewarded by parliament. Blake died as his ship the *St George* was entering Plymouth Sound on August 17, 1657; and he was buried (Sept. 4) with great pomp in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, 'amidst the tears and prayers of a grateful and admiring nation.' In 1661, Charles II., to his eternal disgrace, ordered Blake's body to be exhumed (with many others), and cast out of the Abbey. It was reburied in the churchyard of St Margaret's.]

ENCOUNTER WITH VAN TROMP.

(From Book XIII.)

It was about the beginning of May in the year 1652, that the Dutch fleet, consisting of above forty sail, under the command of Van Tromp, rode at anchor in Dover road, being driven by a strong wind, as they pretended, from the Flanders coast, when the English fleet, under the command of Blake, of a much less number, appeared in view; upon which the Dutch weighed anchor, and put out to sea, without striking their flag; which Blake observing, caused three guns to be fired without any ball. It was then observed that there was an express ketch came at the very time from Holland on board the

admiral; and it was then conceived that he had by that express received more positive orders to fight; for, upon the arrival of that express, he tacked about, and bore directly towards the English fleet; and the three guns were no sooner fired, but, in contempt of the advertisement, he discharged one single gun from his poop, and hung out a red flag, and came up to the English admiral, and gave him a broadside, with which he killed many of his men, and hurt his ship. With which, though Blake was surprised, as not expecting such an assault, he deferred not to give him the same rude salutation; and so both fleets were forthwith engaged in a very fierce encounter; which continued for the space of four hours, till the night parted them, after the loss of much blood on both sides. On the part of the Dutch, they lost two ships, whereof one was sunk and the other taken, with both the captains, and near two hundred prisoners. On the English side there were many slain, and more wounded, but no ship lost, nor officer of name. When the morning appeared, the Dutch were gone to their coast.

NOTES.

About the beginning &c. May 19.

Sail. Explain the usage, and find similar examples.

Van Tromp. Marten Harpertzoon van Tromp (1597—1653), one of the most famous Dutch admirals, raised himself from the lowest position to the supreme command. He was killed in a fearful battle with Monk—'the most bloody that had yet been fought' in the Dutch war, says Clarendon—off the Dutch coast, July 31, 1653.

Much less number. Van Tromp had forty-two men-of-war and frigates; Blake entered the engagement with only fifteen, but was reinforced in the crisis of the action by Admiral Bourne's squadron of eight ships.

There was . . . came. Bad construction. Omit 'there was;' or improve otherwise.

Ketch, a small ship.

No sooner . . . but. 'But' is the usual construction for more than a century after Clarendon. Now we prefer 'than.'

Advertisement: the *turning* one's attention *to* (Lat. *ad-verto*), (public) notice.

Describe the encounter in your own language.

CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH WEST INDIA FLEET.

(From Book XV.)

When Admiral Blake had subdued the Turks of Tunis and Algiers, and betaken himself to the coast of Spain, and by the attempt of Hispaniola and the possession of Jamaica, the war was sufficiently declared against the Catholic king, Montague, a young gentleman of a good family, who had been drawn into the party of Cromwell, and served under him as a colonel in his army with much courage, was sent with an addition of ships to join with Blake, and joined in commission of admiral and general with him; Blake finding himself much indisposed in his health, and having desired that another might be sent to assist him, and to take care of the fleet, if worse should befall him. Upon his arrival with the fleet, they lay long before Cales in expectation of the Spanish West India fleet, and to keep in all ships from going out to give notice of their being there. After some months' attendance, they were at last compelled to remove their station, that they might get fresh water, and some other provisions which they wanted, and so drew off to a convenient bay in Portugal, and left a squadron of ships to watch the Spanish fleet, which within a very short time after the remove of the English fleet came upon the coast; and before they were discovered by the commander of the squadron, who was to the leeward, made their way so fast that, when he got up with them, (though he was inferior to them in number), they rather thought of saving their wealth by flight, than of defending themselves; and so the Spanish admiral run on shore in the bay, and the vice-admiral, in which was the vice-king of Mexico with his wife and sons and daughters, was fired by themselves to prevent being taken; in which the poor gentleman himself, his wife,

and his eldest daughter, perished: his other daughters, and his two sons, and near one hundred others, were saved by the English, who took the rear-admiral and two other ships very richly laden, which, together with the prisoners, were sent into England, the rest escaped into Gibraltar.

The ships which were sent for England arrived at Portsmouth; and though they might with less charge have continued their voyage by sea to London, Cromwell thought it would make more noise, if all the bullion, which was of great value, was landed at Portsmouth; from whence it was brought by land in many carts to London, and so carried through the city to the Tower to be there coined.

NOTES.

Hispaniola, San Domingo, Dominique, or Hayti, one of the West India Islands. In 1655, General Venables, in concert with Admiral Penn, landed in Hispaniola, but were driven out by the Spaniards, losing 1000 men. Cromwell 'had never such distempers (for he had a great command over his passions) as upon the miscarriage at Hispaniola. And as soon as they came on shore, he committed both Penn and Venables to the Tower, and could never be persuaded to trust either of them again, and could not, in a long time, speak temperately of that affair' (Clarendon).

Jamaica. On their failure at Hispaniola, the English 'revenged themselves upon a neighbour island called Jamaica' (Clarendon)

The Catholic king. The king of Spain, the leading Catholic power. 'That Romish Babylon of which the Spaniard is the great underpropper,' wrote Cromwell, in his instructions to the admirals.

Cales, long the English name for Cadiz.

Attendance, waiting and watching.

The commander of the squadron. Captain Richard Stayner, of the *Speaker*, commanded the squadron of seven ships.

When he got up with them. Sept. 9, 1656. The battle raged for six hours. 'Of the eight [Spanish] vessels, only two escaped capture or destruction. The money lost amounted to nine million pieces of eight' (Dixon). Stayner was knighted for his services.

Admiral . . . vice-admiral . . . rear-admiral. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 294, note. Dryden, *Parallel of Poetry and Painting*: 'As convoy-ships either accompany or should accompany their *merchants* till they may prosecute the rest of their voyage without danger,' &c. So Shak., *Tempest*, II., i. 5. Cf. also '*man*-of-war,' 'merchant-*man*,' &c.

Many carts. 'Some eight-and-thirty wagons' (Dixon).

Relate the capture in your own words.

THE CROWNING VICTORY.

(From Book XV.)

But that which made a noise indeed, and crowned his successes, was the victory his fleet, under the command of Blake, had obtained over the Spaniard; which, in truth, with all its circumstances, was very wonderful, and will never be forgotten in Spain and the Canaries. That fleet had rode out all the winter storms before Cales and the coast of Portugal, after they had sent home those former ships which they had taken of the West Indian fleet, and understood by the prisoners that the other fleet from Peru, which is always much richer than that of Mexico, was undoubtedly at sea, and would be on the coast by the beginning of the spring, if they received not advertisement of the presence of the English fleet; in which case they were most like to stay at the Canaries. The admirals concluded that, notwithstanding all they had done or could do to block up Cales, that one way or other they would not be without that advertisement; and therefore resolved to sail with the whole fleet to the length of the Canaries, that, if it were possible, they might meet with the galleons before they came thither; and if they should be first got in thither, they would then consider what was to be done.

And with this resolution they stood for the Canaries, and about the middle of April came thither; and found that the galleons were got thither before them, and had placed themselves, as they thought, in safety. The smaller ships, being ten in number, lay in a semicircle, moored along the shore; and the six great galleons (the fleet consisting of sixteen good ships), which could not come so near the shore, lay with their broadsides towards the offing. And besides this good posture in which all the ships lay, they were covered with a strong castle well

and his eldest daughter, per[illegible]ere six or seven small and his two sons, and [illegible]geous places of the bay, saved by the Englis[illegible] with six good pieces of two other ships ver[illegible]ithout the least apprehension the prisoners, wer[illegible]agination that any men would into Gibraltar. [illegible]ssault them upon such apparent

The ships [illegible] Portsmouth [illegible] have contir[illegible] thought [illegible] which [illegible] from [illegible] Lor[illegible] b[illegible]

When the English fleet came to the mouth of the bay and the general saw in what posture the Spaniards lay, and thought it impossible to bring off any of the galleons; however, he resolved to burn them (which many thought to be equally impossible), and sent Captain Stayner with a squadron of the best ships to fall upon the galleons; which he did very resolutely; whilst other frigates entertained the forts and lesser breast-works with continual broadsides, to hinder their firing. And so the generals coming up with the whole fleet, after full four hours' fight, they drove the Spaniards from their ships, and possessed them; yet found that their work was not done; and that it was not only impossible to carry away the ships which they had taken, but that the wind that had brought them into the bay, and enabled them to conquer the enemy, would not serve to carry them out again; so that they lay exposed to all the cannon from the shore, which thundered upon them. However, they resolved to do what was in their power; and so, discharging their broadsides upon the forts and land, where they did great execution, they set fire to every ship, galleons and others, and burned every one of them; which they had no sooner done but the wind turned, and carried the whole fleet without loss of one ship out of the bay, and put them safe to sea again.

The whole action was so miraculous that all men who knew the place concluded that no sober men, with what courage soever endued, would ever undertake it;

...ey could hardly persuade themselves to believe ...y had done; whilst the Spaniards comforted with the belief that they were devils, and ...ad destroyed them in such a manner. So strong resolution of bold and courageous men ...ring to pass, that no resistance and advantage of ...ound can disappoint them. And it can hardly be imagined how small loss the English sustained in this unparalleled action; no one ship being left behind, and the killed and wounded not exceeding two hundred men, when the slaughter on board the Spanish ships, and on the shore, was incredible.

NOTES.

That, notwithstanding . . . that. The repetition of 'that' is caused by the long intervening expression.

Sail with . . . fleet. April 13, 1657.

Came thither. April 18, they sighted what they took to be land, through a thick fog; April 19, they ascertained their exact bearings; April 20, they destroyed the Spanish galleons utterly.

Not only . . . but. Misplacement of 'not only.' Rectify otherwise.

No sober men, &c. 'Perhaps no naval action has ever been more warmly admired and more curiously criticised than this attack on Santa Cruz. "Of all the desperate attempts," says the royalist Heath, "that were ever made in the world against an enemy by sea, this of the noble Blake's is not inferior to any"' (Dixon). 'The last and grandest of the triumphs of England's first great admiral' (Green).

Narrate in your own way the victory at Santa Cruz.

DEATH, BURIAL, AND CHARACTER.

(From Book XV.)

The fleet after this, having been long abroad, found it necessary to return home. And this was the last service performed by Blake, who sickened in his return, and in the very entrance of the fleet into the sound of Plymouth he expired. But he wanted no pomp when he was dead, Cromwell causing him to be brought up by land to London in all the state that could be; and then, according to the method of that time, to encourage

his officers to be killed, that they might be pompously buried, he was, with all the solemnity possible, and at the charge of the public, interred in Harry the Seventh's chapel, the monument of the kings. He was a man of an ordinary extraction, yet left enough by his father to give him a good education, which his own inclination disposed him to receive in the university of Oxford; where he took the degree of a master of arts; and was versed in books for a man who intended not to be of any profession, having enough of his own to maintain him in the plenty he affected, and having then no appearance of ambition to be a better man than he was. He was of a melancholic and a sullen nature, and spent his time most with good fellows, who liked his morosity, and a freedom he used in inveighing against the license of the time and the power of the court. And they who knew him inwardly discovered that he had an anti-monarchical spirit, when few men thought the government in any danger. When the troubles began, he quickly declared himself against the king; and having some command in Bristol, when it was first taken by Prince Rupert and the Marquis of Hertford, and being trusted with the command of a little fort upon the line, he refused to give it up, after the governor had signed the articles of surrender, and kept it some hours after the prince was in the town, and killed some of the soldiers; for which the prince resolved to hang him, if some friends had not interposed for him, upon his want of experience in war, and prevailed with him to quit the place by very great importunity, and with much difficulty. He then betook himself wholly to the sea, and quickly made himself signal there, and was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest, that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined, and despised those rules

which had been long in practice to keep his ship and his men out of danger, which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection, as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to contemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him only to make a noise and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water; and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that drew the copy of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievement.

NOTES.

Left enough &c. Blake, we have seen, had been at Oxford for nine years before his father died; and on his father's death he at once left the university. His father's fortunes had in his later years seriously declined; and he died leaving to Robert and Humphrey, the eldest and second sons, the care of his widow and a very large family of young children, with an embarrassed estate. 'When the debts were paid, it would seem that property, exclusive of the house in St Mary's Street, of about two hundred pounds a year remained. . . . Robert accepted, and in due course achieved, the task of rearing, educating, and placing the whole of that numerous family' (Dixon).

A little fort. Prior's Hill.

The governor. Colonel Fiennes.

Some hours. Twenty-four hours after the pusillanimous surrender, the report of which Blake at first refused to believe.

Then betook himself &c. Clarendon omits the heroic defence of Lyme, as well as the splendid capture and stubborn defence of Taunton.

. . . **Achievement.** Remarkable testimony from Clarendon.

Re-write the passage in modern form.

THE NEWER ENGLISH.

JOHN DRYDEN.—1631–1700.

JOHN DRYDEN was born at Aldwinckle in Northamptonshire, and received his education at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge (1650–7). In his earlier poems, he varied his political creed to suit the party in power for the time being. Beginning his long career as a dramatist in 1663, he by-and-by obtained an engagement at the King's Theatre, and in 1670 became Poet-laureate and Historiographer-royal. Soon after the accession of James II. (1685), Dryden turned Roman Catholic. At the Revolution (1688), he failed to trim his sails to the court breeze, and had to give up his offices. At his death, in May 1700, he was honoured with a splendid funeral in Westminster Abbey.

After writing some short pieces—such as *Heroic Stanzas* to the glory of Cromwell (1659) and *Astræa Redux*, hailing the restoration of Charles II. (1660)—'Glorious John' produced his first play in 1663, and before 1694 he had written as many as seven-and-twenty, including twelve tragedies and nine comedies. The *Annus Mirabilis: the Year of Wonders*, 1666—a poem on the Dutch war and the great fire of London—first gave marked proof of his great powers (1667). *Absalom and Achitophel*, 'the foremost of English satires,' appeared in 1681, an example of splendid versification; and was followed by two other satires, *The Medal* (1681), and *Mac Flecknoe* (1682). *Religio Lāici; or a Layman's Faith* (1682) is a poetical defence of the principles of the Church of England; and *The Hind and the Panther* (1687) is an argumentation in verse in favour of the milk-white hind (the Church of Rome) as against the spotted panther (the Church of England). Dryden's lyric fame rests mainly on *Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Music: a Song in Honour of St Cecilia's Day*, 1697. He modernised and translated a very large number of works by other authors; the greatest translation is the *Virgil* (1694–7). Dryden's finest prose, consisting of 'masterly criticism on his art,' is found in *Prefaces* to various dramas and poems.

ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

(From *All for Love*, Act I., Scene i.)

['I prefer the scene betwixt Antony and Ventidius in the first act to anything which I have written in this kind' (Preface). It is modelled upon Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, Act iv., scene 3.

Marcus Antōnius, commonly called MARK ANTŌNY (83?—30 B.C.), served under Cæsar, to whom he proved an active supporter. On the murder of the great dictator (44 B.C.), Antony was anxious to be recognised as his representative, but found a rival in Octaviānus, Cæsar's great-nephew and adopted son, the future Emperor Augustus, now a youth of nineteen. Presently the rivals came into collision, and Octavianus defeated Antony at Mutĭna (43 B.C.). Antony was then joined by Lepĭdus, and soon also by Octavianus, whom his former friends the senate were now regarding with jealousy; and these three leaders divided the sovereign power among them. In 42, Antony met Cleopàtra, queen of Egypt, and gave himself up to her charms. On the death of his wife Fulvia in 40, he married Octāvia, the sister of Octavianus, but sent her back to her brother in 37, and surrendered himself to a voluptuous Eastern life with Cleopatra. The power of Antony was utterly destroyed in the famous battle of Actĭum (Sept. 2, 31) by Octavianus, who pursued him to Egypt, where he committed suicide (30).

PUBLIUS VENTIDIUS BASSUS first appears in history as a captive carried from the provinces to Rome in the Social War (89 B.C.). He served under Cæsar, whose favour he gained by his distinguished ability; and on Cæsar's death, he followed the fortunes of Antony. As Antony's lieutenant, he fought with brilliant success against the Parthians (39–38 B.C.); and although Antony out of jealousy dismissed him, his merit was so conspicuous that he was honoured with a triumph (Nov. 38). The rest of his career is unknown.]

SCENE.—*The Temple of* ISIS, *in Alexandria.*

Enter ANTONY, *walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.* VENTIDIUS *in the distance, observing him.*

Ant. They tell me 'tis my birthday, and I 'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Vent. [*Aside.*] On my soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains.
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I 'll think no more on 't.—
Give me some music; look that it be sad:
I 'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing.— [*Soft music.*
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I 'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak;
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it;
My uncombed locks, matted like misletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmuring brook
Runs at my foot.
Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,

And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
[*Soft music again.*
Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was than you to him
I left you last.
Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private: leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?
Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good, and godlike.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew. [*Weeping.*
I have not wept this forty year; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
Ant. By heaven, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks.—Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,
That caused 'em, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, father!
Vent. Emperor!
Ant. Emperor? Why, that 's the style of victory;
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame.
I lost a battle——
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony—
Well, thou wilt have it—like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I 'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people crowding to my triumphs,

The wish of nations; and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she 's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched: pr'ythee curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you 've done, too conscious of your failings,
And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou wouldst.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have, to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He 'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? do,
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys,
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em.
They 'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I said in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,
To double my despair? They 're mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. O trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I 'm besieged.
Vent. There 's but one way shut up: how came I hither?
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was 't they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,

And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You 'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you Powers,
To whom you have intrusted humankind!
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
O that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honour!
Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already—called me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so called.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir;
Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee, forgive me:
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used,
Nor durst another man have ventured it;
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;
So perfect that the gods who formed you wondered
At their own skill, and cried—'A lucky hit
Has mended our design.' Their envy hindered,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.
Ant. But Cleopatra—
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.
Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
[*Hugging him.*
Thy praises were unjust: but, I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory! thou know'st the way.
Vent. And will you leave this——
Ant. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire—all but honour:
But I will leave her.
Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier,
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud—'Come, follow me!'
Vent. O now I hear my emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all:
I'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. O Cleopatra!
Vent. Again?
Ant. I've done: in that last sigh, she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul 's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again,
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me,
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius's camp. In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.
Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another hour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

203. **My birthday** &c. Cleopatra has proclaimed a day of rejoicing:

'Thus Cleopatra bids: Let labour cease;
To pomps and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord: 'tis Antony's.'

206. **Meteor.** Complement to verb 'raised.' Resolve the great condensation. (See Murison's *First Work in English*, sect. 211.)

233. **Of.** We now use 'by' after pass. verb. Cf. notes, page 68.

237. **As,** for 'as if.' Cf. notes (202), page 159.

252. **Emperor.** Fr. *empereur*, Lat. *imperātōrem* (commander), from *imperātum* (to command). The military sense is the primary one. See (below) 274-6: '*Ant.* Emperor! why, that's *the style of victory*;' &c.

263. **This forty year.** See Lyly, notes, page 79.

275. **Unfelt** wounds. Explain.

278. **Actium,** a promontory (mod. *La Punta*) in Acarnania, on the west coast of Greece, at the mouth of the Ambracian Gulf (mod. *Gulf of Arta*). For the sea-fight off Actium, see (above) account of Antony.

283. **So has Julius done.** Their old commander, Caius Julius Cæsar, was beaten with severe loss, by Pompey, at Dyrrhachium (or Epidamnus, mod. *Durazzo*), a little to the north of Actium, on the coast of Illyrĭcum, in 48 B.C.

287. **Coward.** Fr. *couard*, from Lat. *cauda* (tail). Cf. Ital. *codardo*, from *coda*.

295. **Vintage.** Work out the comparison.

297-8. **Fortune . . . youth . . . purple greatness** &c. Express the meaning literally.

309. **Divorced.** A 'divorce,' Fr. *divorce*, Lat. *divortium*, is lit. a *turning away, asunder, in different directions* (*di* or *dis*, and *verto*), separation.

317. **Distempered.** 'Dis' expresses the negative or bad influence. For 'temper,' see Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 285, note, page 187.

319. **Officious.** Lit. dutiful (Lat. *officium*, duty, service): hence doing one's duty or offering one's services with excessive zeal, which is often useless and troublesome.

329. **Killed like Tully** &c. Marcus Tullius Cicero, the great orator, was marked for death by the three joint-rulers, or triumvirate, Octavianus, Antony, and Lepidus. He tried to escape by sea, but the soldiers of the triumvirs overtook him. Cicero ordered his attendants not to resist, and the soldiers at once struck off his head and hands (Dec. 7, 43 B.C.).

335. **'Tis you dream.** What is subject to 'dream?'

339. **Patient.** Lit. suffering, enduring, Lat. *patient-*; hence suffering quietly, bearing pain (or other inconvenience) without repining.

342. **Virtue.** Lit. manhood, manly vigour, Lat. *vir-tūtem* (man-hood).

381. **My equal.** See Cowley, note on 'His equals and betters,' page 209.

388. **Abject.** See Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 312, note, page 188.

390. **Eagles.** The eagle was the principal Roman military ensign or standard, and belonged properly to the legion. Hence *aquila* (eagle) was often used (by metonymy) for *legio* (legion).

391. **Octavius.** Shak. (in *Jul. Cæs.*) also calls him Octavius. But though his birth-name was 'Caius Octavius,' he had now become, on adoption by his great-uncle, 'Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus.' His imperial name 'Augustus' was a mere title of veneration, bestowed by senate and people in 27.

399. **Discovery.** See note on 'discover,' page 149.

410. **For ostentation sake.** See notes (78), page 137.

Narrate the interview in prose.

ZIMRI: DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

(From *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I.)

[*Absalom and Achitophel* (1681) is 'indisputably the best and most nervous political satire that ever was written' (Sir W. Scott). It was directed against the Popish Plot (1678–9) and the Exclusion Bill (1680–1). (Cf. 2 Sam. xv.—xviii.) Absalom represents the Duke of Monmouth, who passed for a natural son of Charles II.; Achitophel is the Earl of Shaftesbury. ZIMRI is George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1627–88), like his father, a witty and profligate royal favourite. In one of his pieces, a famous comedy called the *Rehearsal* (1671), the Duke had severely ridiculed Dryden, who was then poet-laureate, under the name of Bayes. Dryden did not forget the castigation.

'The character of Zimri in my *Absalom* is in my opinion worth the whole poem' (Dryden).]

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for flirting, painting, riming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man, with him, was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:

Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

NOTES.

546. **Epitŏmē**: abstract, abridgment, summary; what brings together in short space the chief points of a large or complex thing. Gr. *epitŏmē*: from *epi* (upon) and *tomē* (a cutting), from *tem-* (cut).

550. **Chymist.** The beginnings of our great discoveries in science were in those days. The Royal Society was founded in 1662, under immediate royal patronage. King Charles II. himself was a very fair chemist, and that made dabbling in chemistry fashionable.

561. **Still**, ever.——**Found**, found out; discovered their true character.

564. **Could ne'er be chief.** Buckingham succeeded Clarendon in 1667 as chief minister, but he was so flighty and addicted to vice, that he was soon hoodwinked by the king and some of his colleagues. In deference to an address from the House of Commons, he was removed from office in 1674, and notwithstanding all his efforts, he never recovered his position.

566. **Wise** Achitophel. Cf. 2 Sam. xvi. 23: 'And the counsel of Ahithophel, which he counselled in those days, was as if a man had enquired at the oracle of God.'

Compare another celebrated character of Buckingham. Pope (*Moral Essays*, Ep. iii. 305—314) describing his miserable death 'in the worst inn's worst room,' the house of a dependant in Yorkshire, ends thus:

'Alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimicked statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.'

ON TRANSLATION (I.)

(From the Preface to *The Translation of Ovid's Epistles*: 1680.)

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads:

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his *Art of Poetry* translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator so as never

to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr Waller's translation of Vergil's fourth *Æneid*. The third way is that of Imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and, taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

> *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus*
> *Interpres*[1]——
>
> Nor word for word too faithfully translate;

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: 'tis a faith like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshawe, on his version of the *Pastor Fido:*

> That servile path thou nobly dost decline
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line. . . .
> A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
> To make translations and translators too:
> They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
> True to his sense, but truer to his fame.[2]

It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time; for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. 'Tis frequent also that

[1] *De Arte Poetica*, 133-4. [2] Lines 15-6, 21-4.

the conceit is couched in some expression which will be lost in English.

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.[1]

What poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is encumbered with so many difficulties at once that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rime. 'Tis much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall, by using caution, but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected; and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of scaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay, Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek poet:

Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio:[2]

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be

[1] Ovid, *Heroides*, Epist. vii. ('Dido to Æneas'), 8: 'And the same winds will bear away thy sails and thy promises.' George Turberville translates:

'And with the self-same winds thy sails
And fickle faith shall go.'

Dryden's own free version is this:

'While you, with loosened sails, and vows, prepare
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.'

[2] *De Arte Poetica*, 25-6:

'Myself for shortness labour, and I grow
Obscure.'

BEN JONSON.

wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's *Odysseys*, which he has contracted into two :

> *Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,*
> *Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*[1]
>
> Muse, speak the man who, since the siege of Troy,
> So many towns, such change of manners saw.
>
> EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted :

> Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ
> πλάγχθη.[2]

The consideration of these difficulties in a servile literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called by the latter of them Imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other, and therefore their reasons for it are little different ; though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject ; that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches. For, in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved ; but I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from

[1] *De Arte Poetica*, 141-2.

[2] *Hos mala polla plangchthē* : 'who wandered very much (or long) ;' 'who was driven to wander long and far.'

the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking; to add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar, because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connection (I mean as to our understanding), to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be translated literally: his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and, Samson-like, he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English; and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Vergil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors, be thus used, 'tis no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original; but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, 'tis true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design,—though Vergil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place; yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation. And 'tis not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly, imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than he took himself) gives his reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second *Æneid:*

'Poetry is of so subtle a spirit that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*.'[1] I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided; and therefore, when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language and of his own: nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and of expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words: when they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed; but since every language is so full of its own proprieties that what is beautiful in one is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words; 'tis enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this means, the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost; and thus 'tis plain that the reason alleged by Sir John

[1] 'Dead head, or body;' 'lifeless, worthless remains.'

Denham has no further force than to expression; for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, 'tis his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin that a translator has no such right: when a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better; perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but 'tis his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

Et quæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.[1]

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urged, it be thought by

[1] Adapted from Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 149-50. Translate (adapting Ben Jonson):

'Let go
What you despair, being handled, might not show.'

better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the meantime, it seems to me that the true reason why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense; but because there are so few who have all the talents which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

NOTES.

Horace his Art of Poetry. 'Horace:' Quintus Horātius Flaccus (65—8 B.C.), a famous Roman poet. 'His,' for possessive inflection: see notes (28,539), page 18.

Mr Waller. Edmund Waller (1606-87), a distinguished poet. His best poem is the *Panegyric to my Lord Protector* (1655).

To run division &c. A musical metaphor: a 'division' is a 'variation of melody upon some fundamental harmony.' Cf. 'to ring the changes.' So Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act I., sc. i.:

> 'For every several strain
> The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
> He could not *run division* with more art
> Upon his quaking instrument than she,
> The nightingale, did with her various notes
> Reply to.'

Cf. Shak., *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5, 29: 'Some say the lark makes sweet division;' and 1 *Hen. IV.*, iii. 1, 209-11.

Pindar (522?—442?), the greatest of the lyric poets of Greece: 'the prince of lyric poets' (Dryden).

The Earl of Roscommon. Wentworth Dillon (1634?-84), Earl of Roscommon, translated Horace's *Art of Poetry* (1680), and wrote an *Essay on Translated Verse* (1684). He was a nephew of the famous Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

Sir John Denham (1615-68), a distinguished poet. His chief poem, *Cooper's Hill* (1643), is still much admired.

Sir Richard Fanshawe (1608-66), a diplomatist and poet. He translated from the Italian Guarini's *Pastor Fido* (Faithful Shepherd), a pastoral poem.

The Latin &c. The same opinion is repeated in the Preface to the *Second Miscellany*: 'The Latin is a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is by far the most compendious of them.'

Couched. 'Couch,' Fr. *coucher*, O. Fr. *culcher*, Lat. *col-locāre* (place together).

Vela &demque. Lit. 'sails (*vela*) and *faith* (*fidem*).' This condensation is very frequent in Ovid. A common noun (*vela*) and an abstract noun (*fidem*) are incongruously joined in the same grammatical

relations. Cf. Jeremy Taylor's 'drenched in *water* and *the divine vengeance*,' page 169, note.

Odysseys. Dryden uses the plur., for 'books of the Odyssey.' Cf. *Discourse on Epic Poetry* (Dedication to Translation of Vergil's *Æneid*); 'Homer's *Iliads* and *Odysseys*.' So he speaks of Vergil's *Æneids* (cf. above, 'Vergil's fourth *Æneid*,' and, below, 'the second *Æneid*'); and Mr William Morris styles his recent translation 'The *Æneids* of Virgil.' The poems as wholes are commonly *Ænēĭs, Ilĭas;* cf. 'There are parts of the *Æneis* which resemble some parts both of the *Ilias* and of the *Odysseys*' (*Discourse on Epic Poetry*).

Ulysses (a Latin form of the Greek *Odysseus:* Greek *d* often appears in Latin as *l*), a famous hero of the Trojan war. He schemed and fought on the Greek side, and was distinguished for courage and eloquence, and especially resource. He is the hero of Homer's *Odyssey*, in which are recounted all his adventures and sufferings in his return from Troy. He reached home after being cast about for ten years.

Have carried. Plur. verb, with '*either* of them' for subject. Explain.

He alone . . . make **him** amends, &c. Confusion of references, 'he' applying first to one and then to the other.

To soar out of sight &c. Pindar is remarkable for elevation of style. Cf. Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, iii. 3.

By no other way than imitation. 'If a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another' (Cowley).

Vergil. Publius Vergĭlĭus Mărŏ (70—19 B.C.), a famous Roman poet. Besides the great epic poem, the *Ænēis* (Æneid), in twelve books, he also wrote *Bucolĭca* (or *Eclogæ*, 'Selections'), ten pastoral poems, and *Georgĭca*, a didactic poem on agriculture, in four books. Dryden says: 'The critics are not yet agreed how the word *Virgil* should be written' (*Life of Vergil*). He writes *Virgil.*

Ovid. Publius Ovĭdĭus Nāso (43 B.C. —18 A.D.), a famous Roman poet.

Vergil must be still excepted. Dryden's admiration is unbounded.

Translation of the second *Æneid.* Denham himself avoids the word 'translation;' he entitles his work 'The Destruction of Troy: An Essay on the Second Book of Vergil's *Æneid.*'

Not vitiate the sense . . . the spirit of an author, &c. Compare Boileau's judgment. (See, below, Extract from Bolingbroke.)

Compare this passage with the following one on the same subject.

ON TRANSLATION (II.)

(From the Preface to *Sylvæ, or the Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies*, containing translations from Theocritus, Lucretius, Horace, and Homer: 1685.)

After all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every

one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original: much less can I behold with patience Vergil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers unacquainted with Greek or Latin will believe me or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebys have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our

ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Vergil and Ovid are very different: yet I see, even in our best poets who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that, if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Vergil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sate to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish

the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another.

[Dryden goes on to detail how in his own translations he 'considered the genius and distinguishing character' of his authors.]

NOTES.

Every one . . . a good one . . . one thing. Note exactly the use of 'one' in each case. It is a blemish to have such a close recurrence of the same word in different applications.

To draw. Enumerate the objects, carefully.

We. The antecedents are alternated.

Derive . . . fountains. The metaphor is sustained.

Ogilbys, translators such as Ogleby (Ogilby, or Ogilvy); a very common figure. John Ogleby (1600-76), besides other works, translated into English verse Vergil (1649) and Homer (*Iliad*, 1660; *Odyssey*, 1665).

Without the help &c. Cf. Ben Jonson's recipe: 'For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries: to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style.'

Habitudes, modes or conditions of having or keeping; relations, customs, frequent intercourse.

He contracted. What does 'he' refer to?

For example . . . are very different. State in full the things that 'are very different.'

Them . . . they . . . their. Distinguish the references. Cf. note (643-4), page 194.

A late noble painter. Sir Peter Lely (1617-80). 'There is a remarkable similarity between his female portraits, which seems to have arisen from the circumstance mentioned by Dryden, of his bringing all his subjects as near as possible to his own idea of the beautiful' (Scott).

'*The expression is good, but the order of the paragraph is marred by digressions and foreign matter*' (Prof. Bain).

This criticism applies to most of Dryden's paragraphs, notwithstanding his censure of other authors for the same fault and his constantly repeated confessions of his own wandering from the point.

JOSEPH ADDISON.—1672–1719.

JOSEPH ADDISON, son of Dr Lancelot Addison, who latterly became Dean of Lichfield, was born in Wilts, and educated at the Charterhouse and at Magdalen College, Oxford (M.A. 1693). By the influence of Lord Chancellor Somers and Charles Montague, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Earl of Halifax, he obtained a pension of £300 a year (1699), on which he was to travel on the Continent, and fit himself for diplomatic employment. Addison's pension lapsed on the death of William III. (1702); but a political change having soon

taken place, he was engaged to write a poem in celebration of the victory at Blenheim (1704), and this gave such satisfaction, that he at once received a Commissionership of Appeals with about £200 a year, and in 1706 was made Under-secretary of State. Passing through several other high offices, he at last became one of the chief Secretaries of State in 1717.

At Oxford, Addison had greatly distinguished himself by his Latin poems, and he had also written good verses in English. His first prose work, the *Dialogues on Medals*, was composed on the Continent; so too was his poetical epistle to Montague. The *Campaign* (1704) was closely followed by *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*. The opera of *Rosamond* appeared in 1707. But his fame rests on his periodical papers, chiefly on those contributed to the *Spectator* (1711–2 and 1714), in a less degree on his contributions to the *Tatler* (1709–11) and the *Guardian* (1713). Besides political pamphlets, he wrote also some purely political papers in the *Freeholder* (1715–6). *Cato*, a tragedy, was 'the delight and admiration of the town' in 1713; and *The Drummer*, a comedy, was acted in 1715.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(*The Spectator*, No. 26. Friday, March 30, 1711.)

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam:
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.

HOR., 1 *Od.* iv. 13-17.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

CREECH.[1]

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the

[1] Originally, the translation of the mottoes was deliberately withheld.

churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε, Μέδοντά τε, Θερσίλοχόν τε.

HOM.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.

VERG.[1]

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw, in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were

[1] 'And Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus.' Homer, *Iliad*, xvii. 216, and Vergil, *Æneid*, vi. 483.

crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which[1] are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have[2] bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who[3] had no monuments, and monuments which[3] had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character

[1] 'Which' (author's revised text); 'that' (earliest text). [2] Earliest text: 'had.' [3] Earliest text: 'that.'

of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we

must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

NOTES.

Pluto's house, abode, or kingdom, was the Nether World, the unseen country inhabited by the spirits of the dead. Hades, the god of this region, was called Pluto, 'the giver of wealth' (from Greek *ploutos*, wealth)—of such wealth as comes out of the earth (metals, &c.). Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 685-91.

Amusing myself &c. This participial usage is an exceedingly happy form for adding a fact simultaneous with the principal one.

Person . . . he. 'Person' being of common gender, we should expect a com. gend. pron.; but no such pron. exists. 'He' is taken as typical of persons generally. 'He or she' is clumsy; 'they' is oftener used. Addison might have said 'persons,' but the sing. is very much more vivid. The same construction recurs below.

No other reason but. We now prefer 'no other reason *than*;' we use 'than' after comparatives, and 'other' has the force of a comparative. The Queen Anne writers prefer 'but.'

Glaucus, &c. Three warriors on the Trojan side in the siege of Troy.

Writ, writing, what is written; used only technically, as an ecclesiastical term (as here), or as a legal term.

Prebendary, an ecclesiastic enjoying a prebend (Lat. *prebenda*, what has to be given or furnished), a stipend granted from the revenues of a cathedral or collegiate church.

The present war. The War of the Spanish Succession (1702-13), waged by England, the Empire, and Holland against France and Spain. 'What they fought each other for' was to decide who should succeed Charles II. on the throne of Spain.

Blenheim (Ger. *Blindheim*), a small village in Bavaria, where the English and the Austrians, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeated the French and the Bavarians with great slaughter, August 13, 1704. At Ramillies (1706), Oudenarde (1708), and Malplaquet (1709), Marlborough gained other great victories in this war.

Ocean. The French fleet was defeated by Sir George Rooke off Vigo (1702), and off Malaga (1704).

Sir Cloudesly Shovel (1650—1707), like Marten van Tromp, rose from cabin-boy to admiral. He led the van in the battle off Malaga (1704). His fleet was wrecked on the Scilly Islands, and himself drowned, Oct. 22, 1707.

Which was the distinguishing character. What is the exact reference of 'which?'

Reposing himself. Instead of the reflexive form, we now use 'repose' intransitively.

Answerable, corresponding, similar. Cf. Swift (below): 'If they *answered* the bulk of so prodigious a person.'

Those of . . . country. Dispense with the pronoun. (See Bain's *Companion to the Higher Grammar*, pages 57-60.)

Rostral crown, a crown bestowed in honour of a naval victory. Lat. *rostrālis*, belonging to a *rostrum* (ship's beak, curved prow). Cf. Addison, *Tatler*, No. 161: 'Commerce wore *a rostral crown* upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.' '*Rostrate* crown' was also used.

But to return &c. In cases of digression, the 'return to our subject' ought always to be clearly marked.

So serious an amusement . . . entertainments. Cf. the opening sentences; also what follows here. There is an apparent, not a real, contradiction in Addison's language. 'Amusement' may be taken as synonymous with 'entertainment,' which is lit. *taking up*, engaging the attention; Fr. *entre-tenir*, Lat. *inter* (between), and *tenēre* (to hold).

Compare: 'A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escurial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crowns shall be less' (Jeremy Taylor).

GENERAL RESPECT FOR SIR ROGER.

(*The Spectator*, No. 122. Friday, July 20, 1711.)

Comes jucundus[1] *in via pro vehiculo est.*

PUBLIUS SYRUS, *Fragmenta.*

An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world: if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but, otherwise, there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see

[1] *Jucundus* is an adaptation or a mistake. The word in the original Latin is *facundus* (fluent, having plenty to say).

those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public: a man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will. Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes: as we were upon the road, Will. Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

'The first of them,' says he, 'that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

'The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for "taking the law" of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments: he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in

breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.'

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will. Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will. told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will., it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr Such-a-one, if he pleased, might 'take the law of him' for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that 'much might be said on both sides.' They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear 'that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.' I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great

surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people, that Sir Roger 'was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added

with a more decisive look that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that 'much might be said on both sides.'

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

NOTES.

To avoid, to escape; the reproaches, the censures. Mark the synonyms; and note any others in this paragraph.

The last . . . the former: a double reference. 'The last' usually corresponds to 'the *first*;' 'the former' to 'the *latter*.' The mixture of compar. and superl. is not very common. The pupil may mention other couples of words for twofold reference; and he may shew examples of any other intermixture of members of different

couples. (See below, and cf. Murison's *First Work in English*, sects. 119-24.)

Otherwise. Give the meaning in full by a clause: '*if* ——.'

Those—which. Lighten the relative construction.

A man. How would the sentence read, if the indef. demonstr. pron. 'one' were substituted?

Sir Roger de Coverley: 'a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet' (*Spect.*, No. 2); an imaginary character, more or less typical of *the country squire* of the time. 'Portrait of an English country gentleman, generous, ignorant, loyal, patriotic, and prejudiced' (T. Arnold).

One of those who is. 'Is' ought to be 'are,' on the strict principle that the antecedent to 'who' is 'those,' not 'one.' The singular construction was usual in the oldest English; but though still common, it is now reckoned an error. Cf. 'This is the epoch of one of the most singular discoveries that *has* been made among men' (Hume). 'I resemble one of those animals that *has* been forced from its forest to gratify human curiosity' (Goldsmith).

Will. Wimble 'is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles' (*Spect.* 108). He, too, is an imaginary character representative of the younger sons of country gentlemen.

Assizes, lit. sessions (cf., below, 'a quarter-sessions'); court of justice in England, held twice a year in every county. From Lat. *ad, sessum* (to sit), through Fr. *assises*.

A couple of plain men, and (below) 'a couple of honest gentlemen.' We should not use 'couple' thus, except in such familiar composition.

Rid. We should now use 'rode.'

A year; and (below) **a week.** The 'a' is a degenerate 'on' (prep.).

The game-act. The 3d of James I., chap. 13, clause 4, provides 'that if any person or persons not having any manors, lands, tenements, or hereditaments of the clear yearly value of forty pounds, or not worth in goods or chattels the sum of two hundred pounds, shall use any gun, bow, or cross-bow to kill any deer or coneys, or shall keep any buckstall or engine, hays, gate-nets, purse-nets, ferrets, or coney-dogs. . . . Then every person having lands, tenements, or hereditaments, of the clear yearly value of one hundred pounds . . . may take from the person or possession of such malefactor or malefactors, and to his own use for ever keep, such guns, bows, cross-bows, buckstalls, or engine, hays, gate-nets, purse-nets, ferrets, and coney dogs.' 'This amiable enactment—which permitted a one-hundred-pound freeholder to become in his single person accuser, witness, judge, jury, and executioner; and which made an equally respectable but poorer man who shot a hare a "malefactor"—was the law of the land even so lately as 1827, for it was only repealed by the 7th and 8th Geo. IV., chap. 27' (Wills).

Shoots flying. A high commendation. The expression is condensed: give it in full.

Petty-jury. The persons composing 'the jury' (Law Lat. *jurāta*) were called *jurāti* (*the sworn men*), Fr. *les jurés*, being sworn to decide facts truly according to the evidence laid before them. 'Petty' = small, Fr. *petit* (small); opposed to 'grand' (see Shak., note to 'grand-jurors,' page 127). A petty-jury consists of twelve freeholders, who are empannelled to try causes at the bar of a court.

The widow. 'It is said he [the knight] keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him' (*Spect.* 2). See also *Spect.* 115 and 118.

So long—till looks like a mixture of two

uctions; perhaps owing to the
between the two parts.
his adversary (as in a
natch), won his case.
= lost his case. Both
ult and the other seem to
him money.
nation, decision; opinion that
ngs the question to a termination,
or end.

Was sat. Auxiliary verb 'be' used with intrans. verb 'sit.' Cf. 'am come,' 'was arrived,' &c. The passive form is simulated: cf. the poetic 'I sit me down,' 'he sat him down,' where the verb is used in the active voice reflexively.

Circuit, round; the journey of judges from place to place to try causes. From Lat. *circu-itus* (around-going).

After about an hour's sitting: a very common phrase form in Addison, neatly taking the place of a clause—'*after the court had sat* about an hour.' Cf. (below) 'upon his first rising,' 'upon Sir Roger's alighting,' &c.

Was designed. The subject should be supplied.

The gentlemen of the country, or of the county. Cf. Latimer, note to 'my country,' page 63.

That was not afraid. Advl. force involved in rel. pron. 'that.'

Unknown to seems to agree with 'the man of the house,' whereas it was rather the action he did that was 'unknown.' Try some other expression.

At the charge of it. 'It' occurs twice, probably with different references (cf. 'he' in same sentence). Substitute a noun here: 'at the charge of the alteration.'

Discovering . . . discover. Compare the meanings, and see notes, page 149.

Was not still more like. 'Still' is 'yet,' 'after all the alterations;' it modifies the predicate, not the adv. 'more.'

The balance may sometimes be improved.—It may be considered whether this paper treats Sir Roger with genial humour or with polite ridicule.

ALEXANDER POPE.—1688–1744.

ALEXANDER POPE was the son of a London linen-merchant. He was for the most part privately educated, owing to his delicate health, and to his parents being Roman Catholics. Early in his teens he made up his mind to be a poet by profession. In 1716 he settled at Twickenham, where he resided all the rest of his life.

Pope tells us that he 'lisped in numbers for the numbers came.' He wrote the *Ode on Solitude* at twelve, and the *Pastorals* at sixteen. Meantime he had composed and burnt a comedy, a tragedy, and an epic poem. *An Essay on Criticism* was written in 1709, and *The Rape of the Lock* in 1712. The translation of Homer's *Iliad*, undertaken in 1713, was completed in 1720. An edition of Shakspeare followed in 1721. Homer's *Odyssey* (1723–5) was divided between Pope and certain assistants, Pope translating twelve books. In 1729, *The Dunciad* crushed and immortalised his literary enemies. The *Essay on Man*, written at the suggestion of Bolingbroke, was

published in 1733. The *Epistles and Satires* (1733–8) are the most important of his other works.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

['The Lock' was a lock of hair cherished with especial regard by Miss Arabella Fermor, and 'the Rape' of it was a daring trick of Lord Petre's, who at a pleasure-party found ways and means of cutting it off. This gallantry of my lord's the lady took so much to heart, that the two families became estranged. Whereupon 'a common acquaintance and well-wisher to both desired me to write a poem to make a jest of it and laugh them together again' (Pope). And it was done.

The poem in its first form was written in a fortnight of 1711 in two cantos. Next year it was expanded to five cantos, the supernatural machinery of spirits being then added.

'*The Rape of the Lock* is the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers' (De Quincey).]

BELINDA AT THE TOILET.

(From Canto i.)

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty 's praised for labours not her own.

NOTES.

123. **The nymph.** The fair lady (140: cf. 'belles,' ii. 16); 'Belinda;' Miss Fermor.

124. **Cosmetic**, adorning, beautifying. Fr. *cosmétique*, from Gr. *kosmētikos*, from *kosmein* (to adorn), from *kosmos* (order, ornament).

127. **The inferior priestess.** Betty, her maid (148).

130. **The various offerings** &c. Cf. Addison, *Spectator*, No. 69 (May 19, 1711): 'The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Hindostan' (Warton).

134. **Arabia.** A common figure for the perfumes and such-like products brought from Arabia. Cf. Shak., *Macb.* v. 1: '*Lady Macbeth.* Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.'

138. **Patches.** See *Spect.*, Nos. 50 and 81.——**Billets-doux.** French, = 'sweet notes,' short love-letters.

145. **Sylphs.** 'The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with . . . According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes or demons of earth delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable' (Pope's *Preface*).——**Care**, object of care, person cared for: a common figure.

146. **These . . . those.** A variety, with the appearance of more definiteness and vividness, for 'some . . . others' (147).

BELINDA ON THE THAMES.

(From Canto ii.)

Not with more glories in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silvered Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget 'em all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends. . . .

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph; with careful thoughts opprest,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;

Soft o'er the shroud aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun.

[Ariel informs the 'sylphs and sylphids, fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons' assembled, that

> 'This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
> That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
> Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
> But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in night' (101-4).

And he warns them, under grievous penalties, to exercise the closest watchfulness.]

NOTES.

3. **The rival** &c., Belinda.

5. **Nymphs.** Not the spirits mentioned in note to 'sylphs' (i. 145), but fair ones in human form divine, as at i. 123, and throughout our extracts.

18. **You'll.** Wakefield suggests that 'you'll,' an abbreviation that mars the line, should give place to 'you.'

28. **With a single hair.** 'In allusion to those lines of *Hudibras*, applied to the same purpose:

> "And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
> 'Tis with a single hair pulled out"'
> (Warburton).

29. **Baron.** Lord Petre.

34. **Few ask** &c. A line from Vergil, *Æn.* ii. 390: 'dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?'

THE LOCK SEVERED.

(From Canto iii.)

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

[Then follows playing at cards (ombre), till coffee is brought in.]

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.

Even then, before the fatal engine closed,'
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed ;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again) ;
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last ;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie !
'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'
The victor cried, 'the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live !'
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate !
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial powers of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel ?

NOTES.

3. **A structure.** Hampton Court.

8. **Counsel . . . tea.** Ludicrous combination of the grave and the frivolous. Observe the rime : 'obey,' 'tea.' In Canto i. 61-2, 'tea' rimes with 'away.' Cf. Fr. *thé* (pron. *tay*), and note to 'reasons,' page 132.

14. **Indian screen.** 'Japan screens, as appears from the *Spectator*, were then the rage, and in the *Woman of Taste*, 1733, we have the couplet :

"Ne'er chuse a screen, and never touch a fan,
Till it has sailed from India or Japan"' (Elwin).

17. **Snuff, or the fan, supply** &c. In *Spect.* 344 (April 4, 1712), Steele

ridicules 'an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into, of taking snuff.' 'It dates from Sir George Rooke's expedition against Cadiz in 1702. Before that time snuff-taking in England was confined to a few luxurious foreigners and English who had travelled abroad' (Prof. Morley). To *Spect.* 138 (Aug. 8, 1711), Steele had appended an 'Advertisement:' 'The exercise of the snuff-box, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the exercise of the fan, will be taught . . . and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants, &c. . . . There will be likewise taught *the ceremony of the snuff-box*, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance,' &c. In *Spect.* 102 (June 27, 1711), Addison ridicules the *fan* mania in what purports to be a letter from a person that has 'erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan.'—**Supply**: plur., though the sing. **subja.** are formally alternated. Explain.

134. **The fragrant steams**—of coffee.

137-8. **Thrice.** 'This repetition is formed on similar passages in Vergil' (Wakefield). 'As, for instance, Dryden's *Æn.*, vi. 950:

"Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipped away"' (Elwin).

147. **Forfex**, shears (151). Cf. 128 and 132.

152. **Airy . . . again.** 'See Milton, *Par. Lost*, vi. 330-1, of Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael' (Pope).

'But the ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible.'

153. **Discover.** Historic present tense: gives vividness. Distinguish the use of the present tense in 'unites' (152).

163 and 170. **From Verg.** *Ecl.*, v. 76 and 78.

165. **Atalantis**, a book 'full of court and party scandal,' by Mrs Manley.

172. From Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 146.

ADDRESS TO BOLINGBROKE.

(Closing lines of the *Essay on Man*, Epistle IV.)

Come, then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh, master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Shewed erring pride *Whatever is, is right;*
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is *Ourselves to know.*

NOTES.

373. **Come along.** Our familiar use of the expression makes it sound undignified here.

375-6. The connection is this: 'Now stoops to man's low passions, or now ascends to their glorious ends'—the ends that they are intended to serve.

378. **To fall** &c. See account of Henry St John, Lord Bolingbroke, page 272. Even those that are most friendly to Bolingbroke's memory will think that the poet's language is too strong, if not indeed a perversion of facts.——**With temper,** with moderation, without undue exultation or vainglory. See notes (285), page 187, and cf. 'temper' (verb), 'temperate,' 'temperance.'

383, &c. Yet 237-8:

'What's fame?—A fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us even before our death.'

389. **Pretend,** shew, declare, proclaim. Lat. *præ-tendĕre* (to stretch or spread before or in front of one).

391. **Urged by thee.** The *Essay on Man* is addressed to Lord Bolingbroke. 'It was from Bolingbroke's conversation that the poet derived not only many of his ideas, but the impulse to meddle with speculations for which he was little fit' (Pattison).——**I turned . . . heart.** 'Pope supposed himself, in his poetry generally, and particularly in the *Essay on Man,* to have achieved a reform in the matter as well as in the style of writing. He had taken moral and social themes and topics of the day in which men's passions were interested, instead of exercising his ingenuity in coining verbal conceits, or writing copies of verses on neutral subjects. If Pope be contrasted broadly with the poets before the Restoration, called by Johnson "metaphysical" [see, below, Samuel Johnson], the antithesis here drawn is true. But then it is equally true of many other poets who were Pope's contemporaries, and of Dryden' (Pattison).

397. Cf. 310:

'Virtue alone is happiness below.'

398. Cf. *Epist.* ii. 1-2:

'Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.'

Expand the antithetic couples in the first part of the extract.

SATIRICAL CHARACTER OF ADDISON.

(From the *Prologue to the Satires.*)

[The quarrel between Pope and Addison has formed matter of endless discussion. In all probability it arose chiefly from morbid sensitiveness and misunderstanding on the part of Pope; although some critics would lay the blame on Addison. See Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*, De Quincey's *Essay on Pope*, and Professor Ward's *Introductory Memoir* in the Globe Edition of Pope.

The lines are universally admitted to be masterly, to possess 'the most exquisite finish of sarcastic expression.' They had been thoroughly meditated and painfully filed. Though finished in 1716, they first appeared as a fragment in the Miscellanies of 1727; and were worked into the *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot* (the *Prologue to the Satires*) in 1735. (Pattison.)]

. . . But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

NOTES.

198. **Bear, like the Turk,** &c. Warton traces this comparison to Bacon, *De Augm. Scient.*, Lib. iii., cap. 4. 'Aristotle, like the Ottomans,

thought he could not reign in safety, unless he massacred all his brothers'—that is, destroyed the authority of all other philosophers.

201. **Damn**, the technical expression when an audience 'condemns,' disapproves of, a play.——**Assent with civil leer.** 'Addison had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, "assented with civil leer," and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity' (Macaulay).

207-12. 'One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends ['his little senate,' 209]. Of the other imputations which these famous lines are intended to convey, scarcely one has ever been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of "damning with faint praise" appears from innumerable passages in his writings, and from none more than from those in which he mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous, to describe a man who made the fortune of every one of his intimate friends, as "so obliging that he ne'er obliged"' (Macaulay).

209. **Cato.** Reference to Addison's tragedy.

211. **Wits and Templars.** 'Templars,' members of the Inns of Court, residing in the Temple. The Temple is a part of the city of London, between the west half of Fleet Street and the Thames. It takes name from the Knights Templars, who established a branch of their order here in 1185. Cf. Stanhope, *Reign of Queen Anne*, chap. xvi., page 556 (referred to by Pattison): 'Steele, incited both by party zeal and by personal friendship, promised to pack the House [for the first representation of *Cato*]. . . . Into the pit was poured, as Steele devised it, a band of friendly and intelligent listeners from the Inns of Court. Another such band came from Will's Coffee-house, which was then to men of letters what the Athenæum is now. These together made up the class of persons called in the quaint language of their day "men of wit and honour about town." It is to them that Pope referred some time afterwards.'——**Raise**, applaud.

214. **Atticus.** 'In the first copy, in 1727, the name was given—Addison. The substitution of Atticus in 1735 may perhaps be an indication that Pope was not without some sense of the outrage he was committing' (Pattison). Addison had died sixteen years before (1719).

JONATHAN SWIFT.—1667–1745.

JONATHAN SWIFT, the greatest of English satirists, was born in Dublin, and was educated at Kilkenny, and at Trinity College. From 1689 to 1699 (except for a short interval), he acted as private secretary to Sir William Temple, whose wife was a relative of Swift's mother. On Sir William's death, he became chaplain and private secretary to Lord Berkeley, by whom he was very soon (1700) made

Vicar of Laracor. In 1713, he was appointed Dean of St Patrick's, in Dublin—the highest church preferment he attained.

The Battle of the Books was written in 1697. *A Tale of a Tub*, a satire on religious dissensions, though mostly written in the same year, did not appear till 1704, and then anonymously. For the support of his pen to the Tory government in the last few years of Anne's reign, he received his deanery. The *Drapier's Letters* (1724), directed against Wood's patent for a copper coinage, made an extraordinary sensation, and led to the withdrawal of the patent. *Gulliver's Travels*, a satire on English institutions and manners, appeared in 1726. 'The *Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels* are the two most finished allegories in our language' (Minto). Besides other satirical works in prose, the Dean wrote a large amount of vigorous satire in verse.

IN GULLIVER'S POCKETS.

(From *Gulliver's Travels*, Part I., Chap. ii.)

[Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon to the *Antelope*, being shipwrecked and cast ashore on the island of Lilliput, was made prisoner and carried up the country to the metropolis. The Lilliputians were a race of pygmies, 'diminutive mortals,' 'human creatures not six inches high.']

The emperor desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words and part in signs. He replied that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands: that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket I had no mind should be searched,

wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows:

'*Imprimis*,[1] in the right coat pocket of the Great Man Mountain (for so I interpret the words *Quinbus Flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us, stepping into it, found himself up to the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left, there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man Mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the

[1] 'In the first place.'

length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to shew us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that, in his own country, his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or

the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net, almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

'Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal; from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them: the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

'This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man Mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

CLEFRIN FRELOCK,
MARSI FRELOCK.'

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who

then attended him) to surround me, at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect: he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from the fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the con-

tinual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniencies; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

NOTES.

Answered, corresponded to. Cf. Addison (page 249), 'answerable,' note.

This I delivered. What makes this inversion effective? Cf. (below) '*This inventory* I afterwards translated,' and '*These* he called his fobs;' also cases where an adverbial expression stands first, as 'within each of these,' &c.

Is . . . as follows. What is subject to 'is?' There is an improper ellipsis here. Explain fully, and improve.

A-mocking. The *a* is a modification of the prep. 'on.'

Palisadoes, pointed stakes, forming a fence or *palisade* (Fr. *palissade*). From Lat. *palus* (*pale*, stake).

In the left pocket, another &c. Express in full.

My comrade and I. Who is 'I?'

That of a water-mill. How could the pron. 'that' be dispensed with here? Cf. Addison, 'those of,' &c., and note, page 249.

Served. Examine the construction. 'Required' (below), which looks very like this case, is possibly open to a different explanation.

Magnanimous, courageous—not high-minded (as usual: cf. 'magnanimity,' in next extract). Lat. *magnus animus* (great mind). Cf. 'pusillanimous,' cowardly, timid: Lat. *pusillus* (very little, weak, faint).

Consider whether the search is narrated on strict method throughout. The sentences may occasionally be improved.

HENRY ST JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. 1678–1751.

HENRY ST JOHN was educated at Eton and Oxford, and entering parliament in 1701 at the age of twenty-three, held the post of Secretary at War from 1704 to 1708. He was again minister in 1710 (Foreign Affairs); was created Viscount Bolingbroke in 1712, and was head of the government at the death of Queen Anne (1714). Falling under suspicion of intriguing with the Pretender, he fled to France in disguise; and in his absence he was impeached and attainted by act of parliament. Meanwhile he had engaged in the service of the Pretender. Though permitted to return to England in 1723, he was not allowed to take his seat in the House of Lords. Exasperated at this disability, he wrote with great energy and effect against the government. From 1735 to 1742 he spent seven years in France; after which he settled at Battersea for the rest of his life.

Reflections on Exile were written during his exile. The political letters written to the *Craftsman* on his return were reprinted under the title of *A Dissertation on Parties*. *Letters on the Study and Use of History* and a *Letter on the True Use of Retirement* were published during his voluntary retirement in France; *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism* and *The Idea of a Patriot King* (1749), after his final settlement in England.

THE TRUE USE OF HISTORY.

(From *On the Study and Use of History*, Letter III.)

That the study of history, far from making us wiser and more useful citizens, as well as better men, may be of no advantage whatsoever; that it may serve to render us mere antiquaries and scholars, or that it may help to make us forward coxcombs and prating pedants, I have already allowed. But this is not the fault of history: and to convince us that it is not, we need only contrast the true use of history with the use that is made of it by such men as these. We ought always to keep in mind that history is philosophy teaching by examples how to conduct ourselves in all the situations of private and public life; that therefore we must apply ourselves to it in a philosophical spirit and manner; that we must

rise from particular to general knowledge, and that we must fit ourselves for the society and business of mankind by accustoming our minds to reflect and meditate on the characters we find described, and the course of events we find related there. Particular examples may be of use sometimes in particular cases; but the application of them is dangerous. It must be done with the utmost circumspection, or it will be seldom done with success. And yet one would think that this was the principal use of the study of history, by what has been written on the subject. . . . An observation that Boileau makes, and a rule he lays down in speaking of translations, will properly find their place here, and serve to explain still better what I would establish. 'To translate servilely into modern language an ancient author phrase by phrase, and word by word, is preposterous: nothing can be more unlike the original than such a copy. It is not to shew, it is to disguise the author: and he who has known him only in this dress, would not know him in his own. A good writer, instead of taking this inglorious and unprofitable task upon him, will *jouster contre l'original*, rather imitate than translate, and rather emulate than imitate: he will transfuse the sense and spirit of the original into his own work, and will endeavour to write as the ancient author would have wrote, had he writ in the same language.' Now, to improve by examples is to improve by imitation. We must catch the spirit, if we can, and conform ourselves to the reason of them; but we must not affect to translate servilely into our conduct, if your lordship will allow me the expression, the particular conduct of those good and great men, whose images history sets before us. Codrus and the Decii devoted themselves to death: one, because an oracle had foretold that the army whose general was killed would be victorious; the others in compliance

with a superstition. . . . These are examples of great magnanimity to be sure, and of magnanimity employed in the most worthy cause. . . . But if a general should act the same part now, and, in order to secure his victory, get killed as fast as he could, he might pass for an hero, but I am sure he would pass for a madman. . . .

There are certain general principles and rules of life and conduct which always must be true, because they are conformable to the invariable nature of things. He who studies history as he would study philosophy, will soon distinguish and collect them, and by doing so will soon form to himself a general system of ethics and politics on the surest foundations, on the trial of these principles and rules in all ages, and on the confirmation of them by universal experience. I said he will distinguish them; for once more I must say that, as to particular modes of actions and measures of conduct, which the customs of different countries, the manners of different ages, and the circumstances of different conjunctures, have appropriated, as it were, it is always ridiculous, or imprudent and dangerous, to employ them. But this is not all. By contemplating the vast variety of particular characters and events; by examining the strange combinations of causes, different, remote, and seemingly opposite, that often concur in producing one effect; and the surprising fertility of one single and uniform cause in the producing of a multitude of effects as different, as remote, and seemingly as opposite; by tracing carefully, as carefully as if the subject he considers were of personal and immediate concern to him, all the minute and sometimes scarce perceivable circumstances, either in the characters of actors, or in the course of actions, that history enables him to trace, and according to which the success of affairs, even the greatest, is mostly determined; by these, and such methods as these, for I might

descend into a much greater detail, a man of parts may improve the study of history to its proper and principal use; he may sharpen the penetration, fix the attention of his mind, and strengthen his judgment; he may acquire the faculty and the habit of discerning quicker, and looking farther; and of exerting that flexibility and steadiness which are necessary to be joined in the conduct of all affairs that depend on the concurrence or opposition of other men.

Mr Locke, I think, recommends the study of geometry even to those who have no design of being geometricians; and he gives a reason for it that may be applied to the present case. Such persons may forget every problem that has been proposed, and every solution that they or others have given; but the habit of pursuing long trains of ideas will remain with them, and they will pierce through the mazes of sophism and discover a latent truth, where persons who have not this habit will never find it.

In this manner the study of history will prepare us for action and observation. History is the ancient author: experience is the modern language. We form our taste on the first; we translate the sense and reason, we transfuse the spirit and force: but we imitate only the particular graces of the original; we imitate them according to the idiom of our own tongue, that is, we substitute often equivalents in the lieu of them, and are far from affecting to copy them servilely. To conclude, as experience is conversant about the present, and the present enables us to guess at the future; so history is conversant about the past, and by knowing the things that have been, we become better able to judge of the things that are.

NOTES.

Making us wiser . . . better men. In Bolingbroke's view, 'the proper and principal use of the study of history' is explained in the extract. History, if rightly studied, must make the student a better man, and

'enable him to promote, like an useful citizen, the security, the peace, the welfare, or the grandeur of the community to which he belongs.'

Mere antiquaries and scholars . . . coxcombs and pedants. In enumerating (Letter I.) 'the motives that carry men to the study of history,' Bolingbroke mentions these classes of persons with disdain; their use of history not coinciding with what he considers 'the proper and principal use' of the study.

History is philosophy &c. 'What I have read somewhere or other in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think' (Letter II.). If Dionysius does not use the pithy phrase, he certainly often expresses himself to this effect.

Boileau (1636—1711), a celebrated French poet.

Your lordship. The letters on History were written from France to Lord Cornbury, great-grandson of the famous Earl of Clarendon (page 210).

Codrus, the last king of Athens. When Attica was invaded by the Dorians from Peloponnēsus, Codrus entered the camp of the enemy in disguise, picked a quarrel, and intentionally got himself slain; the oracle having promised victory to the side whose king should first fall. The mythical date is 1068 B.C.

Decii. Publius Decĭus Mūs was Roman consul, 340 B.C. In the great Latin war, both he and the other consul one night had a vision announcing that the general on the one side and the army on the other were devoted to death. Next morning, according to mutual agreement, that the one whose men should first waver should devote himself and the enemy to destruction, Decius plunged into the hottest of the fight and was slain. His son, of the same name, in his fourth consulship, devoted himself in like manner in a battle with the Gauls.

Mr. Locke. John Locke (1632—1704), a celebrated English philosopher.

Sophism, argument that looks sound, but is not; a fallacy. In the long-run, from Gr. *sophos* (wise, clever).

Idiom, a phrase or form of speech peculiar to a language. Gr. *idĭōma*, from *idĭos* (one's own, belonging exclusively to one's self).

JAMES THOMSON.—1700–1748.

JAMES THOMSON, the son of a parish minister in the south of Scotland, was educated at Jedburgh and at Edinburgh with a view to his father's profession. His father dying, and theology proving uncongenial, Thomson went up to London (1725), where he experienced not a little difficulty in making ends meet. In 1730–1 he travelled on the Continent with a son of Sir Charles Talbot, Solicitor-general. Sir Charles soon became Lord Chancellor (1733), and from him Thomson obtained a post in the Court of Chancery (1734?–7). From the Prince of Wales he received a pension of £100 a year; and the Surveyorgeneralship of the Leeward Islands (1744), after payment of a deputy, yielded him about £300 a year. He spent his latter years in retirement at Richmond (1736–48).

Thomson's chief work is *The Seasons*. *Winter* was written first, and published in 1726; *Summer* appeared in 1727; *Spring* in 1728;

and *Autumn*, when the completed work was issued, in 1730. *Liberty*, a poem, was given to the public, after two years' labour, in 1735 and 1736. *The Castle of Indolence* (1746), his most polished work, is on the model of Spenser: 'of *The Faery Queen* it is the most perfect imitation, without servility, ever made.' He wrote also several dramatic pieces.

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

(From *The Seasons*:—*Spring*.)

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;

And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

NOTES.

144. **Iron cave.** Cf. Milton, *Par. Reg.*, iv. 414, and note.——**Effusive,** lit. pouring forth; Lat. *ef* (by assimilation, for *ex*, out), *fusum* (to pour), and the active termination *-ive*. Thomson is particularly fond of this formation: cf. 'delusive' (160), 'prelusive' (175), 'responsive' (201), 'amusive' (216), &c.

146. **Vernal,** Lat. *vernālis, vernus*, adjs. from *ver* (spring).——**Distent,** distended; poet. contraction, on the model of 'send, sent,' &c. Cf. 'the full-distended clouds' (186).

151. **Horizon,** the line, all round, where earth and sky seem to meet; Gr. *horizōn* (bounding), from *horos* (boundary).

155. **Gradual.** Adj. brought forward emphatically: with this order, an adv. is rather expected. Cf. 'rustling' (158); also 'impatient' (169). Thomson is very fond of the construction.

156. **That** = so that.

165. **The plumy people.** Cf. *Winter*, 137-8:

'The plumy race,
The tenants of the sky.'

—'Plumy,' feathery, feathered; Lat. *pluma* (feather).—'People:' Thomson very often speaks of animals—birds, cattle, sheep, fishes, insects—and even of flowers, as peoples, races, nations, &c. This is a Bible usage. Cf. Prov. xxx. 25-6; Joel, ii. 5, &c.

181-2. **Shedding herbs, . . . flowers.** Highly figurative; cf. 'the falling verdure' (164). The literal statement may be gathered from 183-5.

183. An earlier form of the verse (ed. 1738) was: '*Imagination* fired *prevents* their growth.' For 'prevents,' cf. note, page 144.

Resolve the numerous condensations, giving the simple expression in full.—Describe in prose.

THE LAND OF INDOLENCE.

(From *The Castle of Indolence*, Canto i.)

2. In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

3. Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

4. Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

5. Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

6. A pleasing land of drowsihead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly

Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
Was far far off expelled from this delicious nest.

NOTES.

2. **Than whom.** Cf. 'I am taller than *him*,' 'he is stronger than *me*,' &c. So 'it was not *me*,' 'it was *him*.' In strictness, we should expect 'who,' yet in this construction 'whom' is always found. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 299-300:

'Than *whom*,
Satan except, none higher sat.'

——**Frankt**, coloured, adorned gaily.

3. **Kest**, cast.

4. **Vacant . . . piping** &c. Mentally 'vacant;' with nothing to mind or think about. Cf. 'He whistled as he went for want of thought' (Dryden). ——**Philomel**, the nightingale. In Greek mythology, Philŏmēla, daughter of Pandĭon, king of Athens, was changed to a nightingale.——**Plain**, complain.——**Coil**, disturbance, stir, turmoil. Cf. Shak., *K. John*, II., i. 165: 'I am not worth this *coil* that's made for me.'

5. **Idless**, idleness.——On **either** side. See Milton, *Par. Reg.*, iv., 409, note.

6. **Drowsihead**, drowsiness. The forms ending in 'head' (='hood') have been very largely superseded since Chaucer's time by forms in 'ness,' 'ty,' &c.: drery*hedd* (dreariness), humble*hede* (humility), yong*hede* (youth), efen*hād* (evenness, equality), prentis*hode* (apprenticeship), &c.

'This poem being writ in the manner of Spenser [cf. '*my master* Spenser' (Canto ii., stanza 52)], the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary, to make the imitation more perfect' (Advertisement).

THE CASTLE PORTER.

(From *The Castle of Indolence*, Canto i.)

[In 'this delicious nest' has Indolence, 'a most enchanting wizard' (stanza 2), 'close-hid his castle mid embowering trees' (7). He sits at the massy gate with his lute, and charms 'the listening throng' of passers-by to enter within his gates.]

24. Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose;
And in sweet torpor he was plungèd deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black staff he called his man,
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

25. The lad leaped lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performèd it.

26. Meantime the master-porter wide displayed
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that entered in, arrayed
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turned to sleep again.

Compare Thomson's stanzas with Spenser's.

WILLIAM COLLINS.—1720–1759.

WILLIAM COLLINS, the son of a hatter and alderman of Chichester, studied at Winchester and Oxford. In 1744 he went to London, 'with many projects in his head, and little money in his pocket.' After suffering severely from poverty, he fell heir to £2000 by the death of an uncle; but his health was completely shattered, and his mind gave way.

While in residence at Magdalen College, Oxford, Collins published his *Oriental Eclogues*. The *Odes* appeared in 1747, but were unsuccessful. Yet 'I should conceive that Collins had a much greater poetical genius than Gray' (Hazlitt).

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car;

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

NOTES.

1. **Oaten stop . . . pastoral song.** The beginning of Vergil's first Eclogue represents the shepherd Tityrus practising in the cool of the evening a 'pastoral song,' or 'woodland tune' (Lat. *silvestrem musam*), on the stops of his 'slender reed,' pipe, or flageolet (Lat. *avēna*, lit. *oaten straw* or *stalk*).

7. **Brede**, braid. Cf. em-*broider*. From old *bredan* (to weave).——**Wove**, poetical loss of ending, for 'woven' (part.).

10. Observe the alliteration.

9—14. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, 5-12.

21. **Folding**, indicating that it is time to put the flocks and herds into their folds.

22. **Pale**, somewhat, slightly pale.

23. **Hours.** Personification. Cf. Gray, *Ode on the Spring*, 1-4:

'Lo! where the rosy-bosomed *Hours*,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year.'

25. **Many a nymph** &c. The rivers, brooks, lakes, &c., personified.

27. **Pensive**, lit. *weighing*, pondering; thoughtful—with a dash of sadness or melancholy. From Lat. *pensum* (to suspend, weigh, ponder).

45. **Autumn**, the season of *increase* or abundance, the harvest-time. From Lat. *auctumnus*, from *auctus* (part. of *augeo*), 'increased,' and thus 'plentiful,' 'abundant.'

THOMAS GRAY.—1716–1771.

THOMAS GRAY, the son of a London money-scrivener, was educated at Eton, and at Peter-House, Cambridge (1734–8). In 1739, he accompanied Horace Walpole to the Continent, where he devoted much attention to various branches of the Fine Arts—architecture, painting, music, &c.; but a rupture took place between them, and Gray returned to England in 1741. After coquetting a short time with law, Gray settled down at Cambridge to diligent study of the classics, and to elaborate poetical composition. In 1757, he was

offered the Laureateship in succession to Cibber, but declined the office. In 1768, he obtained the Professorship of Modern History, which he had applied for unsuccessfully in 1762. He held it only three years.

The immortal *Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard*, was begun in 1742, and was corrected and polished and elaborated for seven years, when it was circulated in manuscript: 'the stanzas . . . had the misfortune, by Mr Walpole's fault [Gray had inclosed it in a letter to Walpole, June 12, 1750], to be made still more public, for which they certainly were never meant' (Gray, Letter to Dr Wharton, Dec. 1750). It was published early in 1751. 'It is the corner-stone of his glory' (Byron). The two great Pindaric Odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, appeared in 1757. 'Of all English poets he was the most finished artist' (Mackintosh).

> 'Slow to create, fastidious to refine,
> He wrought and wrought with labour long and sore,
> Adjusting word by word, and line by line,
> Each thought, each phrase remoulding o'er and o'er,
> Till art could polish and adorn no more' (Moultrie).

The severe polish of Gray's poetry contrasts curiously with the ease and naturalness of his prose, especially of his *Letters*. Cowper, whose own letter-writing entitles him to judge, says: 'I once thought Swift's letters the best that could be written, but I like Gray's better.'

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
'One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'*

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,

*The following stanza, which stood next in the first editions, was omitted in ed. 1753:

'There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly press the ground.'

Gray's fastidious taste excluded from the *Elegy* many stanzas that are probably equal to the finest in the poem.

(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

NOTES.

1. **Curfew**, corrupted from Fr. *couvre-feu* (cover-fire), the curfew bell, the evening bell, rung in early times as a signal for people to *put out their fires* and go to bed. The usual hour was 8, but in some places and centuries it has varied, generally to 9 or 10. (See Chambers's *Book of Days*, Vol. ii., page 333.) Gray wrote *curfeu*.——**Parting**, lit. separating, breaking away, *de*parting. Cf. 89.

1—4. Observe the fine melody; examine particularly the alternation of letters. The sound is also carefully suited to the sense.

9—12. Cf. Thomson, *Winter*, 143-4:

'Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song.'

19. **Shrill clarion.** Cf. notes (29), page 34.

29. **Ambition.** An abstract term personified. Give the concrete term corresponding. So: 'Grandeur' (31), 'Memory' (38), 'Honour' (43), &c.

38. **Trophies.** Memorials generally, with secondary reference to the original sense of victory and spoils. Fr. *trophée*, modified from Lat. *tropæum*, Gr. *tropaion* (something belonging to a *tropē*, defeat, rout; from *trepō*, I cause to turn: hence) '*a monument of* the enemy's *defeat*; usually consisting of shields, helmets, &c., taken from the enemy, hung on trees, or (more commonly) fixed on upright posts or frames.'

39. **Aisle** (*il*), *wing*, side passage. Fr. *aisselle*, from Lat. *axilla*, usual form *ala*, a wing. Gray wrote *ile*.——**Vault**, *arched* roof, passage or space. Ital. *volta*, old Fr. *volte* (a turning round), from Lat. *volutum* (to roll).

43. **Provoke.** Lat. *pro-vocāre* (call forth).

49. **Their** eyes. Whose eyes?

57. **Village**, noun used as adj.——**Hampden.** John Hampden, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, refused to pay the tax of ship-money (1637). One notable resister of tyranny is taken to represent the whole class. 'Some village Hampden' is some person that acted in this village in the same spirit as Hampden did in his wider sphere; some person that, under more favourable circumstances, might have stood forward as Hampden did in defence of the liberties of his fellow-countrymen.

65. **Forbade.** What is the object? Cf. 67—71.——**Circumscribed.** Subject?——**Alone.** The exact force of it?

66. **Confined.** Subject?

73. **Far from** &c. Modifies what?

84. **That teach.** Why not 'teaches,' after 'many a text?' Cf. Collins, *Ode to Evening*, 25.

95. **Chance.** Noun as adv.; ellipsis.

107. **Forlorn**, forsaken, wretched. Old *forloren* (lost), p.p. of *forlēosan*; from *for* (orig. *fer*), signifying loss or destruction, and *leosan* (lose, let go). Cf. Ger. *verloren* (lost).

113. **Dirges**, tunes (songs, &c.) expressive of grief. From Lat. *dirige*, the first word of a funeral service in Latin: '*Dirige*, Domine, nos' (*Direct* or *guide* us, O Lord).

118. **Youth.** Explain construction.

121. **Bounty.** Fr. *bonté*, Lat. *bonitātem*, lit. goodness (of heart).

Consider the melody and harmony, extending the exercise indicated in the note to lines 1–4.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[Here is quoted only the last division of the Ode, where the poet sings of POESY IN ENGLAND. It will be observed that he neglects Chaucer, Spenser, and Pope.]

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face. The dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

III. 2.

Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate;
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

NOTES.

III. 1. **Thy**, Albion's, England's. Cf. last line of preceding **stanza**: 'They [the nine Muses] sought, oh Albion! next [after Greece and Italy] thy sea-encircled coast.'——**Nature's darling**, Shakspeare.——**What time**, poetic for 'when,' which would be inconvenient.——**Avon**, the upper Avon, tributary of the Severn.——**The mighty Mother**, Nature; as producing and sustaining all beings.——**Sympathetic tears**, tears shed out of *com-passion*, *fellow-feeling*, or sympathy with others. Gr. *sym* (for *syn*, with) and *pathos* (feeling, passion).

III. 2. **He**, Milton.——**Seraph**, highest order of angels. Hebrew plur.: 'seraphim.'——**Ecstasy**, rapturous joy, transports of delight. Gr. *ecstăsis*, from *ek* (out) and *stăsis* (standing), from *sta-* (to stand); hence, lit., the fact of standing (or being placed) out of (or beyond) one's self, of being raised to an unusually high state of feeling.——**Abyss**, bottomless, unfathomable place; usually applied to the sea, or water generally; here transferred to the heavens. From Gr. *a* (without) and *byssos* (bottom).——**He passed the flaming bounds**, &c. Lucretius, speaking of the bold thought of Epicurus, says (*De Rerum Natura*, i. 73-4): '*On he passed* (*processit*) far beyond *the flaming walls of the world* (*flammantia mœnia mundi*: "the fiery orb of ether that forms the outer circuit of the world"), and traversed throughout in mind and spirit the immeasurable universe' (Munro's Transl. and Notes). Cf. Lucr., v. 457-70, and Milton's imitation, *Par. Lost*, iii. 716-21.——**The living throne**, &c. 'Imitation of Ezekiel, i. 20, 26, 28' (Gray).——**Blasted with excess of light.** A poetical way of accounting for Milton's blindness. It was not the *Paradise Lost*, however, that blinded him. In one of the sonnets to Cyriack Skinner, he glories in having

'lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence.'

See page 170.——**Ethereal**, belonging to the ether, an extremely fine fluid supposed to fill space beyond our atmosphere. Gr. *aithēr*, from *aitho* (light up, blaze).——**With necks**, &c. '"Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" (Job). This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding

energy of Dryden's rhymes' (Gray). Cf. Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Book II., Epist. i., 267-9:

'Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.'

III. 3. **But ah! 'tis heard no more.** 'We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St Cecilia's day' (Gray).——**What daring spirit.** Gray himself.——**That . . . bear**: plur. verb. Though 'pride' and 'ample pinion' are alternated as objects to 'inherit,' they are combined as antecedents to 'that.'——**The Theban eagle**, Pindar (see page 239), a native of Thebes in Bœotia. 'Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise' (Gray). Mason, in his epitaph on Gray's monument in Westminster Abbey, admits the comparison disclaimed by the poet: Britain, he says, boasts 'A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.'——**Deep.** Compare 'abyss' (above), note.

The inversions will reward close study.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—1728–1774.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallas, county Longford, Ireland, son of the parish curate. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin (1745–9), where he graduated B.A.; proceeded next to Edinburgh, where he devoted two sessions (1752–4) to medicine, among other things; and thereafter went to Leyden in Holland. In 1755 he set out on a pedestrian tour over the Continent, 'one guinea in his pocket, a shirt on his back, and a flute in his hand.' He took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine at 'some foreign university (whether Leyden, Louvain, or Padua, no one knows).' On his return to England (1756), he became successively assistant-chemist, physician, press reader and corrector, and school-usher, till finally he devoted himself to literature.

The *Chinese Letters*, published (1762) under the title of *The Citizen of the World*, were contributed (1760) to *The Public Ledger*. *The Traveller* (1764), a poem, made him famous. His celebrated novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, written in 1764, published in 1766, is our greatest prose idyll. *The Good-natured Man*, a comedy, was produced in 1768. *The Deserted Village* (1770), a second poem, and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), a second comedy, added to his reputation. Besides other works in general literature, he compiled several *Histories* (England, Rome, Greece), and at his death was engaged upon the *History of Animated Nature*.

LITTLE GREAT MEN.

(From *The Citizen of the World.*—Letter LXXIV: *From Lien Chi Altangi [a Chinese Philosopher, residing in London] to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin in China.*)

In reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. These, say the gazettes, are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these the names that fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages. Let me see: forty-six great men in half a year amount to just ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people in future times will have any other business to mind, but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech? he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his commonplace-book into a folio? he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme? he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches to immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self-satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littlenesses of conscious greatness, by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of a haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted

with a snap. I attempted, by a second and a third assault, to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from entrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China: but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. Heavens, thought I, this man pretends to know China, even better than myself! I looked round to see who was on my side, but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man; I therefore at last thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a tea-pot for a tobacco-box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects: to speak and to act like the rest of mankind, is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple: here he is to sit half-concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis: a set of emissaries are despatched among the people to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country serves to make a great man. The idol

only keeps close; sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise; and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men, all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of these domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world, till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment; by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living, often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may probably be called the revolutions of a life between the fireside and the easy-chair. In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother, while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the university, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance

in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared; his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member; he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg-sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they who thus have some little faithful attendant, who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every opposer; at once ready to increase their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us; we, who neither are, nor never will be, great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no; at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense.—Adieu.

NOTES.

Does the mayor? &c. The interrogation is a vivid way of putting forward a condition or supposition.

Lama, 'spiritual teacher or lord,' priest, in Tibet and Mongolia. Here the pope or chief Lama.

For you and I . . . we . . . let us &c. Very loose. After prep. 'for,' 'I' is wrong. 'We' seems to have been intended as subject of the sentence; but long relative clauses at once come in, and after these the author finds it more convenient to go off on a new form of construction.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.

(From *The Traveller.*)

[Seating himself 'where Alpine solitudes ascend,' the Traveller (Goldsmith himself) passes in review the countries he looks down upon. First Italy, next Switzerland, then France.]

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!

Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise.
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

NOTES.

243-54. Cf. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xx., where Goldsmith puts his own experience into the mouth of the vicar's son, George: 'I had

some knowledge of music with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my merry tunes; and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day.'

243. **Choir**, band of dancers; as Gr. *choros*, Lat. *chorus*. Cf. Lytton, *Pausanias, the Spartan*, Bk. III., chap. iv.: 'Tell the leader of that *dancing choir* to come hither.'

253. **Gestic lore**, knowledge of how to dance. 'Lore,' knowledge. Cf. *Orm.*, 14, page 19, and see notes (322), page 22. 'Gestic,' connected with *gesture*, carriage, bearing (Lat. *gestum*, to carry); whence the special application.

256. **Idly busy.** An example of what is called *oxymōron* (a pointedly foolish saying), an expression that takes point from its being apparently self-contradictory while really containing an important fact. Cf. Spenser's 'luckless lucky maid' (page 103, stanza 19), 'a pious fraud,' 'laborious trifling.' Frequent in the classics: 'strenua inertia' (strenuous inaction), 'festīna lente' (hasten slowly), &c.

258. **Honour.** Here outward distinction merely.

273. **Ostentation.** Personified. Cf. 'vanity' (275), and 'pride' (277); and see Gray, notes (29), page 288.

276. **Frieze**, coarse woollen cloth.—**Copper.** Why 'copper?'

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

(From *The Traveller*.)

[After the French, the poet speaks of the Dutch, whom he contrasts unfavourably, and unjustly, with 'their Belgic sires of old' and with 'the sons of Britain now.']

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,

Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

NOTES.

317. **Her.** Why 'her?'

319. **Lawns,** (green) fields, generally. ——**Arcadian.** Vergil (see *Eclogues*) made Arcadia the home of supreme pastoral happiness. Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia* (see page 81).

320. **Famed Hydaspes.** Mod. Jelum, one of the rivers of the Punjab, tributary to the Indus. Horace (*Odes*, I., xxii. 7-8) calls it 'fabulosus,' from the marvellous accounts of wild beasts, monsters, &c., inhabiting that region generally. Cf. Mandeville, *Voiage and Travaile*, chap. xv.: 'In that flome (river, the Indus) men find eels of 30 foot long and more.'

321-3. Poetic license, surely.

327. **Port.** Lat. *porto* (bear, carry). Cf. note (148), page 106.

Saturday, Oct. 23, 1773: 'We talked of Goldsmith's *Traveller*, of which Dr Johnson spoke highly; and, while I was helping him on with his great-coat, he repeated from it the character of the British nation; which he did with such energy that the tear started into his eye' (Boswell).

SAMUEL JOHNSON.—1709–1784.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was the son of a bookseller in Lichfield. After an intermittent attendance at various local schools, he went, at nineteen, to Pembroke College, Oxford. Here he remained about three years, and then, from poverty, left without a degree. Several years of drudgery here and there followed, till in 1736 he married Mrs Porter of Birmingham, a widow, with whose help he established a boarding-school near Lichfield. This venture failing, Johnson betook himself to London to live by his pen. A quarter of a century later (1762), he received a government pension of £300 a year.

Johnson's first ten years in London were largely devoted to miscellaneous work for Edmund Cave, the publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine;* in particular, he wrote from memory or short notes reports of the debates in parliament. *London* (1738) and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749) are poems in imitation of satires of Juvenal. The famous *English Dictionary*, begun in 1747, was completed in 1755. Meantime the *Rambler*, a periodical on the plan of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, &c., had been appearing twice a week in 1750–2; all the papers, except only five, being from Johnson's own pen. He wrote also some papers for the *Adventurer* (1753) and the *Literary Maga-*

zine (1756); and he contributed the *Idler* papers to Payne's *Universal Chronicle* (1758–60). *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, a romance, was written in the evenings of one week in 1759, to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to clear off her debts. On obtaining the pension, Johnson relaxed his efforts considerably. He edited Shakspeare with preface and notes (1765); published his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, and *Taxation no Tyranny* (1775); and prefixed as separate prefaces to an edition of the English Poets (1779–81) the *Lives*, which are the best of all his writings.

THE METAPHYSICAL POETS.

(From the *Life of Cowley.*)

Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century appeared a race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets; of whom, in a criticism on the works of Cowley, it is not improper to give some account.

The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to shew their learning was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily resolving to shew it in rime, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

If the father of criticism has rightly denominated poetry τέχνη μιμητική,[1] *an imitative art*, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets; for they cannot be said to have imitated anything; they neither copied nature nor life; neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

Those, however, who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his

[1] *Technè mimètikè.*

contemporaries that they fall below Donne in wit, but maintains that they surpass him in poetry.

If wit be well described by Pope as being 'that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed,' they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous: he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

If by a more noble and more adequate conception that be considered as wit, which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is upon its first production acknowledged to be just; if it be that which he that never found it wonders how he missed; to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors;* a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtility surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

From this account of their compositions, it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in repre-

senting or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds: they never inquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure; as Epicurean deities making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

What they wanted, however, of the sublime, they

endeavoured to supply by hyperbole; their amplification had no limits; they left not only reason but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost: if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth; if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rime, and volubility of syllables.

In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found, buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety, though less copiousness of sentiment.

This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner

resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments.

When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators than time has left behind. Their immediate successors, of whom any remembrance can be said to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleveland, and Milton. Denham and Waller sought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our numbers. Milton tried the metaphysic style only in his lines upon Hobson the carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predecessors, having as much sentiment and more music. Suckling neither improved versification nor abounded in conceits. The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton disdained it.

NOTES.

Wit. 'In his own judgment of the Lives of the Poets, Johnson gave the preference to that of Cowley, as containing a nicer investigation and discrimination of the characteristics of wit than is elsewhere to be found.'

The metaphysical poets. 'The name "metaphysical poets" does not, as we now use the word "metaphysics," point out their peculiarity. The opposite word "physical" would be, in some respects, more suggestive of the truth; one of the most obvious characteristics of the poets in question being a disposition to run everything they think of through a series of quaint physical analogies, emotionally inappropriate, though perceptible to a practised or erudite wit. After all, the word "wit" used by Dryden as the name for the quality in which Donne was pre-eminent, answers the purpose best.' (Masson, *Life of Milton*, vol. i., page 444.)—They have also been called 'fantastic' poets.

Cowley (see page 197) 'was almost the last of that race, and undoubtedly the best' (Johnson). Masson (as above) says: 'Donne must be regarded not only as their father, but as their most exaggerated representative.' And (page 447) Cowley was 'the true heir of Donne's manner, and the second of the notable metaphysical poets.'

The modulation . . . imperfect. Ben Jonson declared that 'for not keeping accent, Donne deserved hanging.'

The father of criticism. Aristotle (384—322 B.C.), a famous Greek philosopher. The reference is to his treatise *Peri Poiētikēs*, 'On the Art of Poetry,' at beginning.

If wit &c. Pope (after Boileau), *Essay on Criticism*, ii. 297-8:

> 'True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.'

Dryden (Pref. to *The State of Innocence*) defines wit as 'a propriety of thoughts and words;

or, in other terms, thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject.'

Their thoughts . . . not obvious. 'The conceits [of Donne's poetry] have not even the merit of being intelligible' (Hallam).

Discordia concors, harmonious discord, agreement in disagreement, likeness in the midst of unlikeness. Cf. note to 'idly busy,' page 297.

Exility, slenderness, smallness. Lat. *exilis* (thin, feeble).

Hyperbŏlē, exaggeration. Gr. *hyper* (beyond, over), and *bŏlē* (cast, throwing); lit. throwing beyond the mark, overshooting.

Marino (1569—1625), an Italian poet.

Dr John **Donne** (1573—1631), Dean of St Paul's.

By Jonson &c. 'A tendency to intellectual "conceit," to the pursuit of quaint mechanical analogies, had been abundantly visible among the Elizabethan poets, Shakspeare not excepted' (Masson, *Life of Milton*, vol. i., page 442).

Sir John **Suckling,** 1609-41.

Waller, Denham. See notes, page 239.

John **Cleveland,** 1613-59.

The diction is very highly latinised.—Balance.

ROBERT BURNS.—1759–1796.

ROBERT BURNS, the greatest of Scottish poets, was born in Ayrshire, the son of a small farmer. His regular schooling was inconsiderable, but he listened with avidity to 'tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, &c.,' and he was a diligent reader. At sixteen he was engaged regularly at fixed wages on his father's farm, and from this time he began to mix more and more in country society, including dancing schools, debating societies, penny weddings, mason meetings, drinking matches, &c. On his father's death, he turned farmer (1784), but, like his father's various experiments, the poet's farming came to no good. In order to escape from farming and other troubles, Burns accepted a situation in Jamaica; and it was to raise nine pounds to pay his passage that he published his first poems (August 1786). He was on the point of embarking, when an encouraging letter drew him to Edinburgh (November 28), where he became the lion of the season. The success of the poems was complete. After another trial of farming, the poet received an excise appointment (1789), and though soon ceasing to 'woo his rustic muse in his wonted way at the plough-tail,' he continued to woo her among ale firkins and beer barrels for the rest of his life. He died at Dumfries at the age of 37.

'Alas, men must fit themselves into many things: some forty years ago, for instance, the noblest and ablest Man in all the British lands might be seen not swaying the royal sceptre, or the pontiff's censer, on the pinnacle of the World, but gauging ale-tubs in the little burgh of Dumfries!' (Carlyle, 1832).

The *Poems* of Burns are all short pieces, composed at various times

Robt Burns

from his fifteenth year onwards. There are songs in hundreds, poetical epistles, moral stanzas, odes, epitaphs, occasional verses, &c. In 1785 and 1786, the bard was 'very busy with the Muses.' *Tam o' Shanter* was produced in autumn, 1790, 'by universal assent the crowning glory and masterpiece of its author.'

'If we applaud the Roman emperor who found Rome brick and left it marble, what shall we say of the man who found the songs of his country indelicate and left them pure—who made wholesome the air which the spirit and the affections breathe? And Burns did this. He drove immodesty from love, and coarseness from humour. And not only did he purify existing Scottish song; he added to it all that it has of best and rarest. . . . And in so adding to and purifying Scottish song, Burns has conferred the greatest benefit on his countrymen that it is in the power of the poet to confer' (Alexander Smith, *Preface* to the Globe Edition of Burns).

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOV. 1785.

Wee,[1] sleekit,[2] cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na[3] start awa'[4] sae[5] hasty,
Wi' bickering[6] brattle![7]
I wad[8] be laith[9] to rin[10] and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle![11]

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earthborn companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles,[12] but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun[13] live!
A daimen icker[14] in a thrave[15]
'S a sma'[16] request:
I 'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,[17]
And never miss 't!

[1] Little. [2] Sleek, with smooth shining coat. [3] Not. [4] Away. [5] So. [6] Hurrying with short steps (cf. 'bickered,' Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, i. 3). [7] Clattering noise. [8] Would. [9] Loath, unwilling. [10] Run. [11] Plough-staff. [12] Sometimes. [13] Must. [14] An occasional (Scot. *auntrin*) ear of corn. [15] Two shocks; twenty-four sheaves. [16] Small. [17] What is left, the rest.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly[1] wa's[2] the win's[3] are strewin'!
An' naething now to big[4] a new ane[5]
O' foggage[6] green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell[7] an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter passed
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble[8]
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou 's[9] turned out, for a'[10] thy trouble,
But[11] 'house or hald,[12]
To thole[13] the winter's sleety dribble,[14]
An' cranreuch[15] cauld![16]

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,[17]
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang[18] aft[19] a-gley,[20]
An' lea'e[21] us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och![22] I backward cast my ee,[23]
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna[24] see,
I guess an' fear.

[1] Thin, weak. [2] Walls. [3] Winds. [4] Build. [5] One. [6] Moss. [7] Sharp, biting. [8] Stubble. [9] Thou is (for 'art'). [10] All. [11] Without. [12] Hold, dwelling-place. [13] Bear, suffer (Ger. *dulden*). [14] Drizzle. [15] Hoar-frost. [16] Cold. [17] Not alone. [18] Go. [19] Oft. [20] Lit. *on-gley* = a-squint, off the right line; go wrong, prove failures. [21] Leave. [22] Ah! [23] Eye. [24] Cannot.

NOTES.

6. **Pattle**, a long pole shod with iron, used to free the plough when it is clogged with earth.

19. **Wee bit housie.** Three diminutives: 'wee,' 'bit,' and '-ie.' In Scotch there are often more, for very strong

expression of kindliness, pity, endearment; less frequently of ridicule and contempt: 'the little wee wifikie,' 'a little wee (wee) bit thing(ie) o' a lassockie.'

21. **Big**, ancient *byggan*, build, 'appears in the second member of so many of our Danish town-names in the form of *by*, as *Rugby*, *Whitby*' (Earle).

37. **Thy lane.** '*Alane* [= alone] properly *all-ane* [= all-one] seems to have been taken as *al-lane*, or *a-lane*, and then *lane* separated and used by itself as an adjective, as in "a' leane wumman" [= a *lone* woman]. . . . *Lane* was next treated like *sel*, *self*, and accompanied by the *possessive* pronouns' (Murray, *Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, page 228). We have also '*him* lane.'

46. **Prospects**: what he sees before him when he turns to look backward on the past events of his life.

In his Commonplace-Book, the poet described himself as a man of 'unbounded good-will to every creature, rational and irrational.'

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Browneis and of Bogillis† full this Buke.‡*
GAWAIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman[1] billies[2] leave the street,
And drouthy[3] neibors,[4] neibors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;[5]
While we sit bousing[6] at the nappy,[7]
An' gettin' fou[8] and unco[9] happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps,[10] and stiles,[11]
That lie between us and our hame,[12]
Whare[13] sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand[14] honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae[15] Ayr ae[16] night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham[17] ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses).

[1] Pedlar. [2] Fellows. [3] Thirsty. [4] Neighbours. [5] Road. [6] Drinking deeply. [7] Ale. [8] Full, tipsy. [9] Extraordinarily, very. [10] Breaches in dykes or hedges. [11] Rough steps whereby to get over dykes, walls, or fences; sparred gates. [12] Home. [13] Where. [14] Found. [15] From. [16] One. [17] Whom, which.

* Spirits; especially those supposed to be connected with old farm-houses.
† Bogles, ghosts, spectres. ‡ Book.

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy áin[1] wife Kate's advice!
She tauld[2] thee weel[3] thou was a skellum,[4]
A blethering,[5] blustering, drunken blellum;[6]
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka[7] melder,[8] wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;[9]
That every naig[10] was ca'd[11] a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi'[12] warlocks in the mirk,[13]
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars[14] me greet,[15]
To think how monie[16] counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
But to our tale:—Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle,[17] bleezing[18] finely,
Wi' reaming[19] swats,[20] that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter[21] Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;[22]
Tam lo'ed him like a vera[23] brither;[24]
They had been fou for weeks thegither![25]
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

[1] Own. [2] Told. [3] Well. [4] Worthless fellow. [5] Nonsense-talking. [6] Idle gossiping fellow. [7] Each. [8] Quantity of grain sent to be ground at one time: multure. [9] Money. [10] Nag, horse. [11] Driven. [12] With, = by. [13] Dark. [14] Makes, causes. [15] Weep. [16] Many. [17] Fire (or fire-place). [18] Blazing. [19] Creaming. [20] Ale. [21] Shoemaker, cobbler (Lat. *sutor*). [22] Comrade, intimate companion. [23] Very. [24] Brother. [25] Together.

The storm without might rair[1] and rustle—
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
As bees flee[2] hame wi' lades[3] o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,[4]
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic[5] a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad[6] blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed,
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil[7] had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit[8] on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid[9] blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning[10] o'er some auld Scots sonnet;[11]
Whiles glowering[12] round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.

[1] Roar. [2] Fly. [3] Loads. [4] Keystone. [5] Such. [6] It would (have) blown. [7] Devil. [8] Dashed. [9] Good. [10] Humming low. [11] Song (generally), tune. [12] Staring, looking earnestly.

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets [1] nightly cry.
By this time he was cross [2] the ford,
Whare in the snaw [3] the chapman smoored ; [4]
And past the birks [5] and meikle [6] stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane ; [7]
And thro' the whins, [8] and by the cairn [9]
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon [10] the well,
Whare Mungo's mither [11] hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll ;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore [12] the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny, [13] we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae, [14] we 'll face the devil !—
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle, [15]
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle. [16]
But Maggie stood right sair [17] astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light ;
And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillon [18] brent [19] new frae [20] France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels :
A winnock-bunker [21] in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;

[1] Owlets, owls. [2] Across. [3] Snow. [4] Smothered, was smothered. [5] Birches. [6] Mickle, large. [7] Broke his neck-bone. [8] Furze-bushes. [9] Heap of stones. [10] Above. [11] Mother. [12] Small hole. [13] Two-penny (ale). [14] Whisky. [15] Head. [16] Small coin (½ of English penny). [17] Sore. [18] Lively fashionable dance (of eight persons). [19] Quite (new). [20] From. [21] Window-seat.

A towzie[1] tyke,[2] black, grim, and large,
To gie[3] them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes[4] and gart[5] them skirl,[6]
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.[7]

[The dread surroundings are now described in ghastly detail. Meanwhile Tam is intent on the proceedings; and

'As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew.'

'Ae winsome wench,' in particular, Nannie by name, won our hero's admiring attention.]

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,[8]
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap[9] and flang[10]
(A souple[11] jade she was and strang),[12]
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een[13] enriched;
Even Satan glowered and fidged[14] fu'[15] fain,
And hotched[16] and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne[17] anither,
Tam tint[18] his reason a' thegither. . . .

[No longer able to contain himself, Tam shouted approval. Instantly the lights went out, and scarcely had Tam put spurs to Maggie when the whole company were in full pursuit.]

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,[19]
When plundering herds[20] assail their byke;[21]
As open pussie's[22] mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch[23] screech and hollow.[24]

[1] Rough, shaggy. [2] Dog. [3] Give. [4] Bagpipes. [5] Made, caused. [6] Shriek, scream. [7] Vibrate, quiver. [8] Cower, droop. [9] Leaped. [10] Flung, threw (her limbs). [11] Supple. [12] Strong. [13] Eyes. [14] Fidgeted. [15] Full. [16] Swayed his body up and down, especially with sudden jerks. [17] Then. [18] Lost. [19] Fuss. [20] Herd-boys. [21] Hive, nest (in earth, moss, &c.). [22] Dimin. of 'puss' (hare). [23] Frightful, unearthly. [24] Hollo, holloa.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'![1]
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'![2]
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane o' the brig;[3]
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running-stream they darena cross!
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient[4] a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;[5]
But little wist[6] she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring[7] brought off her master hale,[8]
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin[9] claught[10] her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha[11] this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or winsome queans[12] run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys ower[13] dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

[1] Reward. [2] Herring. [3] Bridge. [4] Fiend, = never. [5] Eagerness, anxious design. [6] Knew. [7] Jump. [8] Whole, safe and sound. [9] Jade. [10] Seized, grasped. [11] Who, whoever. [12] Lasses. [13] Over, too.

NOTES.

1. **Chapman.** See notes (174), page 27.
2. **Drouthy,** from 'drouth' = 'drought' (old *druguth*), from *dryge* (dry).—**Neibor,** *neighbour,* old *neahbur,* lit. near-dweller. Cf. Ger. *nachbar.* From *neah* (near), and *gebur* (*boor:* cf. Ger. *bauer,* cultivator, peasant), from *buan,* to dwell, till, cultivate.
4. **To tak the gate,** to take the road, set out, begin to go (home, or elsewhere).
6. **Unco,** short for 'uncouth' (old *uncuth*), lit. *un-known;* hence strange, unusual; and as adv., very.
8. **Stiles.** Old Eng. *stigel* (step), from *stigan* (to climb).
18. **As ta'en.** The usual ellipsis would be 'as *to have* ta'en;' but the form in the text is common in Scotch: cf. 73: 'as 'twad blawn' for 'as it would *have* blown.'
19. **Thou was.** Cf. *To a Mouse,* 25, 28, 33; and below, 22, 24, &c. Also notes (256 and 259), page 52.

25. **Was ca'd a shoe on.** 'Ca'-a-shoe-on' is taken as compound verb transitive. Relat. subj. 'that' is to be supplied.

26. The smith and **thee gat . . . fou.** Dr Murray carefully notes this apparent use of objective case for nominative, and distinguishes it from the '*direct* or proper *nominative*,' and from the '*direct objective*,' calling it 'an *indirect* case, used like the French *moi, toi, lui, eux*, for both nominative and objective in certain positions. But while in French this indirect case or *dative* is in its history and derivation distinct from the direct accusative, the indirect case in Scotch is, viewed etymologically, really the objective of the English (the dative or accusative of the Anglo-Saxon).' (*Dialect of Southern Counties*, page 187.) He enumerates six cases (page 190), of which this is one, namely, 'when two or more nominatives form the subject of the same verb.' Cf. *The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer*, 14: 'Scotland and *me*'s in great affliction.'

28. **Kirton Jean,** Kirk-town Jean; Jean Kennedy, whose place of business was in the kirk-town—in the part of the *town* or village close to the *kirk* (church).

31. **Warlock,** wizard, a man supposed to be in compact with the devil. Old *wærloga, werloga*, a belier (*leogan*, to lie; *loga*, a liar) or breaker of his compact or bargain (*wær*).——**Mirk.** 'In the mirk,' or murk = in the dark. Cf. the adj. 'murky.' To express intense darkness, the Scotch say 'it is dark and *mark*' (mirk).

40. **Drank.** Cf. 'The cakes *eat* crisp;' 'the paper *feels* rough;' &c. (See Murison's *First Work in English*, sect. 211.)

63. **Borĕălis,** belonging to *Borĕas* (Lat., the north wind); northern. 'The Borealis race' is the 'Aurōra Borĕālis' or 'Northern Lights.'

69. **Keystane.** Cf. 206, note: and explain the metaphor.

81. **Skelpit** imitates the sound of the horse's feet dashing through the 'dub and mire' of the road.

105. **John Barleycorn.** A personification of the *corns* or grains of *barley*, used in making malt, whence 'the barley bree'* (*The Happy Trio*, chorus, 4)—ale, whisky, &c. Cf. *Scotch Drink*, 17-8, 23-4:

'Leeze me on thee,† John Barley-corn,
Thou king o' grain! . . .
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.'

108. **Usquebae,** usquebaugh, *whisky*. From Keltic *uisge-beath*, lit. water of life, like Fr. *eau de vie*, and Lat. *aqua vitæ*. The root of *uisge* appears in many names, especially of rivers: Usk, Esk, Exe, Axe, the Wash, Wis- in Wisbeach, Ouse, Ox- (a corruption of Ouse) in Oxford, &c.

110. **Fair play.** Elliptical for 'if he got fair play,' or such like conditional clause.——**Cared na** (for) **deils,** &c.

114. **Vow!** or **wow!** = 'lo!' Common in old Scotch ballads.

116. **Brent new** = '*brand*-new,' *burned*-new; the same as '*fire*-new.' Bright, fresh, untarnished, as if just taken from the fire: '*quite* new.'

120. **Auld Nick,** Old Nick, the Devil. Old Eng. *nicor*, a water-god, sea-monster. Icel. *nykr*, a fabulous water-goblin.

187. **Caper,** leap, jump; like the frisking of a goat (Lat. *caper*).

194. **Byke,** building, dwelling, nest, hive. From Old Eng. *byggan*. See *To a Mouse*, 21, note.

* Juice, liquid.

† Lit. '*lief is* (to) *me* on thee;' 'especially dear to me art thou.'

201. **Fairin'**, fairing; present given at, or brought from, a fair; reward (generally), in ironical sense.

206. **Win**, gain, reach. Cf. 'make' (209).——**Keystane**, the stone in the middle of the arch.——**Brig**, bridge. Cf. Old Eng. *brycg*. (See *Beowulf*, 2734, note.)

210. **Fient**, fiend. Used like 'devil,' simply as a strong negative, = 'never.'

217. **Carlin**, fem. of 'carle.' Old Eng. *ceorl*, Icelandic *karl* (a man). Usually, an old woman of the ruder sort; hence any woman, with depreciation implied.

EDMUND BURKE.—1729?–1797.

EDMUND BURKE was the son of a Dublin attorney. After a course of desultory study at Trinity College, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, London, in 1747, and began to keep terms in 1750, but his energies were not directed so much to the law's grave study as to literature and politics. In 1761 he went to Ireland as private secretary to 'Single-speech' Hamilton, who was secretary to the Lord Lieutenant; and on his return became (1765) private secretary to the Prime Minister, the Marquis of Rockingham, who influenced his election to parliament in 1766. His distinguished parliamentary career extended down to 1794.

Burke is described by De Quincey as 'the supreme writer of his century,' and by Mr Matthew Arnold as 'our greatest English prose-writer.' His first literary venture was a parody of Lord Bolingbroke's principles and an imitation of his style, under the title of *A Vindication of Natural Society* (1756). In the same year appeared *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful*. In 1758 he suggested to Dodsley the idea of the *Annual Register*, and wrote much of the history and politics of it for several years. The *Observations on a late Publication intituled 'The Present State of the Nation'* (1769), was followed by *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents* (1770). His energy was next expended on a series of great parliamentary debates—on the American War, on Pitt's Regency Bill, and on Indian misgovernment (culminating in the great impeachment of Warren Hastings). The troubles in France at once engaged his earnest attention. In 1790 he wrote *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, which he followed up by several pamphlets maintaining his positions.

THE INDEPENDENT MEMBER.

(From *Speech at Bristol*, just before an Election, Sept. 6, 1780.)

As to the opinion of the people, which some think in such cases is to be implicitly obeyed; near two years' tranquillity, which followed the act, and its instant imita-

tion in Ireland, proved abundantly that the late horrible spirit was, in a great measure, the effect of insidious art, and perverse industry, and gross misrepresentation. But suppose that the dislike had been much more deliberate, and much more general than I am persuaded it was—when we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standard of rectitude, I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience. But if it may be doubted whether Omnipotence itself is competent to alter the essential constitution of right and wrong, sure I am that such *things* as they and I are possessed of no such power. No man carries further than I do the policy of making government pleasing to the people. But the widest range of this politic complaisance is confined within the limits of justice. I would not only consult the interest of the people, but I would cheerfully gratify their humours. We are all a sort of children that must be soothed and managed. I think I am not austere or formal in my nature. I would bear, I would even myself play my part in, any innocent buffooneries, to divert them. But I never will act the tyrant for their amusement. If they will mix malice in their sports, I shall never consent to throw them any living, sentient creature whatsoever, no, not so much as a kitling, to torment.

'But if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness, I may chance never to be elected into Parliament.' It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish to be a member of parliament, to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects in order to obtain my seat. I deceive myself indeed most grossly, if I had not much rather pass the remainder of my life hidden in the recesses of the deepest obscurity, feeding my mind even with the visions and imaginations of such things,

than to be placed on the most splendid throne of the universe, tantalised with a denial of the practice of all which can make the greatest situation any other than the greatest curse. Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you for having set me in a place wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property and private conscience; if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good-will of his countrymen;—if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book;—I might wish to read a page or two more—but this is enough for my measure.—I have not lived in vain.

And now, Gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said that, in the long period of my service, I have, in a single instance, sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is not alleged that, to gratify any anger, or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many would go along with me.—In every accident which

may happen through life—in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress—I will call to mind this accusation; and be comforted.

Gentlemen, I submit the whole to your judgment. Mr Mayor, I thank you for the trouble you have taken on this occasion. In your state of health, it is particularly obliging. If this company should think it advisable for me to withdraw, I shall respectfully retire; if you think otherwise, I shall go directly to the Council-house and to the Change, and, without a moment's delay, begin my canvass.

[Three days later, Sept. 9, Burke saw no hope of success, and withdrew from the contest.]

NOTES.

The act. An act repealing a statute of 1699, by which certain monstrous disabilities had been laid upon Roman Catholics. This act of relief passed both Houses, without opposition, in May 1778.

The late horrible spirit. Manifested in the Lord George Gordon riots of June 1780. Lords and Commons were roughly handled by the mob, and London was in imminent danger of destruction by fire. 'The houses they [the rioters] stripped of the furniture, and the chapels of the altars, pulpits, pews, and benches, all which served to make bonfires in the streets' (Mahon, *Hist. of England*, vol. vii., ch. 61).

To be placed. 'To' is given here, though omitted before 'pass.'

FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION:

THE GOVERNMENT JUDGED FROM THE WEALTH OF THE COUNTRY.

(From *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*)

[Burke estimates the effects of the monarchical government by two standards, population and national wealth. After discussing M. Necker's economical facts and speculations, he proceeds:]

Some adequate cause must have originally introduced all the money coined at its mint into that kingdom; and some cause as operative must have kept at home, or returned into its bosom, such a vast flood of treasure as Mr Necker calculates to remain for domestic circulation. Suppose any reasonable deductions from Mr Necker's computation; the remainder must still amount to an

immense sum. Causes thus powerful to acquire and to retain, cannot be found in discouraged industry, insecure property, and a positively destructive government. Indeed, when I consider the face of the kingdom of France; the multitude and opulence of her cities; the useful magnificence of her spacious high-roads and bridges; the opportunity of her artificial canals and navigations opening the conveniences of maritime communication through a solid continent of so immense an extent; when I turn my eyes to the stupendous works of her ports and harbours, and to her whole naval apparatus, whether for war or trade; when I bring before my view the number of her fortifications, constructed with so bold and masterly a skill, and made and maintained at so prodigious a charge, presenting an armed front and impenetrable barrier to her enemies upon every side; when I recollect how very small a part of that extensive region is without cultivation, and to what complete perfection the culture of many of the best productions of the earth have been brought in France; when I reflect on the excellence of her manufactures and fabrics, second to none but ours, and in some particulars not second; when I contemplate the grand foundations of charity, public and private; when I survey the state of all the arts that beautify and polish life; when I reckon the men she has bred for extending her fame in war, her able statesmen, the multitude of her profound lawyers and theologians, her philosophers, her critics, her historians and antiquaries, her poets, and her orators sacred and profane: I behold in all this something which awes and commands the imagination, which checks the mind on the brink of precipitate and indiscriminate censure, and which demands that we should very seriously examine what and how great are the latent vices that could authorise us at once to level so specious a fabric with the ground. I

do not recognise, in this view of things, the despotism of Turkey. Nor do I discern the character of a government that has been, on the whole, so oppressive, or so corrupt, or so negligent, as to be utterly unfit *for all reformation.* I must think such a government well deserved to have its excellencies heightened; its faults corrected; and its capacities improved into a British constitution.

NOTES.

M. Necker, an able financier of France. 'He affirms that from the year 1726 to the year 1784, there was coined at the mint of France, in the species of gold and silver, to the amount of about one hundred millions of pounds sterling.' 'He calculates the *numéraire*, or what we call the *specie*, then [1785] actually existing in France, at about eighty-eight millions of the same English money' (Burke, *Reflections* &c.)

When I consider . . . turn my eyes . . . bring before my view, &c. Observe the studied variety of expression. Cf. preceding extract (third par.): 'stand accused . . . it is not said . . . it is not alleged,' &c. And below: 'behold . . . recognise . . . discern.'

Canals &c. Especially the Languedoc canal, *Canal du Midi* ('of the south'), stretching from Toulouse to Narbonne and Agde, and uniting the Atlantic and the Mediterranean (hence also called *Canal des deux Mers*, 'canal of the two seas'). Executed (1666-80), under Louis XIV., by Paul de Riquet, at a cost of nearly a million and a half sterling.

Ports &c. As Brest, Toulon, Cherbourg.

Fortifications &c. Constructed chiefly by the famous engineer De Vauban.

Have been brought. Cf. notes (9), page 95.

Re-write the passage, with considerable expansion.

By the side of Burke's view should be placed some complementary view. Cf., for example, Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, Book II., chap. ii.: 'Dreary, languid do these [the twenty to twenty-five millions lumped together as the *canaille*, or 'masses'] struggle in their obscure remoteness; their hearth cheerless, their diet thin. For them, in this world, rises no Era of Hope. . . . Untaught, uncomforted, unfed! . . . There is dearth, . . . an indubitable scarcity of bread. And so, on the 2d day of May 1775, these waste multitudes do here, at Versailles Château, in wide-spread wretchedness, in sallow faces, squalor, winged raggedness, present, as in legible hieroglyphic writing, their Petition of Grievances. The Château-Grates must be shut; but the King will appear on the balcony, and speak to them. They have seen the King's face; their Petition of Grievances has been, if not read, looked at. For answer, two of them are hanged, on a "new gallows forty feet high;" and the rest driven back to their dens—for a time.'

WILLIAM COWPER.—1731-1800.

WILLIAM COWPER was born in his father's parsonage at Great Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire. Grandson of Spencer Cowper, Judge of the Common Pleas, and great-nephew of William Cowper, the Lord Chancellor, the future poet, on leaving Westminster School at eighteen, began the study of law in the office of the same attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. He was called to the bar in 1754. His constitutional shyness, however, was so overpowering that he could not avail himself of the helping efforts of his friends; and it turned at last to religious depression and mental derangement. On his recovery, he settled at Huntingdon (1765), where he formed an intimacy with a Rev. Mr Unwin, into whose family he was soon adopted. When Mr Unwin was thrown from his horse and killed in 1767, Cowper still remained with Mrs Unwin, who watched over him with the greatest care. They removed first (1767) to Olney, in Buckinghamshire, and afterwards (1786) to Weston, in Northamptonshire. A mental attack in 1773 was not got over for five years. Cowper was then persuaded to turn his attention to poetry, which he cultivated assiduously till his mind finally gave way. In 1794 he received a crown pension of £300 a year.

Neither Cowper's share (68) of the *Olney Hymns* (1779), nor a small volume of poems, didactic and satirical, in 1782, did much to secure public attention. His masterpiece, *The Task* (1785), at once made him famous. He had already (1784) begun his translation of *Homer*, which, after many interruptions, at last appeared in 1791. He executed many other translations also: from Madame Guyon (religious pieces); from Milton (Latin and Italian poems); and from several Latin and Greek writers. Many of his miscellaneous poems—*Boadicea*, *The Loss of the Royal George*, *John Gilpin*, &c.—are well known.

LIBERTY AND FRATERNITY.

(From *The Task*, Book II.)

. . . . . .

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdúrate heart,

It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home:—then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

NOTES.

1—7. Compare Shelley throughout; and in particular:

'I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise.'

16. **Intersected**, usually, cut or crossed each by other; here, cut between, or asunder (Lat. *intersectum*).

34. **Prized above all price.** Cowper's intense passion for liberty constantly recurs throughout his poems. In April 1792, he addressed a sonnet to William Wilberforce, in strong approval of his exertions for the abolition of slavery.

37—42. Lord Mansfield decided in 1772 (13 years before the publication of *The Task*) that a slave, on landing in England, thereby becomes free.

45. **Through every vein.** 'In 1786, the year after these lines were written, England was employing 130 ships, which carried 42,000 slaves; but in the following year the Society for the Suppression of the Slave-trade was instituted, and the question was opened in Parliament. In April 1791, Wilberforce made a direct motion for abolition, which was lost by 88 to 83. Lord Grenville and Fox took up the question as Ministers in 1806, and the slave-trade was abolished in 1807' (Globe edition of Cowper). Negro slavery continued in the English colonies down to August 1833, when it was abolished at the cost of twenty millions paid in compensation to the planters.

EVENING.

(From *The Task*, Book IV.)

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems!
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee: save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentler hours

To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please;
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

NOTES.

257. **Zone**, belt, girdle.
258. **Ampler round.** 'The moon when seen just above the horizon appears larger, partly because it is often seen through mist, partly because it is easier to compare it with terrestrial objects.' (Storr).
265. **They.** Who?

Compare generally Collins's 'Ode to Evening.'

A FINE NOON IN WINTER.

(From *The Task*, Book VI.)

The night was winter in his roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed;
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes

From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart 85
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

NOTES.

66. **The embattled tower** of the church of Emberton, a village not far from Olney.

85. **Think down** &c. While one is thinking, hours may pass so rapidly as to seem only minutes.

Describe in prose.

EDWARD GIBBON.—1737–1794.

EDWARD GIBBON, the son of a wealthy landed proprietor, was born at Putney. Being a weakly child, the only survivor of a family of seven, he was long kept at home, where he carried on a most diligent miscellaneous reading, especially in history. From a private school at Kingston he passed to Westminster School, whence he proceeded to Magdalen College, Oxford, at the age of fifteen. In little more than a year, becoming a convert to Roman Catholicism, he was obliged to leave Oxford (1753), which he did without regret. He was now sent to Lausanne, where the instructions of a Calvinist minister in eighteen months succeeded in reconverting him (Christmas, 1754). In 1758 he returned to England, and continued his studies at his father's house. He was a captain in the Hampshire militia, 1761–3. He next travelled in France, Switzerland, and Italy. In 1774 he entered parliament. In 1783 he returned to Lausanne to complete his *History*. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, he came back to England, and died in London in 1794.

Gibbon's great work is *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. 'It was at Rome,' he tells us, 'on the 15th October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.' The first volume was given to the public in 1776; and the last volume, completed in 1787, was published in 1788, on the author's fifty-first birthday.

BOETHIUS.

(From *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Chap. xxxix.)

The senator Boethius is the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countryman. As a wealthy orphan he inherited the patrimony and honours of the Anician family, a name ambitiously assumed by the kings and emperors of the age; and the appellation of Manlius asserted his genuine or fabulous descent from a race of consuls and dictators who had repulsed the Gauls from the Capitol, and sacrificed their sons to the discipline of the republic. In the youth of Boethius, the studies of Rome were not totally abandoned; a Vergil is now extant corrected by the hand of a consul; and the professors of grammar, rhetoric, and jurisprudence were maintained in their privileges and pensions by the liberality of the Goths. But the erudition of the Latin language was insufficient to satiate his ardent curiosity; and Boethius is said to have employed eighteen laborious years in the schools of Athens, which were supported by the zeal, the learning, and the diligence of Proclus and his disciples. The reason and piety of their Roman pupil were fortunately saved from the contagion of mystery and magic which polluted the groves of the Academy; but he imbibed the spirit, and imitated the method, of his dead and living masters, who attempted to reconcile the strong and subtle sense of Aristotle with the devout contemplation and sublime fancy of Plato. After his return to Rome, and his marriage with the daughter of his friend the patrician Symmăchus, Boethius still continued, in a palace of ivory and marble, to prosecute the same studies. The church was edified by his profound defence of the orthodox creed against the Arian, the Eutychian, and the

Nestorian heresies; and the Catholic unity was explained or exposed in a formal treatise by the *indifference* of three distinct though consubstantial persons. For the benefit of his Latin readers, his genius submitted to teach the first elements of the arts and sciences of Greece. The geometry of Euclid, the music of Pythagŏras, the arithmetic of Nicomăchus, the mechanics of Archimēdes, the astronomy of Ptŏlĕmy, the theology of Plato, and the logic of Aristotle, with the commentary of Porphyry, were translated and illustrated by the indefatigable pen of the Roman senator. And he alone was esteemed capable of describing the wonders of art, a sun-dial, a water-clock, or a sphere which represented the motions of the planets. From these abstruse speculations, Boethius stooped—or to speak more truly, he rose—to the social duties of public and private life: the indigent were relieved by his liberality; and his eloquence, which flattery might compare to the voice of Demosthenes or Cicero, was uniformly exerted in the cause of innocence and humanity. Such conspicuous merit was felt and rewarded by a discerning prince: the dignity of Boethius was adorned with the titles of consul and patrician, and his talents were usefully employed in the important station of master of the offices. Notwithstanding the equal claims of the East and West, his two sons were created, in their tender youth, the consuls of the same year. On the memorable day of their inauguration, they proceeded in solemn pomp from their palace to the Forum, amidst the applause of the senate and people; and their joyful father, the true consul of Rome, after pronouncing an oration in the praise of his royal benefactor, distributed a triumphal largess in the games of the circus. Prosperous in his fame and fortunes, in his public honours and private alliances, in the cultivation of science and the consciousness of virtue, Boethius might

have been styled happy, if that precarious epithet could be safely applied before the last term of the life of man.

A philosopher, liberal of his wealth and parsimonious of his time, might be insensible to the common allurements of ambition, the thirst of gold and employment. And some credit may be due to the asseveration of Boethius that he had reluctantly obeyed the divine Plato, who enjoins every virtuous citizen to rescue the state from the usurpation of vice and ignorance. For the integrity of his public conduct he appeals to the memory of his country. His authority had restrained the pride and oppression of the royal officers, and his eloquence had delivered Paulianus from the dogs of the palace. He had always pitied, and often relieved, the distress of the provincials, whose fortunes were exhausted by public and private rapine, and Boethius alone had courage to oppose the tyranny of the barbarians, elated by conquest, excited by avarice, and, as he complains, encouraged by impunity. In these honourable contests, his spirit soared above the consideration of danger, and perhaps of prudence; and we may learn from the example of Cato that a character of pure and inflexible virtue is the most apt to be misled by prejudice, to be heated by enthusiasm, and to confound private enmities with public justice. The disciple of Plato might exaggerate the infirmities of nature and the imperfections of society; and the mildest form of a Gothic kingdom, even the weight of allegiance and gratitude, must be insupportable to the free spirit of a Roman patriot. But the favour and fidelity of Boethius declined in just proportion with the public happiness; and an unworthy colleague was imposed, to divide and control the power of the master of the offices. In the last gloomy season of Theodoric, he indignantly felt that he was a slave; but as his master had only power over his life, he stood, without

arms and without fear, against the face of an angry barbarian, who had been provoked to believe that the safety of the senate was incompatible with his own. The senator Albinus was accused and already convicted on the presumption of *hoping*, as it was said, the liberty of Rome. 'If Albinus be criminal,' exclaimed the orator, 'the senate and myself are all guilty of the same crime. If we are innocent, Albinus is equally entitled to the protection of the laws.' These laws might not have punished the simple and barren wish of an unattainable blessing; but they would have shewn less indulgence to the rash confession of Boethius that, had he known of a conspiracy, the tyrant never should. The advocate of Albinus was soon involved in the danger and perhaps the guilt of his client; their signature (which they denied as a forgery) was affixed to the original address, inviting the emperor to deliver Italy from the Goths; and three witnesses of honourable rank, perhaps of infamous reputation, attested the treasonable designs of the Roman patrician. Yet his innocence must be presumed, since he was deprived by Theodoric of the means of justification, and rigorously confined in the tower of Pavia, while the senate, at the distance of five hundred miles, pronounced a sentence of confiscation and death against the most illustrious of its members. At the command of the barbarians, the occult science of a philosopher was stigmatised with the names of sacrilege and magic. A devout and dutiful attachment to the senate was condemned as criminal by the trembling voices of the senators themselves; and their ingratitude deserved the wish or prediction of Boethius that, after him, none should be found guilty of the same offence.

While Boethius, oppressed with fetters, expected each moment the sentence or the stroke of death, he composed in the tower of Pavia the *Consolation of Philosophy;* a

golden volume not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit from the barbarism of the times and the situation of the author. The celestial guide whom he had so long invoked at Rome and Athens, now condescended to illumine his dungeon, to revive his courage, and to pour into his wounds her salutary balm. She taught him to compare his long prosperity and his recent distress, and to conceive new hopes from the inconstancy of fortune. Reason had informed him of the precarious condition of her gifts; experience had satisfied him of their real value; he had enjoyed them without guilt, he might resign them without a sigh, and calmly disdain the impotent malice of his enemies, who had left him happiness, since they had left him virtue. From the earth, Boethius ascended to heaven in search of the SUPREME GOOD; explored the metaphysical labyrinth of chance and destiny, of prescience and free-will, of time and eternity; and generously attempted to reconcile the perfect attributes of the Deity with the apparent disorders of his moral and physical government. Such topics of consolation, so obvious, so vague, or so abstruse, are ineffectual to subdue the feelings of human nature. Yet the sense of misfortune may be diverted by the labour of thought; and the sage who could artfully combine in the same work the various riches of philosophy, poetry, and eloquence, must already have possessed the intrepid calmness which he affected to seek. Suspense, the worst of evils, was at length determined by the ministers of death, who executed, and perhaps exceeded, the inhuman mandate of Theodoric. A strong cord was fastened round the head of Boethius, and forcibly tightened, till his eyes almost started from their sockets; and some mercy may be discovered in the milder torture of beating him with clubs till he expired. But his genius

survived to diffuse a ray of knowledge over the darkest ages of the Latin world; the writings of the philosopher were translated by the most glorious of the English kings, and the third emperor of the name of Otho removed to a more honourable tomb the bones of a Catholic saint who, from his Arian persecutors, had acquired the honours of martyrdom and the fame of miracles.

NOTES.

Boëthius, Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius (470?—524 A.D.). See notes (473), page 38.

Their countryman. Cf. notes (719), page 192.

Proclus (412-85), a celebrated teacher, was regarded as 'the genuine successor of Plato in doctrine.'

The groves of the Academy. Cf. Milton, *Par. Reg.*, iv.:

'The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement.'

A palace &c. Cf. Boethius, *Philosph. Consol.*, Book I., prosa v.: 'bibliothecæ comptos ebore ac vitro parietes,' 'library walls adorned with ivory and glass.'

The Forum (in full, 'Forum Romanum'), the principal open space in Rome, an irregular quadrangle, where the people met to transact business.

The games of the circus. Celebrated yearly (Sept. 4—12).

If that precarious epithet &c. The saying that 'no one can be pronounced happy till he has finished his course,' was ascribed to Solon (638—558 B.C.), a famous Athenian legislator, who was also ranked as one of the seven sages of Greece.

A Gothic kingdom. Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths (or Eastern Goths: here referred to as 'the barbarians'), overthrew Odoacer, and reigned as king of Italy, 493—526 A.D.

Determined, brought to a term or end (Lat. *terminus*).

Vocabulary highly latinised; balance sustained to monotony. Dignified movement.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—1770-1850.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born in Cumberland, the son of an attorney, and educated at St John's, Cambridge (B.A. 1791). On graduating, his republican fervour carried him to France, whence he returned about the end of 1792, and established himself in quiet country retreats for the cultivation of poetry. In 1798-9, he visited Germany with Coleridge. On his return, he settled permanently in the Lake country (Grasmere, 1798; Allan Bank, 1808; and Rydal Mount, 1813). He was distributer of stamps for Westmoreland from

1813 to 1842, when he received a pension of £300 a year. On the death of Southey in 1843, he became Poet Laureate.

Wordsworth had a very hard struggle for recognition. After several years of verse-making, he published, in conjunction with Coleridge, the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), which made no impression. In 1814 appeared his great poem, *The Excursion*, which made its way in the face of much adverse criticism. Among the poems that appeared later, although written earlier, may be mentioned these: in 1815, *The White Doe of Rylstone* (1807); in 1819, *Peter Bell* (1798), and *The Waggoner* (1805); and in 1850, *The Prelude* (1799–1805). The *Sonnets* and miscellaneous poems are innumerable.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY,

On revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour,

July 13, 1798.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O silvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,

The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,

When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

NOTES.

4. **Inland.** 'The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern' (Wordsworth). It falls rapidly.

11. **Orchard.** See notes (2732), page 3.

37. **Aspect,** nature, quality.

43-5. **Breath . . . motion . . .** (being) **suspended.** Absolute participial construction. Cf. 73-4.

84. **Aching joys.** Cf. note to 'idly busy,' page 297. Why 'aching?'

113. **Genial.** Lat. *genĭālis*, from *genĭus*, Fr. *gen-* (to produce). Belonging to one's genius, natural qualities or endowment.

121. **Sister.** Cf. Shairp, *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, pages 33-4: 'Surely never sister performed a more delicate service for brother than Dorothy Wordsworth did for the poet. . . . She it was who softened and humanised him, opened his eyes to the more hidden beauties, his heart to the gentler affections:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."'

125. **Inform,** fill and communicate form to; animate.

140. **Mansion.** Lat. *mansiōnem*, from *manēre* (remain). An abiding-place, 'dwelling-place' (141).

143-4. 'What prophetic pathos do these words assume when we remember how long and mournfully, ere life ended, those wild eyes were darkened!' (Shairp, *Studies*, page 41). 'In the year 1829, she was seized by a severe illness, which so prostrated her, body and mind, that

she never recovered from it . . . But though so enfeebled, she still lived on, and survived her brother by nearly five years' (Shairp, *Preface* to her *Recollections of a Tour in Scotland*).

'The poet speaks out his inmost feelings, and in his own "grand style" . . . Read these lines over once again, however well you may know them' (Shairp).

SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to shew more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

FORLORN.

(From *The Excursion*, Book I.)

[From an industrious and comfortable life, Margaret and her husband had been reduced, by sickness and bad times, to poverty and distress. At last her husband, in desperation,

'joined a troop
Of soldiers going to a distant land.']

Nine tedious years;
From their first separation, nine long years,
She lingered in unquiet widowhood;
A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have been
A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my Friend,
That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate
Alone through half the vacant Sabbath day;
And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit

The shade, and look abroad. On this old bench
For hours she sate; and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick. You see that path,
Now faint—the grass has crept o'er its gray line:
There, to and fro, she paced through many a day
Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn thread
With backward steps. Yet ever as there passed
A man whose garments shewed the soldier's red,
Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
The little child who sate to turn the wheel
Ceased from his task; and she with faltering voice
Made many a fond inquiry; and when they,
Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,
Her heart was still more sad. And by yon gate
That bars the traveller's road, she often stood,
And when a stranger horseman came, the latch
Would lift, and in his face look wistfully:
Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor Hut
Sank to decay; for he was gone whose hand,
At the first nipping of October frost,
Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw
Checkered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived
Through the long winter, reckless and alone;
Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,
Was sapped; and while she slept, the nightly damps
Did chill her breast; and in the stormy day
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
Have parted hence; and still that length of road,
And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,
Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my Friend,
In sickness she remained; and here she died;
Last human tenant of these ruined walls!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.—1777–1844.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, and studied at the university of his native city. After a tour on the Continent, and a short residence in Edinburgh, he went to London (1803), and devoted himself to literature. In 1806, he received a pension of £200 a year.

The Pleasures of Hope (1799), *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809), *Theodric* (1824), and *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* (1842), with all their excellences, do less to sustain Campbell's fame than his occasional lyrics—*Ye Mariners of England* (1801), *The Soldier's Dream* (written 1800, published 1804), *The Battle of Hohenlinden* (1802), *The Battle of the Baltic* (written 1805, published 1808), &c.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

1. Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

2. Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

3. But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.

'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

4. Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

5. Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

6. Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

7. Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

8. Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

NOTES.

1. **Nelson**, Sir Hyde Parker, the admiral in command, left the whole affair to be managed by Vice-admiral Lord Nelson. The battle was fought in Copenhagen Roads, April 2, 1801. It formed part of the long struggle with Napoleon; and the immediate object was to break up the coalition of the northern powers (with Russia at their head), who had joined in an armed neutrality. 'Nelson repeatedly declared that it was the most dreadful affair he had ever witnessed.' April 9, he wrote: 'Of the eighteen vessels of all descriptions, seventeen are sunk, burnt, and taken.'

8. **Riou**, the captain of the *Amazon*, was shot in two, to the great sorrow of the whole fleet. Nelson, in his report to Sir H. Parker (April 3), called him 'the gallant and good Captain Riou.'

WALTER SCOTT.—1771-1832.

Sir WALTER SCOTT was the son of a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. During the long illness of his boyhood, he educated himself, much after the miscellaneous manner of Gibbon, by devouring at will the contents of libraries, especially romances, old plays, epic poetry, and such-like. Meanwhile a maiden aunt, who nursed him for a time, had been telling him innumerable legendary stories. As he grew up and was conquering his sicknesses, he rambled far and near throughout the country, adding to his stock of imaginative lore. After studying at Edinburgh University, he was called to the Scotch bar in 1792; in 1799 he was made Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and in 1806

Walter Scott

he became one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session. His literary success enabled him to purchase and augment the estate of Abbotsford (1811), where for several years he lived in princely magnificence. He was made a baronet by George IV. in 1820. In 1826 the failure of the publishers, Constable & Co. and Ballantyne & Co., involved Scott to the extent of close upon £150,000. 'Gentlemen, time and I against any two,' he said to his creditors; and at once set himself to clear off the debt. This end he had well-nigh accomplished when the great strain on his faculties broke his health irrecoverably.

Scott's first important works were due to the rising influence of German. In 1796 he published a free translation of Bürger's famous ballad *Lenore* (which had been composed more than twenty years earlier (1775), under the influence of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*), and the hardly less famous ballad *The Wild Huntsman* ('Der wilde Jäger'). These were followed by other free translations and imitations, including Goethe's *Erl-König* (1797), and *Goetz von Berlichingen* (1799), *The Fire-King* and *Frederick and Alice* (1801), &c. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) was a splendid success; it 'may be regarded as the first work in which the writer . . . laid his claim to be considered as an original author.' This was followed by a distinguished succession of poems: *Marmion* (1808), *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1811), *Rokeby* (1813), *The Bridal of Triermain* (1813), *The Lord of the Isles* (1815), *The Field of Waterloo* (1815), *Harold the Dauntless* (1817). The lyrical and miscellaneous poems are innumerable. *Halidon Hill* (1822), *Mac-Duff's Cross* (1823), *The Doom of Devorgoil* and *Auchindrane* (1830)—are dramatic pieces in blank verse. *The House of Aspen* (1829), a five-act tragedy in prose, was executed nearly thirty years previously, under the first current of German influence, and is largely borrowed, in substance and in diction, from a German original. In 1814 Scott had struck a rich vein by the anonymous publication of his first novel, *Waverley*. From this time down to 1831 appeared the extraordinary series of 'Waverley Novels,' including many of the finest novels ever written. Besides all this, Scott wrote also a large amount of literary biography and criticism, and elaborate notes in illustration of his poems and novels.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

(From *Marmion*, Canto vi.)

[Lord Marmion has dashed off to join the English army, leaving his squires, Blount and Fitz-Eustace, in attendance on the Lady Clare upon a hill commanding the field. Fitz-Eustace exclaims

'But see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.']

XXV.

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed, and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
Oh, life and death were in the shout
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain. But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes. . . .

[Blount hurries to help—in vain. Marmion's steed rushes by Lady Clare and Fitz-Eustace, whereupon the latter plunges into the fight. Presently the squires return, bearing their lord mortally wounded.]

XXIX.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry, "Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's: fly!
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down: my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.' . . .

[Marmion soon dies.]

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vanward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,

When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray. . . .

[Lady Clare is now conducted from Sybil's Cross out of the way of danger.]

XXXIV.

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
Their stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands

Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field—as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

NOTES.

xxv. 13. **The hill.** Flodden Hill, a spur of the Cheviots, on the left bank of the Till, a tributary of the Tweed. The battle was fought on Sept. 9, 1513, between fifty thousand Scots under James IV., and thirty-two thousand English under the Earl of Surrey.

xxvii. 14. **Slogan,** war-cry.

xxix. 1. **Doffed,** put off. Absol. particip. construction. 'Doff,' contracted for 'do off:' cf. 'don,' for 'do on,' and 'dout' for 'do out.'—**Casque,** helmet, headpiece. Fundamentally, the same word with 'cask' (vessel).

10—11. Lord Dacre commanded a reserve of light horsemen in the rear (VI. xxiv. 9—11).

xxxiii. 7—12. In the return from the expedition to the conquest of Spain, **Rowland** (or Roland), the nephew of **Charles** the Great (Charlemagne), was cut off (778 A.D.), with the flower of the army, in an ambuscade at **Roncesvalles,** in Navarre, on the southern slope of the Pyrenees, not many miles from **Fontarabia,** a town at the mouth of the Bidassŏa, on the Bay of Biscay. The adventures of Roland have been celebrated in several very famous poems.

11. **Paladin,** knight attached to one of the great courts of romance, originally to Charlemagne's; a knight-errant. Fr. *paladin*, Ital. *paladino*, Lat. *palatīnus* (connected with the *palatium*, or palace).

xxxiv. 18-9. Cf. notes (28,562-3), page 18.

27-8. **Their loss** &c. 'A king, two prelates, twelve earls, thirteen lords, and ten thousand men.' Burton, *History of Scotland*, chap. xxx.: 'It was reported to the Court of England that of the Scots army but one man of note—the Lord Home—remained alive; and long afterwards it was said that you could not point to a worshipful family in Scotland that did not own a grave on Brankstone Moor.'

Describe in prose.—Compare '*King Arthur's Last Battle*,' pages 15-18.

'Of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation, for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect, with this of Mr Scott's' (Jeffrey).

THE HOLY CLERK OF COPMANHURST.

(From *Ivanhoe*, Chap. XVI.)

[The Black Knight (King Richard *Cœur de Lion*) has arrived at the hermitage of the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst (Friar Tuck), and has demanded admittance.]

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the reply, when made, was unpropitious.

'Pass on, whosoever thou art,' was the answer given by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, 'and disturb not the servant of God and St Dunstan in his evening devotions.'

'Worthy father,' answered the knight, 'here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality.'

'Good brother,' replied the inhabitant of the hermitage, 'it has pleased Our Lady and St Dunstan to destine me for the object of those virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a horse of any tenderness of nurture would despise my couch—pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee.'

'But how,' replied the knight, 'is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you

are a Christian, to undo your door and at least point out to me my road.'

'And I pray you, good Christian brother,' replied the anchorite, 'to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *credo*, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise.'

'The road—the road!' vociferated the knight, 'give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee.'

'The road,' replied the hermit, 'is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I learn (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel), given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward'——

'A broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a morass!' said the knight, interrupting him—'Sir Hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard or told bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this road to-night. I tell thee, that thou, who livest by the charity of the country—ill deserved, as I doubt it is—hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer when in distress. Either open the door quickly, or, by the rood, I will beat it down and make entry for myself.'

'Friend wayfarer,' replied the hermit, 'be not importunate; if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, it will be e'en the worse for you.'

At this moment a distant noise of barking and growling, which the traveller had for some time heard, became extremely loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his threat of making forcible

entry, had called the dogs who made this clamour to aid him in his defence, out of some inner recess in which they had been kennelled. Incensed at this preparation on the hermit's part for making good his inhospitable purpose, the knight struck the door so furiously with his foot that posts as well as staples shook with violence.

The anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, 'Patience, patience —spare thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure.'

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a baton of crab-tree, so thick and heavy that it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveller as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight, who stood without, the hermit, altering probably his original intentions, repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, and, changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut, making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset, by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honour to Our Lady or St Dunstan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

'The poverty of your cell, good father,' said the knight, looking round him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture—'the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of

thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course to match with most men.'

'The good keeper of the forest,' said the hermit, 'hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the times shall mend.'

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and placing the oaken trivet before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

'Reverend hermit,' said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, 'were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse?—secondly, what I can have for supper?—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?'

'I will reply to you,' said the hermit, 'with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose.' So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. 'Your stable,' said he, 'is there—your bed there; and,' reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, 'your supper is here.'

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, brought in his horse (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree), unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to com-

passion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease, a miserable grist as it seemed for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corselet, and the greater part of his armour, and shewed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustaches darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and shewed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity, or of ascetic privations;

on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

'It is from the well of St Dunstan,' said he, 'in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptised five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!' And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

'It seems to me, reverend father,' said the knight, 'that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water.'

'Sir Knight,' answered the hermit, 'your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water were blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens.'

'Holy father,' said the knight, 'upon whose countenance it has pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?'

'Thou mayest call me,' answered the hermit, 'the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts.—They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition.—And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?'

'Truly,' said the knight, 'Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight—many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished.'

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

'I see,' said he, 'Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the license of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations.'

'I dare be sworn he did so,' said the knight; 'I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl.—Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage' (pointing to the provisions upon the table), 'and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay.'

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathising.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the farther side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

'How long is it since the good keeper has been here?' said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

'About two months,' answered the father hastily.

'By the true Lord,' answered the knight, 'everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk; for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week.'

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and, moreover, he had made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty, on which his guest was making desperate inroads; a warfare in which his previous profession of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

'I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk,' said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, 'and I bethink me it is a

custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food, by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable, nevertheless I will be highly bound to you, would you comply with this Eastern custom.'

'To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule,' replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

'Holy Clerk,' said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, 'I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture.'

The hermit replied by a grin; and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking-cups, made out of the horn of the urus, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying in the Saxon fashion, '*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!' he emptied his own at a draught.

'*Drink hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!' answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

'Holy Clerk,' said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, 'I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shews the talent of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment, you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests; and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St Dunstan's chaplain.'

'Sir Sluggish Knight,' replied the Clerk, 'these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging.'

'Nevertheless, were I as thou,' said the knight, 'I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon—as I pattered my prayers—I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades.—Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?'

'Friend Sluggard,' answered the hermit, 'thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent inquiries, put me to shew that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee.'

'By my faith,' said the knight, 'thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with.'

'Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee,' said the hermit; 'respecting thy valour much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess and curiosity.'

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

'There is none,' replied the hermit, 'from the scissors of Delilah, and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliah, at which I am not a match for thee.—But, if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?'

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half-a-dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of very uncanonical appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

'I promise thee, brother Clerk,' said he, 'I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there' (here he stooped and took out the harp) 'on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler.'

'I hope, Sir Knight,' said the hermit, 'thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my gray covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp; and nought pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle.'

NOTES.

Anchorite, or 'anchoret,' hermit. Gr. *anachōrētēs* (from *ana*, up, back, and *chōrēō*, go), one that has retired from the world to lead a solitary (religious) life.

Pater . . . aves . . . credo. The Lord's prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Creed in Latin: they begin with the words *pater* (father), *ave* (hail!) and *credo* (I believe).

Trivet, or 'trevet,' a three-legged stand, stool, &c. O. Eng. *thryfet* (*three-feet, tripod*; cf. Fr. *trépied*, from Lat. *tres, ped-*, foot).

Pease. O. Eng. *pise* (from Lat. *pisum*: cf. Fr. *pois*) had plur. *pesen* and *peses*. Spenser says 'not worth *a pese*;' Surrey says 'not worth *two peason*' (or *peasen*). When the inflectional ending fell away, *pease* was accepted as a plur. (though the *s* belongs to the root, not to the ending), and from it a new singular, *pea*, was formed. Now there is an arbitrary distinction making *peas* the regular plur., and *pease* collective. In the present passage, Scott uses *pease* in both senses.

Pinfold, pound, place where beasts are confined.

Hermit. Gr. *erēmitēs* (hence, directly, the form 'eremite'), from *erēmos* (solitary, deserted).

The Black Sluggard. At the great tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 'there was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight, a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse,' whose apparent listlessness and want of interest in the earlier stages of the fight, 'procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Faindant*, or the Black Sluggard' (chap. xiii.).

Which being unfit . . . of *it*, &c. Change of construction (for simplicity and directness) with redundancy of pronouns. (See Murison's *First Work in English*, sect. 538.)

Discountenanced, put out of countenance, disconcerted, taken aback.

Zecchin, or 'sequin,' a Venetian gold coin, circulating in the East. In Italy, it was worth a little less than half a sovereign; elsewhere, variable.

Runlet, earlier 'rundlet' (dim. from 'round'), small barrel.

Crypt, vault; cell, cave, &c., under church or chapel. Gr. *krupto* (conceal).

Hutch, bin, chest: pantry.

Urus, wild bull; a very large untamable animal with great spreading horns, anciently found in central Europe.

Wass hael, 'your health!' an old English drinking pledge. Lit. *waes* or *wes* (old imperative of *wesan* (to be), our 'was') = 'be,' and *hael* = 'hale,' whole, in good health. Hence 'wassail.'

Impertinently curious, inquisitive or prying into things, when you have nothing to do with them. Contrast to 'all that can concern thee' (above).

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.—1792–1822.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, our greatest lyric poet, was born in Sussex, and educated at Eton and at Oxford. Before he had resided many months at Oxford, he was expelled (1811) for not disowning the circulation of a pamphlet in defence of atheism. His father, Sir Timothy Shelley, casting him off, he went to London. After various domestic vicissitudes—marriage (1811), separation (1814), suicide of his wife (1816), and re-marriage (1816)—he left England (1817), and went to live in Italy. He perished on the coast of Tuscany through the upsetting of his boat by a squall, July 8, 1822.

Queen Mab was finished in 1813. Then followed *Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude* (1815); *The Revolt of Islam* (1817), in twelve cantos; *Julian and Maddalo* (1818); *Prometheus Unbound* (1818–19), a lyrical drama, in four acts; *The Cenci* (1819), 'the best tragedy of modern times;' *Adonais* (1821), an elegy on the death of Keats; and *Hellas* (1821), a lyrical drama. Meantime he had written many miscellaneous short pieces, and executed some poetical translations from the Greek, German, Italian, &c.

SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE FAIRY QUEEN.

(From *Queen Mab*, I.)

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form,
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins,
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralise?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence
That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.
Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark-blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain

That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep:
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the teints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the Queen of spells drew in;
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

Oh! not the visioned poet in his dreams,
When silvery clouds float through the wildered brain,
When every sight of lovely, wild, and grand
Astonishes, enraptures, elevates,
When fancy at a glance combines
The wondrous and the beautiful—
So bright, so fair, so wild a shape
Hath ever yet beheld,
As that which reined the coursers of the air,
And poured the magic of her gaze
Upon the maiden's sleep.

NOTES.

2. **Death . . . Sleep.** The personification of Death and Sleep as twin-brothers is as old as Homer.

27. **Ianthe** (three syllables), 'Violet.' Shelley's first-born daughter was named 'Ianthe.'

49. **Enthusiast,** through French, from ecclesiastical Gr. *enthousiastes,* from *enthousiazein,* to be *enthĕos* or *enthous,* full of the god (*thĕos*), inspired, rapt, in ecstasy, raised to a very high state of feeling.

ARETHUSA.

[Arĕthūsa was one of the Nereids, marine nymphs of the Mediterranean, 'lovely divinities dwelling with their father at the bottom of the sea.' The Alphēus was the chief river of the Peloponnesus (or Mŏrea), rising in Arcadia, and disappearing and re-appearing several times in the earlier part of its course to the Ionian Sea. 'The subterranean descent of the river . . . gave rise to the story about the river-god Alphēus and the nymph Arethusa. The latter [no doubt, some beautiful Arcadian damsel, dwelling on the bank of a fresh-water stream], pursued by Alpheus, was changed by Artĕmis [Diāna, protectress of virginity] into the fountain of Arethusa, in the island of Ortygia [which was peculiarly sacred to her], at Syracuse; but the god continued to pursue her under the sea, and attempted to mingle his stream with the fountain in Ortygia' (Smith's *Classical Dictionary*).

Shelley does not follow closely the classical form of the story. His Arethusa descends from the range of mountains that run along the north of Epirus, and project the Acroceraunian promontory (mod. Cape Linguetta) into the Ionian Sea. (Does he, intentionally or unintentionally, identify Arethusa with—say Arachthus or Arĕtho, the modern Arta? Or is he led off by the melody of 'Acroceraunian?' Or does he, by poetic license, transfer the Acroceraunian Mountains to Peloponnesus?) His Alpheus sweeps down from Erymanthus, the greatest mountain in Arcadia, as one of the tributaries, the Erymanthus, actually does—perhaps a not very serious license. Passing through the sea in flight and pursuit, they rise together at Enna (mod. Castrogiovanni), an ancient mountain town in the centre of Sicily, whence they descend commingled to 'the Ortygian shore.' In fact, a small river, the Dittaino (ancient Chrysas), does descend from Enna to join the Giarretta or Simeto (anc. Symæthus), which carries its waters into the sea a little to the north of Ortygia.]

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;
Her steps paved with green

The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams;
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks: with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet Nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

'O save me! O guide me!
And bid the deep hide me!
For he grasps me now by the hair!'
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream.

Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main,
Alpheus rushed behind—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones;
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods;
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of coloured light;
And under the caves
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night:
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts,
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow,
Through the woods below,
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep

Beneath the Ortygian shore—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
When they love but live no more. 90

PISA, 1820.

NOTES.

21. **Trident**, *three-toothed* instrument, espec. the three-pronged spear or sceptre wielded by water-gods, and above all by Neptune. Lat. *trident-*, from *tri-* (three) and *dent-* (tooth).

28. **Thunder**. The *d* is a mere insertion for ease and support to the sound: the old form is 'thunor.' Cf. Ger. *donner*, Lat. *tonitru*; and see note to 'kindred,' page 169.

36. **The Dorian deep**, the sea washing the shores of 'the Dorian island,' the Ionian Sea. Peloponnesus was anciently conquered and occupied by the Dorians. Cf. 'the Dorian (= Peloponnesian) stream' (48).

52-3. **Pursuing . . . ruin**. Very unfortunate rime.

60. **Unvalued**. See note, page 172. Cf. also *Prom. Unbound*, Act iv.: '*Valueless* stones, and unimagined gems.'

72. **Dorian home**. In the 8th, 7th, and 6th centuries B.C., some of the most flourishing towns of Sicily were founded by Dorian colonists.

84. **As'phodel**, king's spear, or day-lily, was sacred to Proserpĭna, who was carried off from Enna by Dis (Pluto). Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 268-71:

'That fair field
Of Enna, where Prosèrpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered.'

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.—1788–1824.

GEORGE GORDON was born in London, the son of a profligate father and a most injudicious mother. He was lame from his birth, a misfortune that embittered his life. In his eleventh year, he succeeded his grand-uncle as LORD BYRON. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and he travelled a great deal on the continent. His domestic life was far from happy; and he plunged recklessly into excesses. He died, April 19, 1824, at Missolonghi in Western Greece, whither he had gone to aid the Greeks in their struggles for freedom.

Byron's youthful poems, under the title *Hours of Idleness* (1807), were sharply handled in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Byron replied with *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809). The first two cantos of *Childe Harold* grew out of his travels in Portugal, Spain, Greece, &c. (1809–10), though publication was delayed till Feb. 1812, when 'I awoke one morning and found myself famous' (Byron). Several tales followed: *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* (May

and Dec. 1813), *Lara* (1814), *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* (Jan. and Feb. 1816). In the end of 1814, the *Hebrew Melodies* had been written. In 1816, May—July, a third canto was added to *Childe Harold;* then *The Prisoner of Chillon*, a tale, was composed; and, in Sept., *Manfred*, a drama, was begun. In 1817, *The Lament of Tasso* was written; the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* was begun; and *Beppo*, a tale, forecast 'the immortal, the unprecedented and unrivalled masterpiece,' *Don Juan*, the first canto of which was finished in Sept. 1818. In 1820–1, the chief productions, besides *The Vision of Judgment*, were dramatic pieces. *Don Juan*, though for a time interrupted, was now taken up again. Two dramas and two tales more close the record of a most brilliant and fruitful poetical career.

THE EVE OF QUATRE BRAS.

(From *Childe Harold*, Canto III.)

21. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

22. Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

23. Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well

Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

24. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

25. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! They come! they come!'

26. And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

27. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

28. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

NOTES.

21. **There was** &c. On the eve (June 15, 1815) of the march to Waterloo, the Duchess of Richmond gave a grand ball at Brussels, the English headquarters. The general officers were present, by command of the Duke of Wellington, who wished to keep the people in ignorance of the approach of Bonaparte.

23. **Brunswick's fated chieftain.** 'I have particularly to regret His Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell fighting gallantly at the head of his troops [at Quatre Bras, June 16]' (Wellington's Despatch to Earl Bathurst, June 19).——**His father** was mortally wounded at Jena (Oct. 14, 1806), where the Prussians, under him, were utterly defeated by the French under Napoleon.

24. Then and there **was**. Singular verb: yet several subjects follow, three of which are plural. Explain.

26. **Albyn's hills**, the Highlands of Scotland.——**Evan's** &c. 'Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five"' (Byron).

27. **Ardennes.** 'The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's *Orlando*, and immortal in Shakspeare's *As You Like It*' (Byron).

'I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass, in vigour and in feeling, this most beautiful description' (Sir W. Scott).

ON THE RHINE.

(From *Childe Harold*, Canto III. 55.)

1. The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,

And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

2. And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3. I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

4. The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

NOTES.

1. **Drachenfels**, Ger. = 'Dragon's rock,' is a little above Bonn, on the opposite (right) bank of the Rhine. The castle, built by an archbishop of Cologne in the beginning of the twelfth century, but now in ruins, is 900 feet above the river. About halfway up the hill is shewn the cavern of the dragon, which is said to have been killed by the hero Siegfried. —**Thou.** 'These absent greetings' were addressed to the poet's sister.

TO THE OCEAN.

(From *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.)

179. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

180. His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

181. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

182. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

183. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

184. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

NOTE.

180. **Let him lay.** Byron has been much blamed for the vulgar blunder of using 'lay' (trans. verb) for 'lie' (intr.). Kington-Oliphant, *Standard English*, page 164, says: 'The bard might have appealed to the [Herefordshire] transcript [of *The Harrowing of Hell*] of 1313:'

'Sathanas, I bind thee, here shalt thou *lay*.'

DEATH OF HAIDEE.

(From *Don Juan*, Canto IV.)

59. A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;

And her head drooped as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes.
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store;
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy. . . .

64. Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

65. And then a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow, through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island-song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

66. Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain. . . .

69. Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to shew
A parting pang, the spirit from her past:
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,

Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack! . . .

71. Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

72. That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away:
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay:
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
No stone is there to shew, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.—1785–1859.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born near Manchester, the son of a wealthy merchant. After a desultory education, public and private, and various romantic adventures, he went (1803) to Oxford. Here he lived very much like a hermit, reading just as he chose, and especially in Greek: 'for the first two years of my residence in Oxford, I compute that I did not utter one hundred words.' In winter 1808–9, he settled at the Lakes, remaining chiefly at Grasmere for the next twenty years. Here opium-eating, begun in 1804, grew upon him into an enslaving habit, from which he had very great difficulty in emancipating himself. From 1830 he seems to have lived for the most part in and near Edinburgh.

The *Confessions of an English Opium-eater* first appeared in the *London Magazine* (1821), to which De Quincey contributed for several years. Between 1825 and 1849 he wrote about fifty papers to *Blackwood*. Meantime he had formed a connection, equally fruitful, with *Tait's Magazine* (1831–41, 1845–6). *The Logic of Political Economy* (1844) was his one independent publication. His last papers (1856–7) were sent to the *Titan*.

OPIUM DREAMS.

(From *Confessions of an English Opium-eater.*)

Every night, for months, I have been transported into Asiatic scenery. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, if on no other ground, it would have a dim, reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, above all, of their mythologies, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the sanctity of the Ganges, or by the very name of the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officīna gentium.*[1] Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enor-

[1] 'Manufactory of nations.'

mous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, by the barrier of utter abhorrence placed between myself and *them*, by counter-sympathies deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics, with vermin, with crocodiles or snakes. All this, and much more than I can say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva lay in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. Thousands of years I lived and was buried in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Some slight abstration I thus attempt of my oriental dreams, which filled me always with such amazement at

the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of eternity and infinity. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to shew me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent *human* natures. . . .

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different

character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams, where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such

as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'

NOTES.

In the way that he is &c. Explain exactly the construction of 'that.'

Pago'da, Hindu temple, with an idol in it.

Brama, Vishnu, Seeva, Hindu gods.

Isis, Egyptian goddess, sister and wife of Osiris.

Ibis, Egyptian bird, one species of which was sacred to Thoth, the Egyptian Mercury.

Crocodile, species of reptile, sacred to Savak.

Sphinxes. 'The Egyptian sphinx was usually an emblematic figure, representative of the king, and may be considered, when with the head of a man and the body of a lion, as the union of intellect and physical force. . . . Besides the ordinary sphinx, compounded of a lion and a man, was one with the head of a ram, another with the hawk's head and lion's body, and the asp-headed and the hawk-headed sphinx with wings' (Wilkinson, *The Ancient Egyptians* —abridged edition—chap. iv.).

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.—1800-1859.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, Lord Macaulay, a native of Leicestershire, was educated privately and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1826 he was called to the bar. In 1830 he entered the House of Commons, and took a distinguished part in the debates on Reform. In 1834 he was made president of the Law Commission for India, and a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. After spending two years and a half in India, he returned to England (1838), and wished to devote himself to his literary projects. He entered parliament again, however, and sat for Edinburgh from 1840 to 1847, making his voice heard on all important questions. In 1847 he was defeated at the poll, mainly on account of the liberality of his views; but, in 1852, Edinburgh was penitent, and spontaneously returned him without expense or trouble of canvass. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage.

Macaulay contributed *Essays* to the *Edinburgh Review* at various times from 1825 to 1844. The popular *Lays of Ancient Rome* came out in 1842. For the *Encyclopædia Britannica* he wrote several highly polished biographies (1853-9). The great work of his life, the brilliant *History of England from the Accession of James II.* (1849, -55, -59), scarcely reaches the end of the reign of William III.

ENGLAND IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

(From *The History of England*, Chap. I.)

Had the Plantagenets, as at one time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. Her princes, her lords, her prelates, would have been men differing in race and language from the artisans and the tillers of the earth. The revenues of her great proprietors would have been spent in festivities and diversions on the banks of the Seine. The noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rustic dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the use of boors. No man of English extraction would have risen to eminence, except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman.

England owes her escape from such calamities to an event which her historians have generally represented as disastrous. Her interest was so directly opposed to the interest of her rulers that she had no hope but in their errors and misfortunes. The talents and even the virtues of her first six French kings were a curse to her. The follies and vices of the seventh were her salvation. Had John inherited the great qualities of his father, of Henry Beauclerc, or of the Conqueror, nay, had he even possessed the martial courage of Stephen or of Richard, and had the king of France at the same time been as incapable as all the other successors of Hugh Capet had been, the House of Plantagenet must have risen to unrivalled ascendency in Europe. But, just at this conjuncture, France, for the first time since the death of Charlemagne, was governed by a prince of great firmness and ability. On the other hand, England, which, since

the battle of Hastings, had been ruled generally by wise statesmen, always by brave soldiers, fell under the dominion of a trifler and a coward. From that moment her prospects brightened. John was driven from Normandy. The Norman nobles were compelled to make their election between the island and the Continent. Shut up by the sea with the people whom they had hitherto oppressed and despised, they gradually came to regard England as their country, and the English as their countrymen. The two races, so long hostile, soon found that they had common interests and common enemies. Both were alike aggrieved by the tyranny of a bad king. Both were alike indignant at the favour shewn by the court to the natives of Poitou and Aquitaine. The great-grandsons of those who had fought under William and the great-grandsons of those who had fought under Harold began to draw near to each other in friendship; and the first pledge of their reconciliation was the Great Charter, won by their united exertions, and framed for their common benefit.

Here commences the history of the English nation. The history of the preceding events is the history of wrongs inflicted and sustained by various tribes, which indeed all dwelt on English ground, but which regarded each other with aversion such as has scarcely ever existed between communities separated by physical barriers. For even the mutual animosity of countries at war with each other is languid when compared with the animosity of nations which, morally separated, are yet locally intermingled. In no country has the enmity of race been carried further than in England. In no country has that enmity been more completely effaced. The stages of the process by which the hostile elements were melted down into one homogeneous mass are not accurately known to us. But it is certain that, when

John became King, the distinction between Saxons and Normans was strongly marked, and that before the end of the reign of his grandson it had almost disappeared. In the time of Richard the First, the ordinary imprecation of a Norman gentleman was 'May I become an Englishman!' His ordinary form of indignant denial was 'Do you take me for an Englishman?' The descendant of such a gentleman a hundred years later was proud of the English name.

The sources of the noblest rivers, which spread fertility over continents, and bear richly laden fleets to the sea, are to be sought in wild and barren mountain tracts, incorrectly laid down in maps, and rarely explored by travellers. To such a tract the history of our country during the thirteenth century may not unaptly be compared. Sterile and obscure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for the origin of our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed, that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and that our fathers became emphatically islanders, islanders not merely in geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners. Then first appeared with distinctness that constitution which has ever since, through all changes, preserved its identity; that constitution of which all the other free constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the common law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the imperial

jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges which still exist at both the great national seats of learning were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical indeed than the languages of the south, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to the tongue of Greece alone. Then, too, appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England.

NOTES.

A trifler and a coward. John was very superstitious. 'But with the supreme wickedness of his race he inherited its profound ability. His plan for the relief of Château Gaillard, the rapid march by which he shattered Arthur's hopes at Mirabeau, shewed an inborn genius for war. In the rapidity and breadth of his political combinations, he far surpassed the statesmen of his time. Throughout his reign, we see him quick to discern the difficulties of his position, and inexhaustible in the resources with which he met them. . . The closer study of John's history clears away the charges of sloth and incapacity with which men tried to explain the greatness of his fall. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that it was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins [English sovereigns of the house of Anjou], who lost Normandy [1204], became the vassal of the Pope [1213], and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom [1216]' (Green).

The Great Charter, 'Magna Charta,' 'to which from age to age patriots have looked back as the basis of English liberty,' was a document formally confirming the rights and privileges of all the king's free subjects, and securing them from the tyranny of the sovereign. The barons compelled John to sign it, June 15, 1215.

Then it was &c. . . . **Then first appeared** &c. . . . Observe the general similarity of form, and note also the particular points of difference (cf. page 319, second note).

The Cinque (*sink*) **Ports** were originally *five* (Fr. *cinq*) in number: Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings. They were considered specially important owing to their position over against the Continent. Winchelsea, Rye, and others were added later.

Short sentences; epigrammatic antithesis; oratorical cumulation (climax).

ARTHUR HELPS.—1817–1875.

Sir ARTHUR HELPS was educated at Cambridge (B.A. 1835). After a very short official experience, he retired to his patrimonial estate in Hampshire, and devoted himself industriously to literary pursuits. From 1860 till his death, he was clerk of the Privy Council.

The most noteworthy of his very numerous and thoughtful essays are entitled *Friends in Council, a series of Readings and Discourse thereon* (1847, –49, and –59). Many of his writings are devoted to the discussion of social questions. *The Spanish Conquest in America* (1855–61), an expansion of an earlier work, is his great contribution to historical literature; and allied to it are the biographies of *Las Casas, 'the Apostle of the Indies'* (1868), *Columbus* and *Pizarro* (1869), and *Hernando Cortes* (1871). Helps was less successful with novels and the drama.

CONFORMITY.

(A 'Reading' from *Friends in Council:* 1847.)

The conformity of men is often a far poorer thing than that which resembles it amongst the lower animals. The monkey imitates from imitative skill and gamesomeness: the sheep is gregarious, having no sufficient will to form an independent project of its own. But man often loathes what he imitates, and conforms to what he knows to be wrong.

It will ever be one of the nicest problems for a man to solve, how far he shall profit by the thoughts of other men, and not be enslaved by them. He comes into the world, and finds swaddling-clothes ready for his mind as well as his body. There is a vast scheme of social machinery set up about him; and he has to discern how he can make it work with him and for him, without becoming part of the machinery himself. In this lie the anguish and the struggle of the greatest minds. Most sad are they, having mostly the deepest sympathies, when they find themselves breaking off from communion with other minds. They would go on, if they could, with the

opinions around them. But, happily, there is something to which a man owes a larger allegiance than to any human affection. He would be content to go away from a false thing, or quietly to protest against it; but in spite of him the strife in his heart breaks into burning utterance by word or deed.

Few, however, are those who venture, even for the shortest time, into that hazy world of independent thought, where a man is not upheld by a crowd of other men's opinions, but where he must find a footing of his own. Among the mass of men, there is little or no resistance to conformity. Could the history of opinions be fully written, it would be seen how large a part in human proceedings the love of conformity, or rather the fear of nonconformity, has occasioned. It has triumphed over all other fears; over love, hate, pity, sloth, anger, truth, pride, comfort, self-interest, vanity, and maternal love. It has torn down the sense of beauty in the human soul, and set up in its place little ugly idols which it compels us to worship with more than Japanese devotion. It has contradicted nature in the most obvious things, and been listened to with abject submission. Its empire has been no less extensive than deep-seated. The serf to custom points his finger at the slave to fashion—as if it signified whether it is an old, or a new, thing which is irrationally conformed to. The man of letters despises both the slaves of fashion and of custom, but often runs his narrow career of thought, shut up, though he sees it not, within close walls, which he does not venture even to peep over.

It is hard to say in what department of human thought and endeavour conformity has triumphed most. Religion comes to one's mind first; and well it may, when one thinks what men have conformed to in all ages in that matter. If we pass to art, or science, we shall see there

too the wondrous slavery which men have endured—from puny fetters moreover, which one stirring thought would, as we think, have burst asunder. The above, however, are matters not within every one's cognisance; some of them are shut in by learning or the show of it; and plain 'practical' men would say they follow where they have no business but to follow. But the way in which the human body shall be covered is not a thing for the scientific and the learned only; and is allowed on all hands to concern, in no small degree, one half at least of the creation. It is in such a simple thing as dress that each of us may form some estimate of the extent of conformity in the world. A wise nation, unsubdued by superstition, with the collected experience of peaceful ages, concludes that female feet are to be clothed by crushing them. The still wiser nations of the west have adopted a swifter mode of destroying health, and creating angularity, by crushing the upper part of the female body. In such matters nearly all people conform. Our brother man is seldom so bitter against us, as when we refuse to adopt at once his notions of the infinite. But even religious dissent were less dangerous and more respectable than dissent in dress. If you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity, take an European hat for your subject of meditation. I dare say there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute, each wearing one of these hats in order to please the rest. As in the fine arts, and in architecture especially, so in dress, something is often retained that was useful when something else was beside it. To go to architecture for an instance, a pinnacle is retained, not that it is of any use where it is, but in another kind of building it would have been. That style of building, as a whole, has gone out of fashion, but the pinnacle has somehow or other kept its ground and must be there, no one insolently

going back to first principles and asking what is the use and object of building pinnacles. Similar instances in dress will occur to my readers. Some of us are not skilled in such affairs; but looking at old pictures we may sometimes see how modern clothes have attained their present pitch of frightfulness and inconvenience. This matter of dress is one in which, perhaps, you might expect the wise to conform to the foolish: and they have.

When we have once come to a right estimate of the strength of conformity, we shall, I think, be more kindly disposed to eccentricity than we usually are. Even a wilful or an absurd eccentricity is some support against the weighty commonplace conformity of the world. If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity.

It is worth while to analyse that influence of the world which is the right arm of conformity. Some persons bend to the world in all things, from an innocent belief that what so many people think must be right. Others have a vague fear of the world as of some wild beast which may spring out upon them at any time. Tell them they are safe in their houses from this myriad-eyed creature; they still are sure that they shall meet with it some day, and would propitiate its favour at any sacrifice. Many men contract their idea of the world to their own circle, and what they imagine to be said in that circle of friends and acquaintances is their idea of public opinion —'as if,' to use a saying of Southey's, 'a number of worldlings made a world.' With some unfortunate people, the much-dreaded 'world' shrinks into one person of more mental power than their own, or perhaps merely of coarser nature: and the fancy as to what this person

will say about anything they do, sits upon them like a nightmare. Happy the man who can embark his small adventure of deeds and thoughts upon the shallow waters round his home, or send them afloat on the wide sea of humanity, with no great anxiety in either case as to what reception they may meet with! He would have them steer by the stars, and take what wind may come to them.

A reasonable watchfulness against conformity will not lead a man to spurn the aid of other men, still less to reject the accumulated mental capital of ages. It does not compel us to dote upon the advantages of savage life. We would not forego the hard-earned gains of civil society because there is something in most of them which tends to contract the natural powers, although it vastly aids them. We would not, for instance, return to the monosyllabic utterance of barbarous men, because in any formed language there are a thousand snares for the understanding. Yet we must be most watchful of them. And in all things, a man must beware of so conforming himself as to crush his nature and forego the purpose of his being. We must look to other standards than what men may say or think. We must not abjectly bow down before rules and usages; but must refer to principles and purposes. In few words, we must think, not whom we are following, but what we are doing. If not, why are we gifted with individual life at all? Uniformity does not consist with the higher forms of vitality. Even the leaves of the same tree are said to differ, each one from all the rest. And can it be good for the soul of a man 'with a biography of its own like to no one else's,' to subject itself without thought to the opinions and ways of others: not to grow into symmetry, but to be moulded down into conformity?

THOMAS CARLYLE.—Born 1795.

Thomas Carlyle was born in Dumfriesshire, and studied at Edinburgh. After four years' labour in teaching he devoted his energies exclusively to literature.

Carlyle's most important works are these: *Life of Schiller* (1825), first contributed to the *London Magazine* in 1823–4; *The French Revolution* (1837); *Sartor Resartus*, which originally appeared, after not a few rejections elsewhere, in *Fraser's Magazine* (1833–4), and became a book in 1838; *Chartism* (1839); *Past and Present* (1843); *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (1845); *Latter-day Pamphlets* (1850); *Biography of John Sterling* (1851); and *The History of Frederick the Great* (1858–65). Add to these not a few important translations from the German (1824–7), especially Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* (1824); and many miscellaneous articles of great literary value in various periodicals.

DISMISSAL OF THE RUMP.

(From *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Part VII.)

[The 'Long Parliament' met on Nov. 3, 1640. 'The *Rump* or Fag-end of it did not finally vanish till 16th March 1659–60.'

Under pressure from the army, the Long Parliament was to be dissolved and a new one summoned; and the last of a series of conferences on the subject was held at Whitehall, April 19, 1653, 'above twenty leading members of parliament being present, and many officers.' They parted late, 'able to settle on nothing except the engagement to meet here again to-morrow morning.']

Wednesday, 20th April 1653.—My Lord General accordingly is in his reception room this morning, 'in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings;' he, with many officers: but few Members have yet come, though punctual Bulstrode and certain others are there. Some waiting there is; some impatience that the Members would come. The Members do not come: instead of Members, comes a notice that they are busy getting on with their Bill in the House, hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible? New message that it will be Law in a little while, if no inter-

T. Carlyle

position take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord General, at first incredulous, does now also hasten off,—nay, orders that a Company of Musketeers of his own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think;—saying or feeling: Who would have believed it of them? 'It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!'—My Lord General, the big hour is come!

Young Colonel Sidney, the celebrated Algernon, sat in the House this morning; a House of some Fifty-three. Algernon has left distinct note of the affair; less distinct we have from Bulstrode, who was also there, who seems in some points to be even wilfully wrong. Solid Ludlow was far off in Ireland, but gathered many details in after-years; and faithfully wrote them down, in the unappeasable indignation of his heart. Combining these three originals, we have, after various perusals and collations and considerations, obtained the following authentic, moderately conceivable account:

'The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place.' For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, 'This is the time; I must do it!'—and so 'rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told

them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults,'—rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable Member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, 'It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant, too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one'—'Come, come!' exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, 'we have had enough of this'—and in fact my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, 'I will put an end to your prating,' and steps forth into the floor of the House, and 'clapping on his hat,' and occasionally 'stamping the floor with his feet,' begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: 'It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!' adds he briefly to Harrison, in word of command: and 'some twenty or thirty' grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of Carry-arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

'You call yourselves a Parliament,' continues my Lord General, in clear blaze of conflagration: 'You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,' and his eye flashes on poor Mr Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; 'some of you are——' and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter, who rose to order, lewd livers both; 'living in open contempt of God's commandments.

Following your own greedy appetites, and the Devil's Commandments. Corrupt unjust persons,' and here I think he glanced 'at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not:' 'Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel; how can you be a Parliament for God's People? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!'

The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, 'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!'—and gave it to a musketeer. And now—'Fetch him down!' says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares, He will not come till forced. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'I will lend you a hand;' on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! 'It 's you that have forced me to this,' exclaims my Lord General: 'I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.' 'At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, That *he* might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty.' 'O, Sir Harry Vane,' thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!' 'All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the Key with the Mace, as I heard, was

carried away by Colonel Otley;'—and it is all over, and the unspeakable Catastrophe has come, and remains.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—Born 1809.

Alfred Tennyson, our greatest living poet, succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate in 1850.

Works: *Poems* (1827, -30, -33, -42), *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud*, &c. (1855), *Idylls of the King* (1859-73), *Enoch Arden*, &c. (1864), and two historical dramas, *Queen Mary* (1875), and *Harold* (1877).

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

(From *The Idylls of the King.*)

[The 'last, dim, weird battle of the west' has been fought; and Arthur's knights have 'fallen, man by man, about their lord, King Arthur,' who has also been mortally wounded. Sir Bedivere,

'First made and latest left of all the knights,'

has carried the king to a barge, where he has been received by 'three queens with crowns of gold,' who are attended by a great company of 'stately forms, black-stoled, black-hooded.' (Cf. pages 15-18.)]

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,

A. Tennyson

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell! I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

'GEORGE ELIOT.'

Under the assumed name of GEORGE ELIOT, a lady has taken the foremost place among living English novelists. She has also achieved reputation as a poet.

Works: *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1858), *Adam Bede* (1859), *The Mill*

on the Floss (1860), *Silas Marner* (1861), *Romola* (1863), *Felix Holt* (1866), *The Spanish Gipsy*, a poem (1868), *Middlemarch* (1872), *The Legend of Jubal*, and other poems (1874), and *Daniel Deronda* (1876).

SILAS MARNER AND HIS GOLD.

(From *Silas Marner: the Weaver of Raveloe*, Part I., chap. ii.)

Gradually the guineas, the crowns, and the half-crowns, grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a day on as small an outlay as possible. Have not men, shut up in solitary imprisonment, found an interest in marking the moments by straight strokes of a certain length on the wall, until the growth of the sum of straight strokes, arranged in triangles, has become a mastering purpose? Do we not wile away moments of inanity or fatigued waiting by repeating some trivial movement or sound, until the repetition has bred a want, which is incipient habit? That will help us to understand how the love of accumulating money grows an absorbing passion in men whose imaginations, even in the very beginning of their hoard, shewed them no purpose beyond it. Marner wanted the heaps of ten to grow into a square, and then into a larger square; and every added guinea, while it was itself a satisfaction, bred a new desire. In this strange world, made a hopeless riddle to him, he might, if he had had a less intense nature, have sat weaving, weaving—looking towards the end of his pattern, or towards the end of his web, till he forgot the riddle, and everything else but his immediate sensations; but the money had come to mark off his weaving into periods, and the money not only grew, but it remained with him. He began to think it was conscious of him as his loom was, and he would on no account have exchanged those coins, which had become his familiars, for other coins with unknown faces. He handled them, he counted them,

till their form and colour were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship. He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them. Not that the idea of being robbed presented itself often or strongly to his mind: hoarding was common in country districts in those days; there were old labourers in the parish of Raveloe who were known to have their savings by them, probably inside their flock-beds; but their rustic neighbours, though not all of them as honest as their ancestors in the days of King Alfred, had not imaginations bold enough to lay a plan of burglary. How could they have spent the money in their own village without betraying themselves? They would be obliged to 'run away'—a course as dark and dubious as a balloon journey.

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. His life had reduced itself to the mere functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end towards which the functions tended. The same sort of process has perhaps been undergone by wiser men, when they have been cut off from faith and love—only, instead of a loom and a heap of guineas, they have had some erudite research, some ingenious project, or some well-knit theory. Strangely Marner's face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life, so that he produced the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube, which has no

meaning standing apart. The prominent eyes that used to look trusting and dreamy, now looked as if they had been made to see only one kind of thing that was very small, like tiny grain, for which they hunted everywhere; and he was so withered and yellow, that, though he was not yet forty, the children always called him 'Old Master Marner.' . . .

The livelong day he sat in his loom, his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the brownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pause seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath. But at night came his revelry; at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew out his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths! The silver bore no large proportion in amount to the gold, because the long pieces of linen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he supplied his own bodily wants, choosing always the shillings and sixpences to spend in this way. He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver—the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings, begotten by his labour; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half-earned by the work in his loom, as if they had been unborn children—thought of the guineas that were coming slowly through the coming years, through all his life,

which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving. No wonder his thoughts were still with his loom and his money when he made his journeys through the fields and the lanes to fetch and carry home his work, so that his steps never wandered to the hedge-banks and the lane-side in search of the once familiar herbs: these too belonged to the past, from which his life had shrunk away, like a rivulet that has sunk far down from the grassy fringe of its old breadth into a little shivering thread, that cuts a groove for itself in the barren sand.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Born 1843.

Algernon Charles Swinburne is one of the most distinguished of living poets. He has equal claim to distinction on account of his compositions in prose.

Works: *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*, plays (1860); *Atalanta in Calydon*, a tragedy in Greek form, and *Chastelard*, a tragedy (1865); *Poems and Ballads* (1866); *William Blake, a Critical Essay* (1868); *Songs before Sunrise* (1871); *Bothwell*, a tragedy (1874); *Songs of Two Nations, Essays and Studies*, in criticism, and *George Chapman, a Critical Essay* (1875); *Erechtheus*, a tragedy (1876).

MARLOWE'S EXPRESSION OF IDEAL BEAUTY.

(From *George Chapman, a Critical Essay.*)

In Marlowe the passion of ideal love for the ultimate idea of beauty in art or nature found its perfect and supreme expression, faultless and unforced. The radiant ardour of his desire, the light and the flame of his aspiration, diffused and shed through all the forms of his thought and all the colours of his verse, gave them such shapeliness and strength of life as is given to the spirits of the greatest poets alone. He, far rather than Chaucer or Spenser, whose laurels were first fed by the dews and sunbeams of Italy and France, whose songs were full of

sweet tradition from over sea, of memories and notes which 'came mended from their tongues'—he alone was the true Apollo of our dawn, the bright and morning star of the full midsummer day of English poetry at its highest. Chaucer, Wyatt, and Spenser had left our language as melodious, as fluent, as flexible to all purposes of narrative or lyrical poetry as it could be made by the grace of genius; the supreme note of its possible music was reserved for another to strike. Of English blank verse, one of the few highest forms of verbal harmony or poetic expression, the genius of Marlowe was the absolute and divine creator. By mere dint of original and godlike instinct he discovered and called it into life; and at his untimely and unhappy death, more lamentable to us all than any other on record except Shelley's, he left the marvellous instrument of his invention so nearly perfect that Shakspeare first and afterwards Milton came to learn of him before they could vary or improve on it. In the changes rung by them on the keys first tuned by Marlowe we trace a remembrance of the touches of his hand; in his own cadences we catch not a note of any other man's. This poet, a poor scholar of humblest parentage, lived to perfect the exquisite metre invented for narrative by Chaucer, giving it (to my ear at least) more of weight and depth, of force and fullness, than its founder had to give; he invented the highest and hardest form of English verse, the only instrument since found possible for our tragic or epic poetry; he created the modern tragic drama; and at the age of thirty he went

Where Orpheus and where Homer are.

Surely there are not more than two or three names in any literature which can be set above the poet's of whom this is the least that can in simple truth be said. There is no record extant of his living likeness; if his country should ever bear men worthy to raise a statue or monu-

ment to his memory, he should stand before them with the head and eyes of an Apollo looking homeward from earth into the sun: a face and figure, in the poet's own great phrase,

Like his desire, lift upward and divine.

To all things alike we find applied in turn this fervour of ideal passion; to the beauty of women, to the hunger after sway, to the thirst after knowledge, to the energy of friendship or ambition, to the energy of avarice or revenge. Sorrow and triumph and rapture and despair find in his poetry their most single and intense expression, extreme but not excessive; the pleasures and the pains of each passion are clothed with the splendour and harmony of pure conceptions fitted with perfect words. There is the same simple and naked power of abstract outline in every stroke of every study which remains to us from his hand; in the strenuous greed and fantastic hate of Barabas, in the hysteric ardours and piteous agonies of Edward, in the illimitable appetite of Tamburlaine for material rule and of Faustus for spiritual empire, and in the highest and haughtiest aspirations of either towards that ultimate goal of possession where he may lay hands on power unattainable and touch lips with beauty inexpressible by man, we trace the same ideal quality of passion. In the most glorious verses ever fashioned by a poet to express with subtle and final truth the supreme aim and the supreme limit of his art, the glory and the joy of his labour, the satisfaction and the insufficience of his triumph in the partial and finite expression of an infinite delight and an indefinite desire, Marlowe has summed up all that can be said or thought on the office and the object, the means and the end, of this highest form of spiritual ambition, which for him was as it were shadowed forth in all symbols and reflected in all shapes of human energy, in all exaltations of the

spirit, in all aspirations of the will. Being a poet of the first order, he was content to know and to accept the knowledge that ideal beauty lies beyond the most perfect words that art can imbue with life or inflame with colour; an excellence that expression can never realise, that possession can never destroy. The nearer such an artist's work comes to this abstract perfection of absolute beauty, the more clearly will he see and the more gladly will he admit that it never can come so near as to close with it, and find, as in things of meaner life, a conclusion set in the act of fruition to the sense of enjoyment, a goal fixed at a point attainable where the delight of spiritual desire may be consummated, and consumed in the moment of its consummation. . . .

No poet ever came nearer than Marlowe to the expression of this inexpressible beauty, to the incarnation in actual form of ideal perfection, to the embodiment in mortal music of immortal harmony; and he it is who has left on record and on evidence to all time the truth that no poet can ever come nearer.

THE END.

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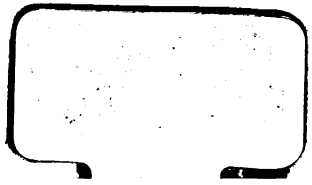

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